

THE BEACON

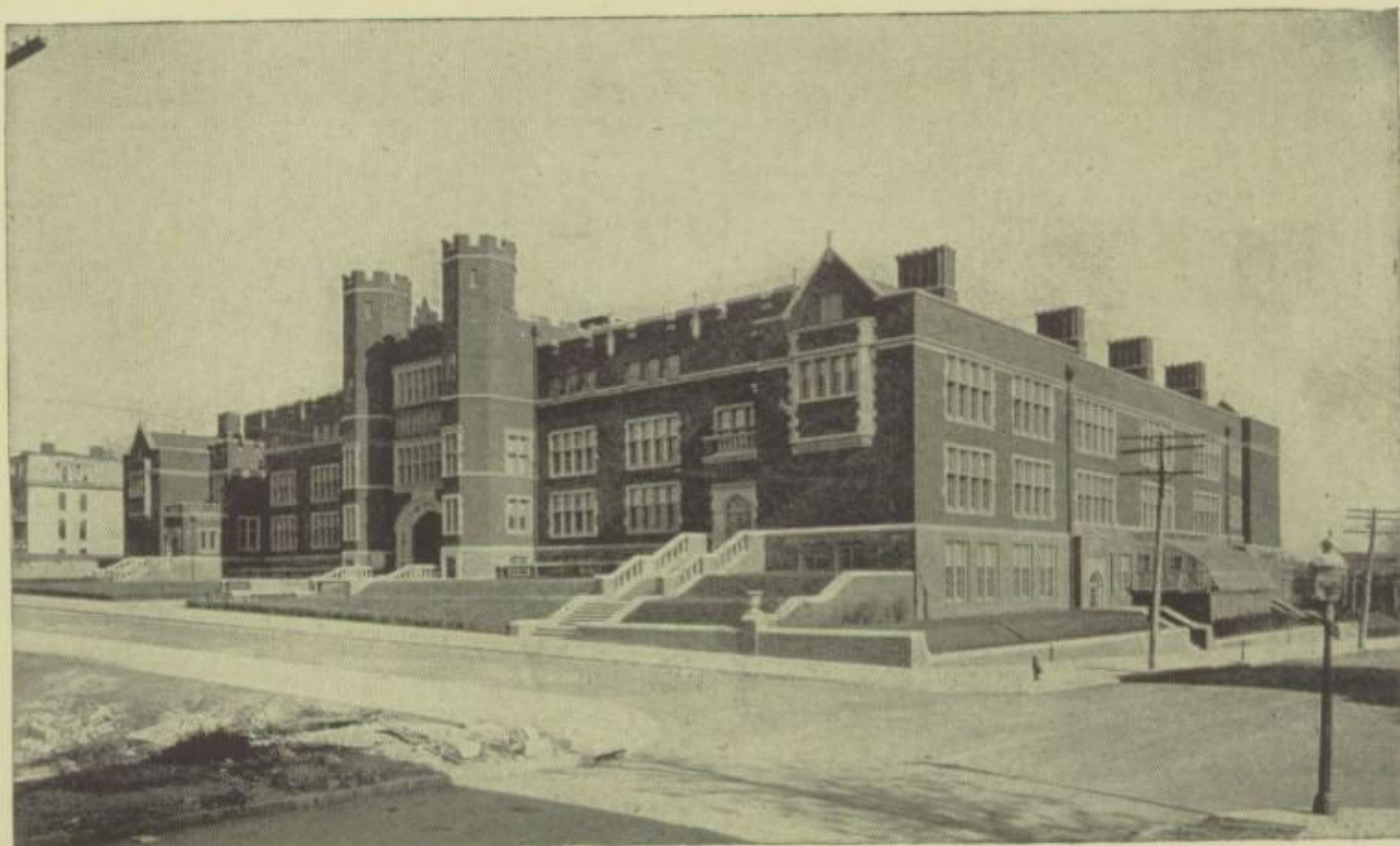
CLEVELAND HIGH



JUNE  ISSUE

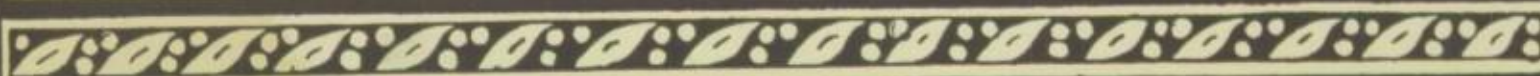
MT. WHITBREAD.

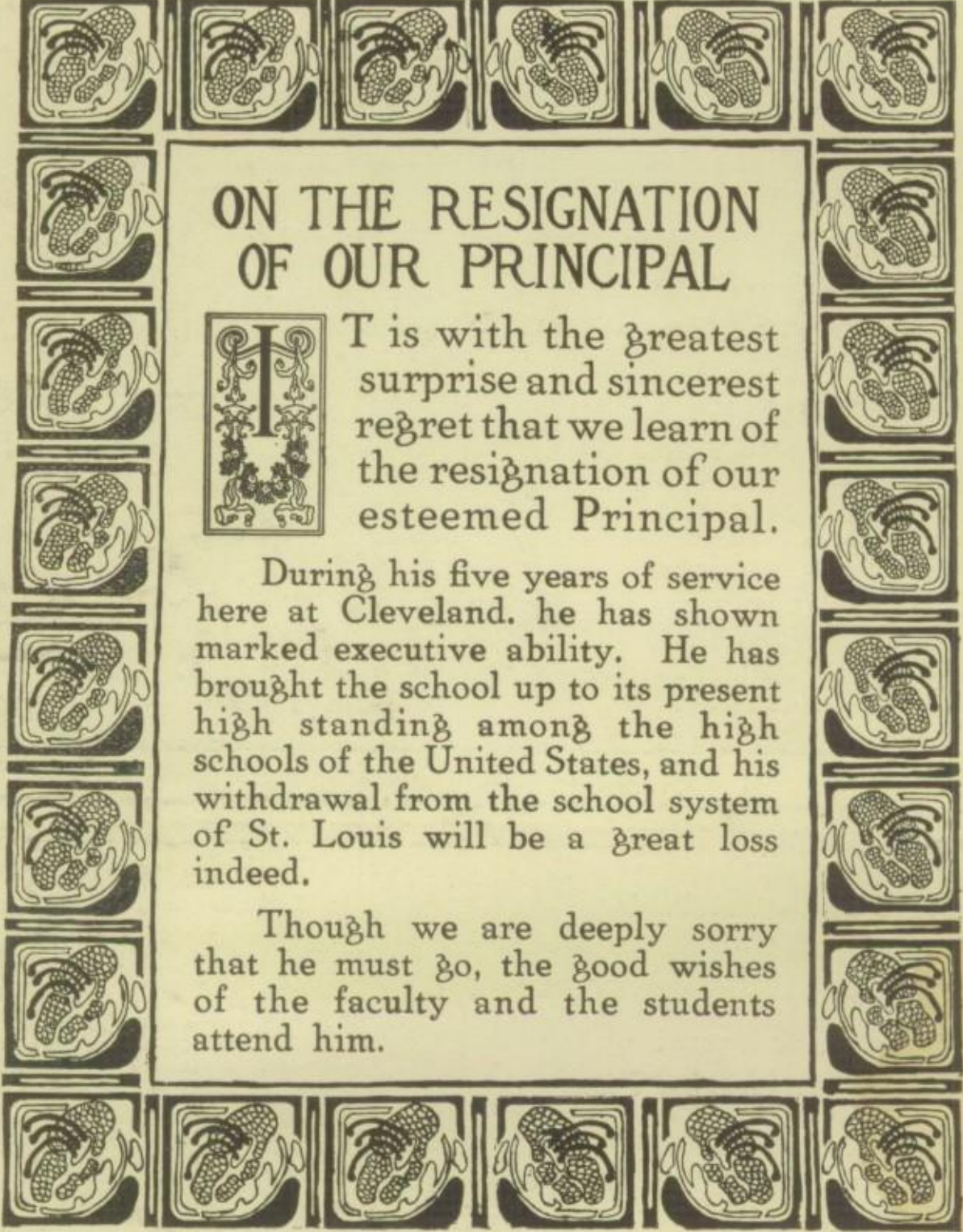
THE BEACON



Published by the Students
of Grover Cleveland
High School
Saint Louis, Missouri
Volume Five Number Two

Robert Behrens, Editor-in-Chief
Marion Whitbread, Associate Editor
David Stoney, Business Manager





ON THE RESIGNATION OF OUR PRINCIPAL

IT is with the greatest surprise and sincerest regret that we learn of the resignation of our esteemed Principal.

During his five years of service here at Cleveland, he has shown marked executive ability. He has brought the school up to its present high standing among the high schools of the United States, and his withdrawal from the school system of St. Louis will be a great loss indeed.

Though we are deeply sorry that he must go, the good wishes of the faculty and the students attend him.

R. BITTNER



MR. H. F. HOCH

The Beacon Staff

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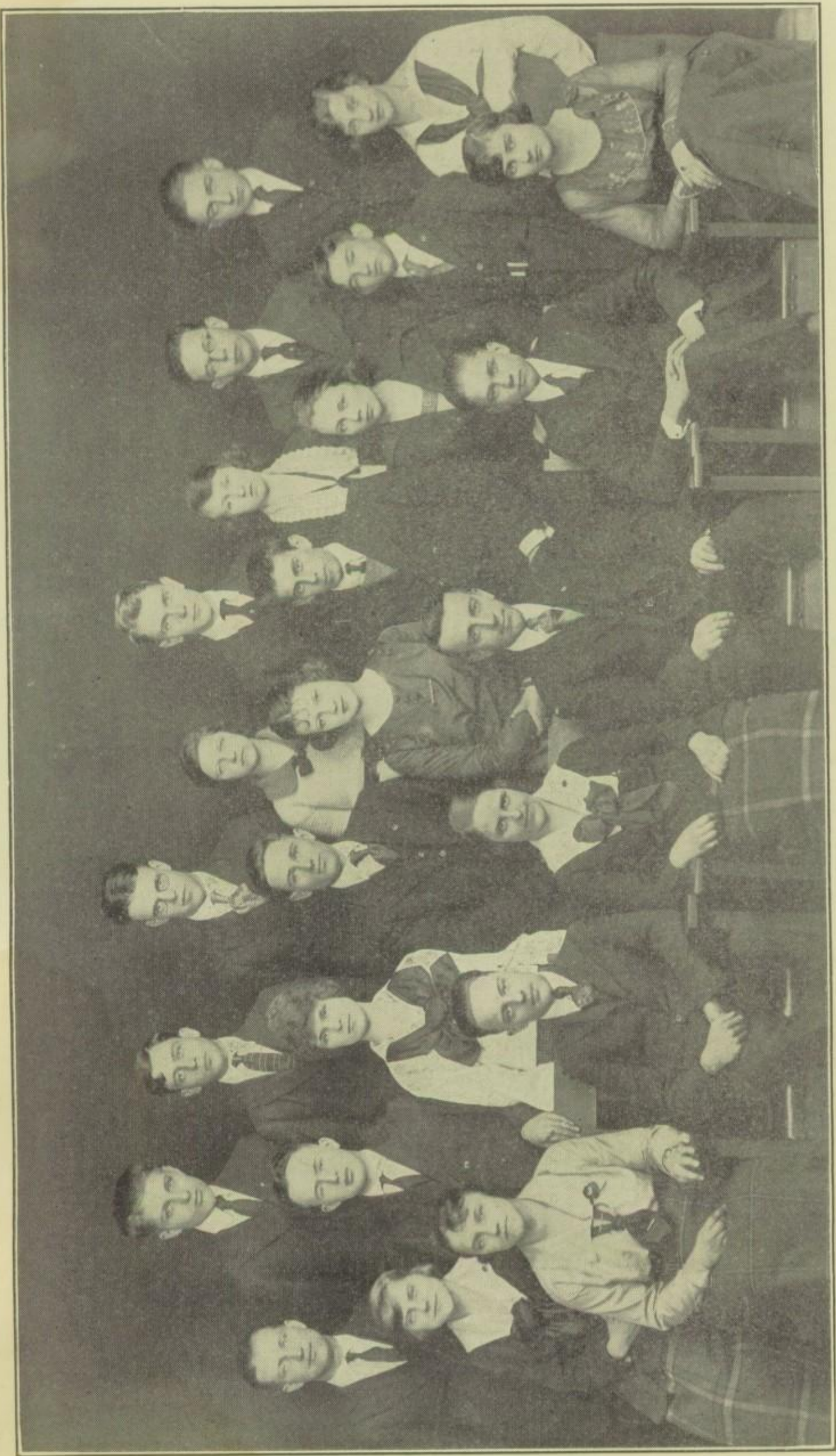
DAVID STONEY

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RALPH HOWARD





EDITORIALS.

As this issue of the Beacon goes to press we are doing our best here at Cleveland to reconcile ourselves to a very heavy loss. Our esteemed Principal, Mr. Hoch, is giving up his work in the schools to enter business. Were Mr. Hoch an ordinary man, it would not mean so much to us, but among the notable men who have been connected with the St. Louis schools in the past, our Principal stands out very conspicuously. His real worth will become more and more apparent as the years go on.

In his dealings with the boys and girls and the men and women of his school, Mr. Hoch was a gentleman in all of kindness and sympathetic humanity that the word "gentleman" implies. We always knew just "where to find him." Many thousand Cleveland boys and girls will look back with happy appreciation to their association with him. Cleveland will be dear to them because with the name of Grover Cleveland High School they always linked the name of Mr. Hoch.

As he is leaving us a few facts concerning his life as a teacher will certainly be of interest to all loyal Cleveland students. For this reason we have published the following:

Mr. Hoch was born at Mendon, Michigan. Upon graduating from the Mendon High School, he entered the University of Michigan. He began teaching at the Mendon High School when he had received his degree. After having taught at Racine College, Racine, Wisconsin, and at the Joliet Township High School,

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Joliet, Illinois, he came to St. Louis, where he was appointed as a teacher in the modern language department of Central High. His merits were soon discovered and he was made acting assistant principal there.

On June 8, 1915, the Board of Education appointed Mr. Hoch principal of Grover Cleveland High School.

The unfortunate Central students expressed their deep regret in their next publication of the "High School News." They published the following statement:

"Mr. Hoch holds a high place in the hearts of all Centralites and we miss him a great deal."—and upon his appointment to the principalship of Cleveland High they said:

"It is but a just reward of his excellent work, and his devotion and loyalty to it. He fully deserves his reward."

"Mr. Hoch fully merits the high opinion the Board has of him and its appreciation of his invaluable services."

Students, can the regrets of the Centralites compare with ours? How can they, when we have been under his direct supervision as our Principal? Although they regretted the loss of Mr. Hoch, he is much closer to us, and it is a great deal harder for us to part with him. With these thoughts in mind we shall call this issue of the Beacon, "Mr. Hoch's Resignation Number."

We have lost not only our Principal, but also several of our teachers. It is most unfortunate to have so many efficient people leaving Cleveland within a short time.

Mr. Guy has given up his work in the schools, to take up a position with the Certain-teed Products Company.

Mr. Wallace is with the Zelnicker Supply Company.

Mr. Cochran is in Sewickly, Pennsylvania, with the Anderson Auto Company.

OPPORTUNITY!

Seniors, have you made the most of your opportunity? Have you been benefited by your schooling so far? If not, you have no one to blame, but yourselves. The opportunities were there, it was yours to do your best.

Now, as you are leaving school, some of you will most likely be thinking about a successful means of earning a livelihood and will start out immediately assuming the responsibilities of the business world. Others will be more fortunate, in that they will be able to continue their education at higher institutions of learning.

Whatever you do, remember to make the most of your opportunities.

Success to you!

THANKS.

We wish to thank Miss Sullivan, Miss Caplan and Mr. Slater for the many favors they have shown us in compiling this issue of the Beacon.

We also take this opportunity to thank Mr. Beers and his typewriting classes for their co-operation.

All students and teachers, who have shown any interest in this issue of the Beacon are assured of our hearty appreciation.

In spite of the fact that we were handicapped by a late start, we have been able to edit the Beacon at this early date. This was accomplished only by the ready and willing co-operation of the staff. The spirit shown by the staff and the students in getting ads at the right time, was certainly remarkable. At first it was not an established fact that we would have a Beacon this time. Developments had to be awaited in the securing of ads, before we were safe to go ahead. It was not until after the students got their

part of it past the danger mark, that we could begin. From then on things went smoothly, with Mr. Frye's guidance and each department of the staff working with a spirit of perseverance that can hardly be equalled. For the reasons just stated, then, the editor takes great pleasure in thanking our sponsor, without whose guidance and advice a book of this kind could not be compiled and issued, and also the staff for their faithful services and hearty co-operation.

ATHLETICS.

Support your athletic teams!

You want winning teams and yet you are not doing your best to develop them.

You know there are some people who will "knock" constantly and then expect improvement, without making any real effort to assist.

On the other hand, there are people, who will see bad points that need improvement and will go to work and try to remedy them. We seem to be lacking in the latter.

Maybe it's because we don't know how to go about getting winning teams. A little explanation might "set us right" on that.

Well, those of you who have witnessed our teams in action against other teams are well aware of the fact, that they do their best. You also realize that we have very efficient coaches, who do their utmost to develop winning teams.

Having disposed of these two sources, we'll tackle the question from a standpoint that concerns you. Do you come out for athletics? The school is full of material, which, with a little training, could be worked into excellent teams. But what can be done when this material doesn't come out to be trained? Anybody with a healthy body, who has the time is "laying down on the job" if he is not out for the various teams.

Are you buying tickets for the games? Your financial support will go a long way in providing for sufficient means of training, which in turn is responsible for winning teams.

Are you coming to the games and root-

ing with all your might for your team? It is very inspiring to a team to see a big audience of rooters, but that isn't all. It's your clear, ringing cheers that drive the necessary impetus into a team to enable it to get that yard for the winning touchdown or that telling shot in basketball or that necessary single in the ninth inning, that wins the game. These things are just mentioned as food for thought. They are not meant to drive you.

You are to take the initiative.

WELCOME TO THE NEW TEACHERS.

Mr. Birney is teaching in the Commercial Department. He had been teaching in Illinois before coming to Cleveland. Mr. Birney is a graduate of the Bloomington Commercial College, the Illinois State Normal University and of the University of Illinois.

Miss Hilpert has come to Cleveland from the Chicago University. She is a graduate of McKinley High and of Washington University and is now in the English Department.

Mr. Whitehouse is a teacher in the Commercial Department, having been at the head of the Commercial Department at the Blue Island H. S., Ill.

He received his B. A. at Lawrence College, Appleton, Wisconsin, and his M. A. at the University of Wisconsin at Madison.

Mr. Ryan is teaching in the Manual Training Department. He received his B. S. at Shurtleff College. He is also a graduate of Bradley Polytechnic Institute and taught in Cairo, Illinois, for eight years.

Mr. Priess has come to Cleveland from Soldan High. He is a graduate of Concordia College and Concordia Seminary, receiving his A. M. degree at Washington University. He has taught history and language at Walther College and Soldan High School.

Mr. Fager is the new Gymnasium Instructor, having graduated from the American Gymnastic Union in 1899. He has been connected with Gymnasium societies of St. Louis and has come to Cleveland

from Soldan.

Mr. Fenenga is a graduate of Yankton College, Yankton, South Dakota. While in college, he was a member of "all state" football and basketball teams. He also played baseball and ran the mile. He was editor of the college paper and was state orator and debater. He coached Yankton Academy football team and coached Webster High, South Dakota, 1916-17. In 1917-18 he coached State Normal, Aberdeen, South Dakota, winning inter-collegiate Championship of Dakota and later coached Soo City, Iowa, High. His football-teams have won 24 of 28 games.

Mr. H. Buescher is a graduate of Missouri University. He is now teaching in the Manual Training Department, having had experience at the University of Missouri and also in the Bryan-Mullanphy Manual Training Center.

Mr. Tredinnick is a graduate of Wisconsin State Normal School and of the University of Wisconsin in 1912.

He has had experience in the Manual Training School of St. Louis, teaching Mathematics and Physics and was also Principal of a grade school in Birmingham, Alabama.

AU REVOIR!

The printing of this issue marks the close of the fifth year of the Beacon's existence. Five happy, successful years! Throughout this period it has been a fundamental aim to realize the highest possible standard of excellence consistent with the widest possible democracy. These pages have belonged to Cleveland boys and girls that here they might record a partial history of their own thinking and doing.

We trust that we may be pardoned if we point to the success in the "business" of publishing the book as indicative of success in other respects. When, with the school less than five months old, it was urged by the pupils that we have a publication here at Cleveland, they were laughed at by some, for it was "not possible in a new school." However, when the first number of the Beacon appeared in June, 1916, with \$765 in advertising and

a paid circulation of 950, that could easily be explained by pointing to the "novelty of the thing." "It won't happen again," they said. Since the appearance of the first number, two numbers have been published each year, except in 1919, when it was made impossible by the closing of the schools for a long period on account of the influenza epidemic. No issue has failed to pay for itself. For the issue of January, 1920, the boys and girls secured advertising to the amount of \$1,083 and, in a school of not quite fifteen hundred pupils, bought over fourteen hundred copies of the book. Already we have secured for this issue more than \$1,200 in advertising and we are planning to print eighteen hundred copies.

This brief review of the "business" history of the Beacon is given because of what it signifies. From the beginning, Cleveland boys and girls have been pushing this venture of theirs with a tremendous enthusiasm. If anyone doubts the existence of such a thing as "Cleveland spirit," let him take note of what it has done for our book. Our former Superintendent of Instruction, Mr. Ben Blewett, who for many years prior to his becoming Superintendent was Assistant Superintendent, was an earnest believer in the value of voluntary student activities in the High School. We are confident that the value depends first of all and ultimately upon the attitude of the Principal. If Mr. Herman F. Hoch, our retiring Principal, will be remembered by Cleveland pupils for one thing more than anything else it will be for his fine understanding of this very thing. What could a student venture like this do but thrive under the kindly appreciation and inspiring enthusiasm of this man?

The success of the Beacon, therefore, becomes part of the record of achievement of Cleveland High School boys and girls. And upon every page of that record are evidences of the fine personality of Mr. Hoch. As he leaves us he takes with him our most earnest wishes for his happiness.

ASSUMING RESPONSIBILITY.

Among the good qualities which a good

citizen must possess, probably the most necessary is that of assuming responsibility, or holding himself responsible for assigned tasks. It is, no doubt, considered the most valuable because it is absolutely essential to success. Not that success can be attained by this quality alone, but it does play an important part in the achievement. Take for instance, the citizen in his business relations. If he intends to make a success of his business, must he not hold himself responsible for his assigned work, see to it that it is done, that it is done well, and that it is done in the time allotted him? Or may he neglect his work, and do it when it is convenient for him, or leave it undone, and still be successful? He need not foster the hope of being advanced if he continues to act thus. The same case applies to a man holding a political office. If he is given an office it is his duty to assume the responsibility for the work of that office. He cannot hope to retain his position, when time after time he neglects the public needs and attends to his own affairs.

This quality, however, is necessary not only for good citizenship in the business world but also for good school-citizenship. Work assigned in the school-room does not differ from work assigned in the office, so far as the duty to see that it is done is concerned. Then why should lessons so often be considered secondary matters which should give place to personal affairs? Why should they be neglected or done carelessly so frequently any more than other work?

Nothing exercises so direct an influence in shaping a man's future as his early training. If, while a student he neglects his work, he cannot be successful when he goes out into the world, because he has never developed this valuable quality of assuming responsibility. If, on the other hand, he does develop this quality to the full, he will not only attain success at school, but will continue to reap the rewards of his merit after he goes out into the world.

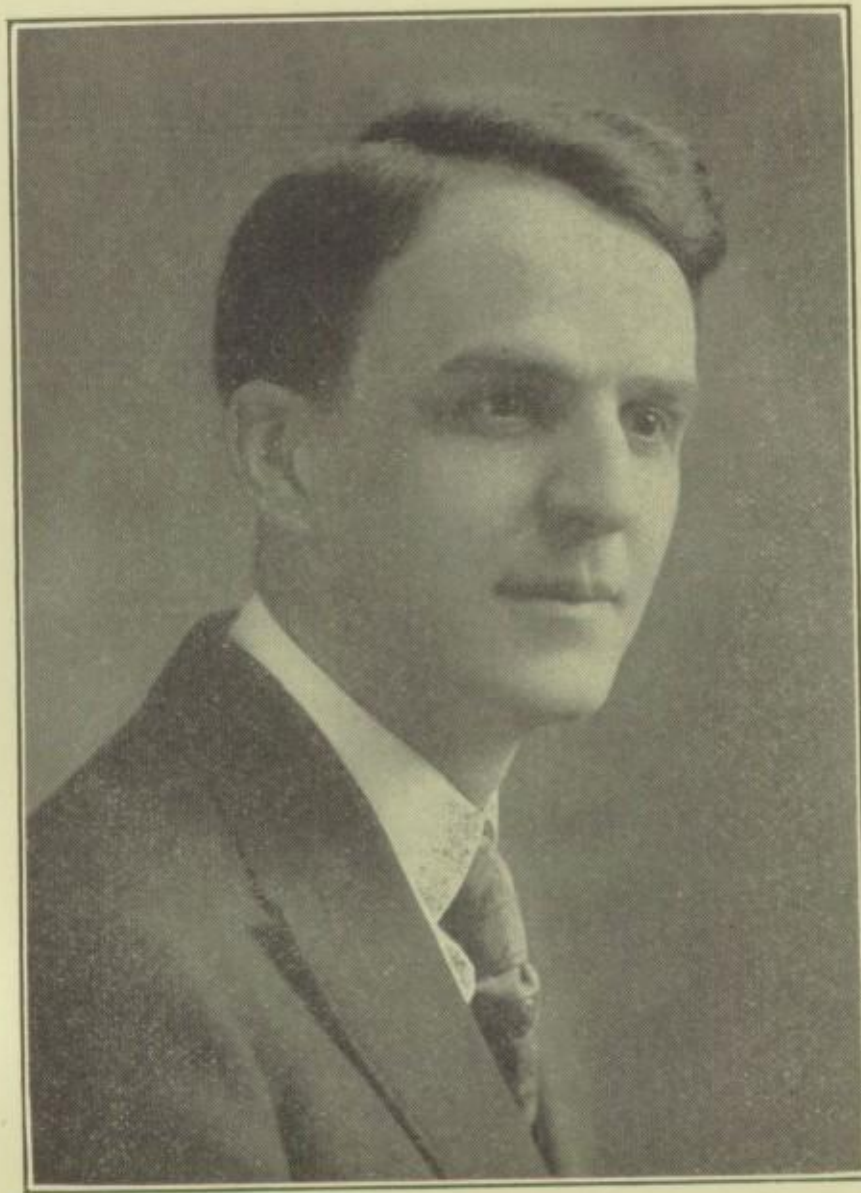
Edith Faszholz.

June '20.

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Seniors



Mr. T. D. Kelsey
Sponsor, Class June, 1920

Class Colors—American Beauty and Navy Blue



PRESIDENT



VICE-PRESIDENT



SECRETARY



TREASURER



SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

N. SCHWEL

Class Officers June 1920

ROBERT BEHRENS

General

"The force of his own
merit makes his way"

Student Council, '18, '19
Webster-Hayne, '18, '19
Football, '19
Hi-Y Club
Literary Staff Beacon, '19
Pres. Seniors
Editor Beacon, '20
Academic "C"

HELEN EISLEBEN

Home Economics

"E'en though vanquished
she could argue still."

Pres. Pipes O' Pan, '18, '19
Vice-Pres. New Seniors
Sec. Student Council, '20
Beacon Staff, '19, '20
Philo, '18, '19, '20
Girl's A. A., '18, '19, '20
Basket Ball, '18, '19, '20
Athletic "C"

LEONA FLIER

General

"'Tis virtue that doth
make them most admired,
'Tis modesty that makes
them seem divine."

Art Club, '19, '20
Grangers, '19, '20
Girl's A. A., '19, '20
Anna B. Shaw, '20
Academic "C"

EDWIN PFEIFFER

Manual Training

"His heart and hand both
open and both free."

Gym. Team, '17, '18
Cledison, '19, '20
Sec. Cledison, '20
Student Council, '19, '20
Track, '17, '18, '19
Athletic "C"

ROBERT HAMMERSTEIN

General

"When you hear an
unusual sound
It's a sure sign that
Hammer's around."

Orchestra, '17
Mandolin Club, '17, '18, '19, '20
Director Mandolin Club, '19, '20
Sec. Mandolin Club, '18, '19
Serg't-At-Arms Senior Class
Football, '19

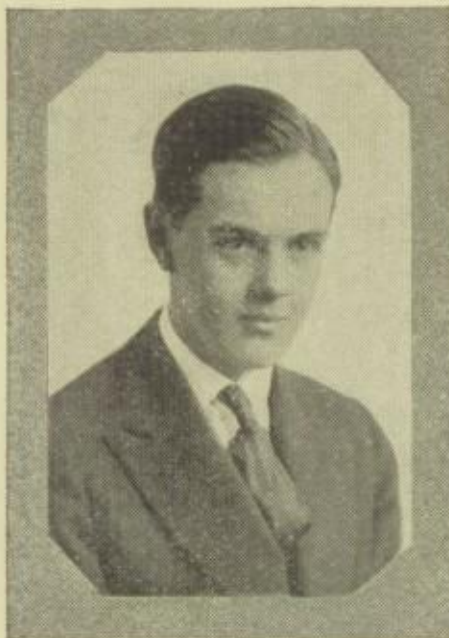


WILBUR AUGUSTIN

"Speak clearly if you
speak at all;
Carve every word before
you let it fall."

General

Botany Club, '17, '18
Latin Club, '18, '19
Track, '19
Webster-Hayne, '19, '20
Debating Team Alternate,
'19, '20

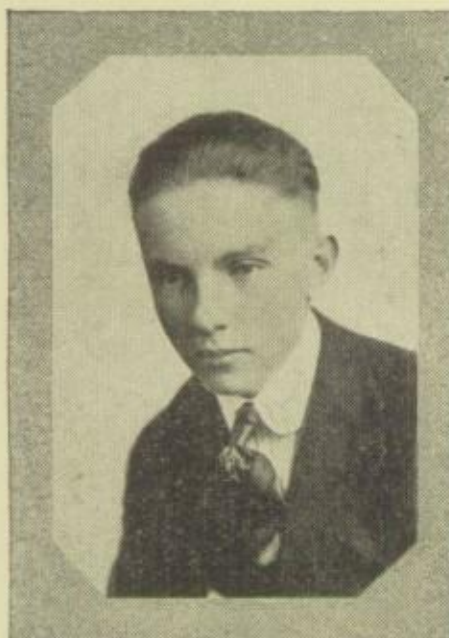


HENRY BELZ

"Costly thy habit as thy
purse can buy.
But not expressed in fancy;
rich, not gaudy,
For the apparel oft pro-
claims the man."

General

Student Council, '17, '18,
'19, '20
Webster-Hayne, '20



EASTMAN BENEDICT

"Though house and land
he never got,
Learning will give what
they cannot."

General

Webster-Hayne, '19, '20



FLORENCE BERTINI

"The happy only are the
truly great."

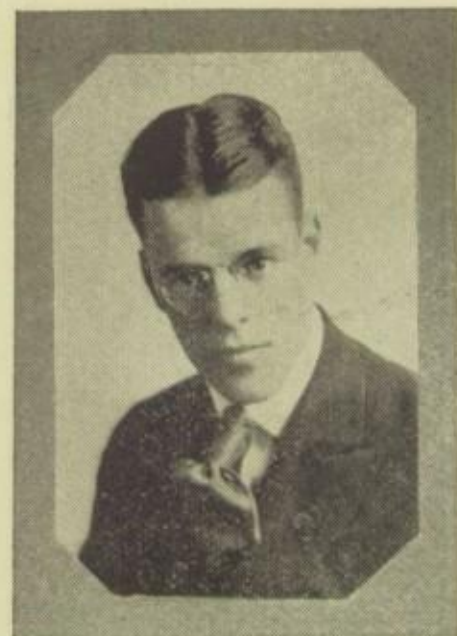
General

JACK ROBERT BLOOMER

"Resolve slowly, act
swiftly; a quiet eye
for the quick hand."

Commercial

Webster-Hayne, '18, '19, '20
Vice-Pres. *Webster-*
Hayne, '20
Grangers, '18
Clespa, '20
Beacon Staff, '20
Tennis Team, '19
Athletic "C"



NORMA BOBE

"Eyes too expressive to
be blue,
Too lovely to be gray."

Commercial

Grangers, '17, '18, '19
Clespa, '20
Girl's A. A., '17



HELLEN MARIE BOEHL

"Wisdom to gold prefer,
for 'tis much less
To make our fortune,
than our happiness."

General

Art Club, '20



FANITA IRIS BOHNE

"Fair tresses man's im-
perial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with
a single hair."

Classical

Cantanto, '17, '18, '19, '20
Latin Club, '18, '19, '20





EDWARD W. BOVERIE

"Attempt the end, and never
stand to doubt;
Nothing's so hard but
search will find it out."

Commercial

Gym Team

Football, '18

Baseball, '19, '20

Basket Ball, '18, '19, '20

Athletic "C"

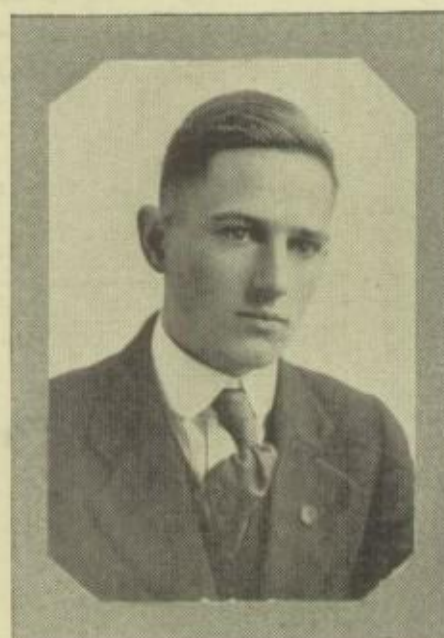


IRENE BREITENBUECHER

"Her music exalts each joy,
allays each grief."

Commercial

Clespa, '20



RICHARD W. BUSSEN

"When I did well, I heard
it never: when I did ill,
I heard it ever."

General

Webster-Hayne, '17,

'18, '19, '20

Cledison Club, '17, '18, '19, '20

Vice-Pres. Cledison, '20

Student Council, '20

Beacon Staff, '20



LILLIAN CARPENTER

"Oft in humble station dwells
Unboastful worth, above
fastidious pomp."

General

Alethinae

Vice-Pres. Botany

Club, '19

Girls A. A.

MARIAN CARPENTER

"There is nothing so much
worth as a mind well
instructed."

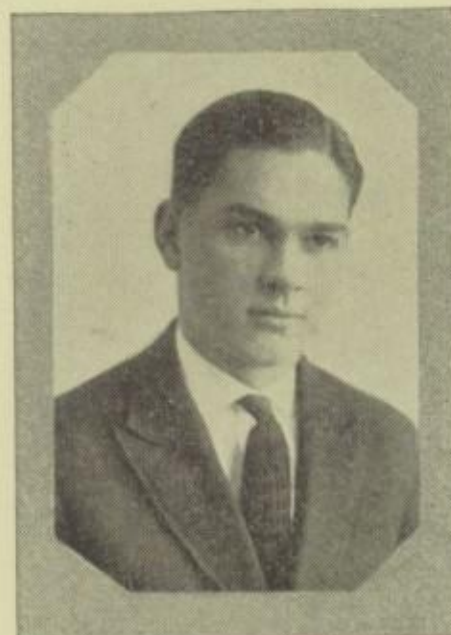
General
Girls A. A.
Treas. Botany Club, '18,
'19
Latin Club
Treas. Alethinae, '20



THOMAS CLEVELAND

"Do not hurry, do not flurry;
Nothing good is got by worry."

General



MARGARET M. COAN

"If, thou do ill, the joy fades,
not the pain;
If well, the pain doth fade,
the joy remains."

General
7-8 Girls, '19, '20



GEORGE COLLIER

"The boughs that bear most
hang lowest."

Manual Training
Cledison, '20
Gym Team, '16, '17
Track, '17, '20
Student Council, '20





LESTER Z. CRELEY

"A willing helper does
not wait to be asked."

Manual Training

Gym Team, '16, '17, '18

*Tumbling Team, '17, '18,
'19, '20*

Pres. Tumbling Team, '19, '20

Cledison, '18, '19, '20

Treas. Cledison, '20



LEONORA DE VOS

"Her conversation hath
no bitterness."

General

Alethinae

Girls A. A.

Sec. Botany Club, '19



MILTON DOERR

"He whose goodness is a part
of himself is called a real man."

Manual Training



OTTO EBLE

"Be always as cheerful
as ever you can,
For few will delight
in a sorrowful man."

Scientific

Pres. Cledison, '19

Vice-Pres. Cledison, '18

Webster-Hayne, '19, '20

Vice-Pres. Sparks, '19, '20

Student Council, '19

Football, '19

Cheerleader, '19, '20

Cleveland Hi-Y, '19, '20

Beacon Staff, '19

LORETTA EGGEMAN

"She is of so free, so
kind, so apt, so blessed
a disposition."

Home Economics

Baseball, '18, '19

Basketball, '19, '20

*Head of Hiking Girl's A. A.,
'19, '20*

Pres. Philo, '19

Pres. Pipes O' Pan, '20

Le Chapeau, '19, '20

Beacon Staff, '20

Athletic "C"



ROLAND ELLIS

"He tells you flatly
What his mind is."

General

Student Council, '19, '20



EDITH FASZ HOLZ

"With the well-advised
is wisdom."

Classical

Beacon Staff, '20

Academic "C"



RAYMOND K. FIETSAM

"Cheerfulness is an
excellent wearing
quality."

Manual Training

McKinley, '16, '17, '18

Grangers, '19

Cledison, '19, '20

Student Council, '20





LOUIS FINK
 "He hath a daily
 beauty in his life."

General
Baseball
Basketball
Tennis
Grangers
Sparks



WALTER FRUELER
 "He who can at all times
 sacrifice pleasure to duty
 approaches sublimity."

General
Orchestra, '18, '19



GERALDINE FUNK
 "Wit so pointed, it ne'er lost its end,
 And so well tempered, it ne'er lost a friend."

General
Pres. Pipes O' Pan '19, '20
Philo, '18, '19, '20
Student Council, '18, '19, '20
Girl's A. A., '17, '18, '19, '20
Basketball, '20
Art Club, '17, '18
Beacon Staff, '20



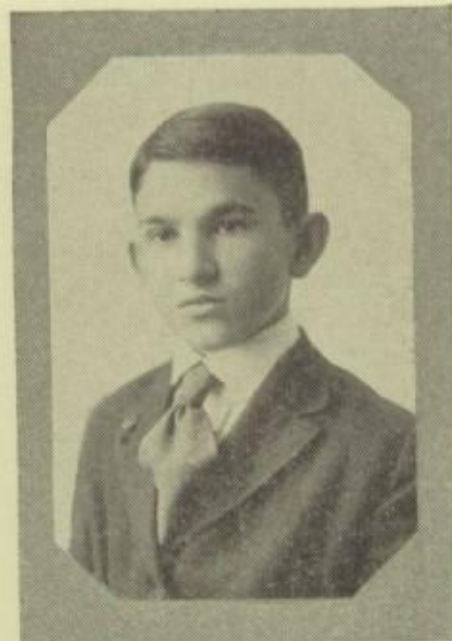
HELEN GALLANDT
 "Sweet is the recompense
 it brings—
 The work that with good
 will is done."

Home Economics
Art Club, '18, '19
Girl's A. A., '18, '19
Le Chapeau, '19, '20
New Senior Budget Com.

LAWRENCE GOLDMAN

"And still they gazed,
and still the wonder grew
That one small head could
carry all he knew."

Scientific
Cledison, '19
Beacon Staff, '20



ALICE GROEPPER

"It is tranquil people
who accomplish much."

Commercial
Clespa



FLORENCE GUNLACH

"Life hath no dim and
lowly spot
That doth not in her
sunshine share."

Home Economics
Pipes O' Pan, '17, '18, '19,
'20
Student Council, '19, '20
Philo, '18, '19, '20
Le Chapeau, '19, '20
Girl's A. A., '17, '18, '19, '20

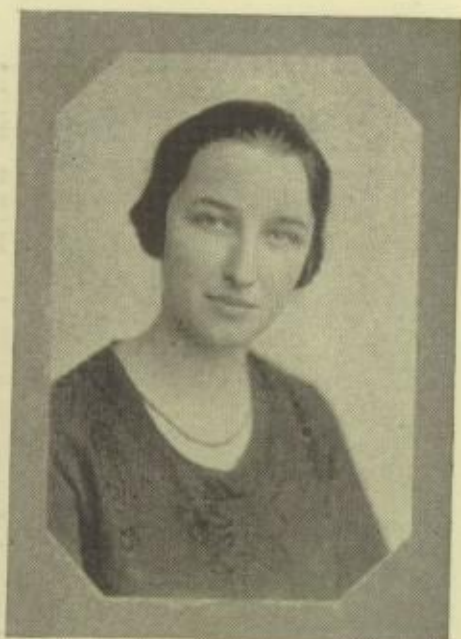


EDNA HAASE

"The greatest and sub-
limest power is often
simple patience."

General
Latin Club
Alethinae





ALMA HALL

"It is a great thing to
do a little thing well."

General
Latin Club
Alethinae

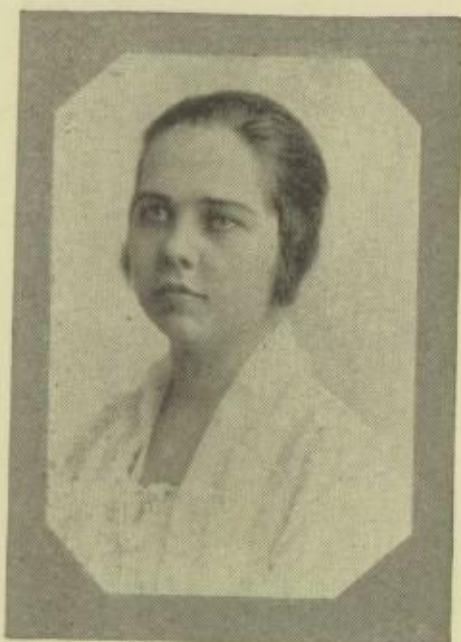


DOROTHY HANNEKEN

"He who sings, drives away
sorrow."

Home Economics

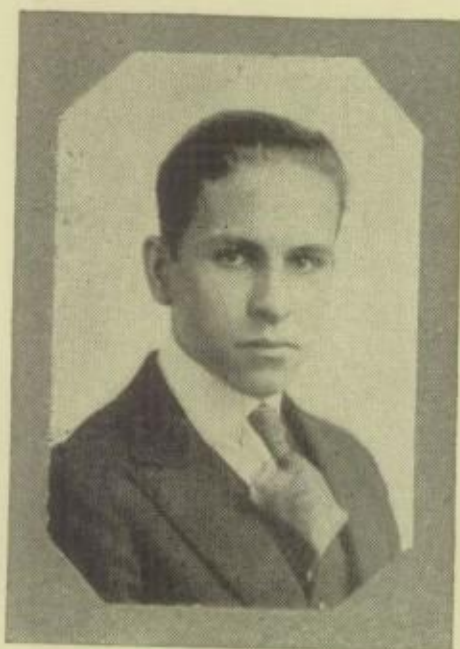
Girl's A. A., '18, '19
Art Club, '18, '19
Le Chapeau, '20



GENIE HARDIE

"They whom truth and wisdom
lead
Can gather honey from a weed."

General
Sec. Alethinae, '20
Pres. 7-8 Girls



CREED HAWKINS

"To be honest as this world
goes is to be one man picked
out of ten thousand."

General
Clespa, '19
Grangers, '19, '20

MILTON HEET

"The solemn aspect of our
passing days is that they
are making us."

General
Gym Club
Royal Rooters



HELEN HEISE

"A good record sets
all in order."

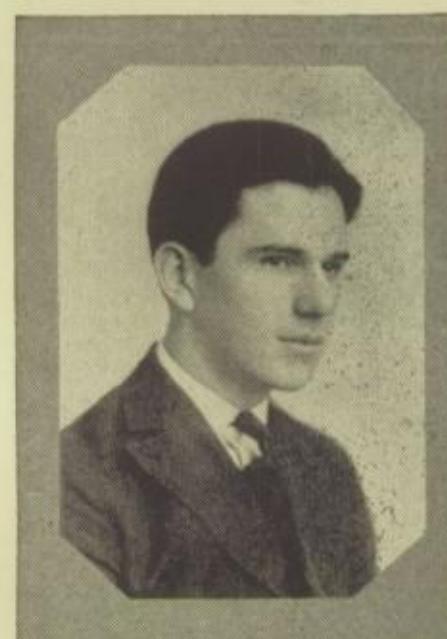
Home Economics
Girl's A. A., '18, '19
Art Club, '20



RICHARD HERING

"Rest awhile, nor longer
waste
Life with inconsiderable haste."

General
Baseball, '17, '18, '19, '20
Gym Club



IDA HERRON

"Her words do show her
wit incomparable."

General
Sec.-Treas. Pipes O' Pan
'19
Pres. Alethinae, '20
Sec.-Treas. Girl's A. A., '19
Student Council, '16
Baseball, '16, '18, '19
Beacon Staff, '20
Latin Club, '18
Acedemic "C"
Athletic "C"





BURNETTE HERZUM
 "Never idle a moment, but
 thrifty and thoughtful of
 others."

Commercial
Grangers, '17, '18
Clespa, '20



ERMA HOFFMAN
 "A maid of grace, and
 complete majesty."

Scientific
Sec. Anna H. Shaw, '20
Girl's A. A.
Art Club



CATHARINE L. HUFFINGTON
 "That smile, like sunshine, darts
 Into many a sunless heart."

Scientific
Tennis, '16
Alethinae, '16, '17, '18
Girl's A. A., '17, '18, '19
Botany Club
Student Council, '18



THERESA JONES
 "From education as the
 leading cause,
 The public character its
 color draws."

General
Latin Club, '18
Botany Club, '16, '17, '18, '19
Treas. Botany Club, '17
Sec. Botany Club, '18
Alethinae, '18, '19
Basketball, '16

JOSEPHINE KLEPEL Home Economics
 "Content is the true riches, for
 without it there is no satisfying."



LEOTA KOTTKAMP General
 "And she is fair, and
 fairer than that word, *Beacon Staff*, '19, '20
 of wondrous virtues." *Pipes O' Pan*, '18, '19, '20
 Le Chapeau, '19, '20
 Basketball, '18, '19
 Baseball, '19
 Art Club, '19
 Girl's A. A., '17, '18, '19, '20



JANET LANE Art
 "She excels each mortal thing
 Upon the dull earth dwelling." *Le Chapeau*, '19
 Philo, '17, '18, '19, '20
 Pres. Philo, '20
 Beacon Staff, '20



ELLA LAU Commercial
 "The greatest things are *Student Council*, '19, '20
 done by help of small ones." *Clespa*, '20





CHARLES LEILICH
 "He who has no wish
 to be happier is the
 happiest of men."

Manual Training
Football, '18, '19
Basketball, '18
Track, '18
Sparks, '19
Baseball, '20
Athletic "C"



JEANNETTE A. LENZ
 "Error alone needs artificial
 support, truth can stand
 by itself."

Art
Art Club, '19, '20
Alethinae, '19, '20
Academic "C"



ARTHUR LOBECK
 "Righteousness is a straight
 line, and is always the
 shortest distance between
 two points."

Commercial
Clespa Club, '19
Serg't-at-Arms Clespa,
'20
Student Council, '20



LLOYD LUESCHAW
 "He is the mildest mannered
 man."

Manual Training

OLLIE McARDLE

"A good heart is worth
gold."

General

Le Chapeau, '19, '20
Art Club, '19, '20



MARGARET MCCOUBRIE

"In thy face I see
The map of honour, truth
and loyalty."

Home Economics

Student Council, '18, '19, '20

Cantanto Club, '17, '18,
'19, '20

Treas. Cantanto, '20



IRMA MAYER

"A good reputation is a
fair estate."

General

Grangers, '18, '19



CHESTER MILLER

"Good management is better
than good income."

General

McKinley, '16, '17,
'18

Mandolin Club, '20
"C"





JESSIE MOSKOP
 "Always at it wins the day."

General
Pipes O' Pan, '20
Girl's A. A., '17, '18, '19, '20
Art Club, '19, '20



RUTH MARIE MUELLER
 "Good grows with her."

Home Economics
Girl's A. A., '17, '18, '19
Art Club, '17, '18, '19, '20
Sec. Art Club, '20



MARIE MURRAY
 "Her voice was ever soft,
 Gentle, and low, an excellent
 thing in woman."

General
Alethinae
Art Club
Latin Club, '19



HARVEY OBENHAUS
 "All may do what has by
 man been done."

Commercial
Grangers, '17, '18
Clespa, '19, '20

MILDRED PAULE

Home Economics

"To cultivate kindness is a valuable part of the business of life."

Art Club, '20
Girl's A. A., '18, '19, '20



DOROTHY JEAN PAULS

Classical

"No life can be dreary when work is delight."

Pres. Cantanto Club, '20
Vice-Pres. Cantanto, '19
Treas. Cantanto, '19
Alethinae, '19, '20
Latin Club, '18, '19, '20
Pres. Latin Club, '20
Treas. Latin Club, '19
Girls A. A., '17, '18, '19, '20
Student Council, '19, '20
Basketball, '20



ARIOLA REINHARDT

General

"He who persists in genuineness will increase in adequacy."

Girl's A. A., '17, '18, '19, '20
Basketball, '20

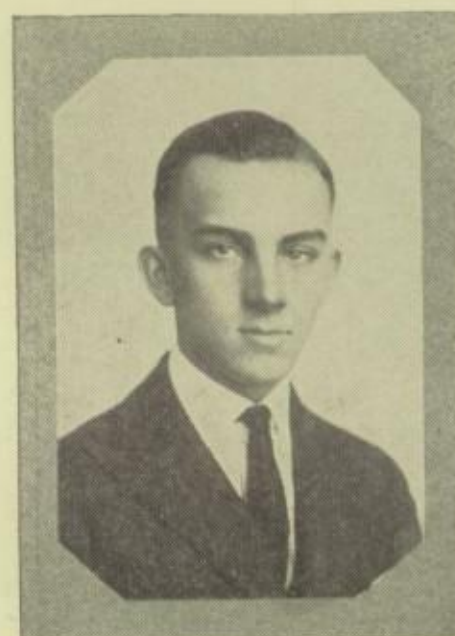


WALTER REMMERS

General

"He is always ready to help wherever he can."

Gym Team, '16, '17, '18
Football, '18
Cledison Club, '18, '19, '20
Serg't-at-Arms Cledison, '18
Mandolin Club, '19, '20
Hi-Y, '19, '20
Sparks, '19, '20
Student Council, '18, '19, '20





BERENICE RIMMEY
 " 'Tis only noble to be
 good."

Commercial
Basketball, '16
Grangers, '17
Girl's A. A., '17, '18
Student Council, '19, '20



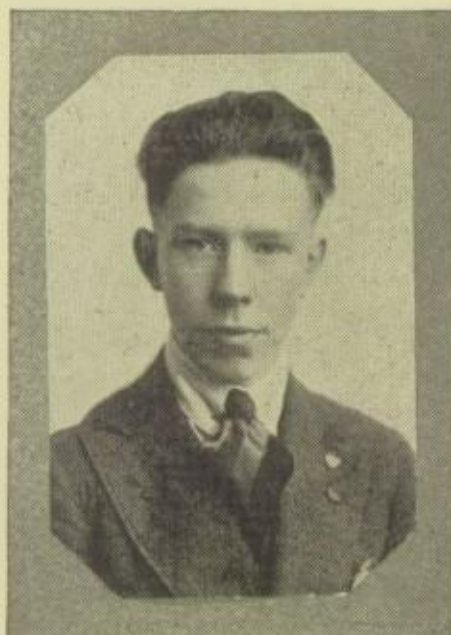
LILLIAN RUDI
 "Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes;
 Some falls are the
 means the happier
 to arise."

General
Basketball, '19
Tennis, '18
Girl's A. A., '17, '18, '19
Art Club, '19, '20
Le Chapeau, '20



MILDRED SCHAEFFER
 "A cheerful spirit moveth
 quick—
 A grumbler in the mud will
 stick."

General
Art Club, '19, '20
Girl's A. A., '18, '19, '20
Baseball, '18, '19
Basketball, '18, '19



ADOLPH SCHEER
 " 'Tis deeds must win
 the prize."

Scientific
Botany Club, '16, '17
Grangers, '17, '18, '19, '20
Camera Club, '18, '19, '20

FRANK LE ROY SCHILLING, Manual Training

"The greatest oaks have
been little acorns."

Band, '18, '19, '20
Orchestra, '18, '19, '20
Webster-Hayne, '20
Granger, '20



IRMA SCHIRA

"No one so wise but has
has a little folly to
spare."

General
Cantanto, '19, '20
Alethinae, '19, '20
Treas. Alethinae, '19
Anna H. Shaw, '19, '20
Vice-Pres. Anna Shaw, '19



NEOMA SCHNELL

"Industry is all."

Art
Student Council, '19, '20
Sec. Art Club, '19
Pres. Art Club, '20
Beacon Staff, '19, '20



MARGARET SIMPSON

"Happy art thou, as if
every day thou hadst
picked up a horseshoe."

Home Economics

Girl's A. A., '18, '19
Art Club, '18, '19
Le Chapeau, '19, '20





ELMER SITTNER

Scientific

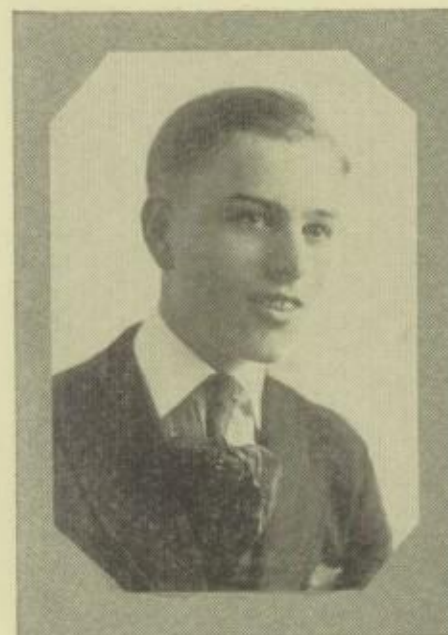
"Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading." *Orchestra, '17, '18, '19, '20*
Band, '18, '19, '20
Camera Club, '18



EMIL STELZER

General

"Wise men in the world are like
timbertrees in a hedge,
here and there one."



OSCAR STOETZER

General

"Fretting mends no broken
dishes;
Brings us none of all
our wishes."

Gym Club



DAVID STONEY

General

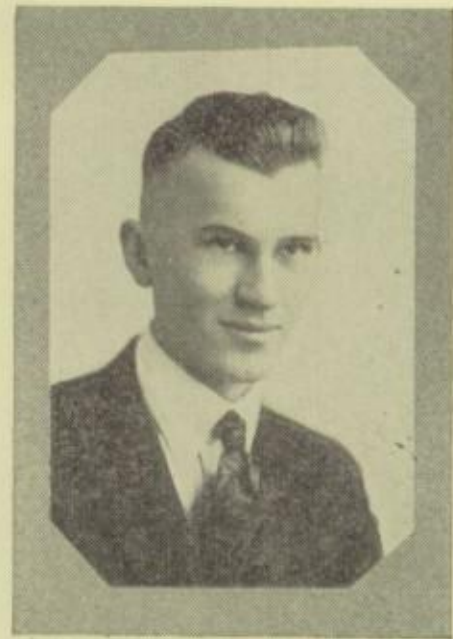
"He sits high in all
the peoples hearts." *Webster-Hayne, '18, '19, '20*
Debating Team, '19
Sparks, '19, '20
Student Council, '18, '20
Pres. Hi-Y, '20
Pres. Latin Club, '18, '19
Treas. New Seniors
Asst. Bus. Mgr., Beacon, '19
Bus. Mgr., Beacon, '20
Academic "C"

HARRY STRITE

"He will never die of
overwork; he doesn't be-
lieve in it."

General

Botany Club, '16, '17
Gym Team, '17
Cledison, '18, '19, '20
K. K. K., '19, '20



ADOLPH THYM

"A handful of common sense
is worth a bushel of
learning."

General

Football, '19
Basketball, '19, '20
Baseball, '20
Beacon Staff, '20
Athletic "C"



MYRTLE TROWBRIDGE

"Speak freely what you
think."

General

Alethinae, '18, '19, '20
Latin Club, '18, '19
K. K. K., '18, '19, '20



MARIAN WALKER

"Content, though mean, and
cheerful if not gay."

Home Economics

Girl's A. A., '18, '19
Student Council, '20
Budget Com. Seniors





RUTH WARREN

General

"True happiness is to no
place confined,
But still is found with
a contented mind."



EDWIN WEINDEL

General

"Haste is always ungraceful."

Football, '15, '18
Baseball, '20
Pres. New Seniors



JUNE WEYBRIGHT

General

"Grace was in all her steps,
Heaven in her eyes, and
in every gesture dignity
and love."



MARION WHITBREAD

Art

"She moves a goddess, and
she looks a queen."

Basketball, '17, '18
'19, '20
Baseball, '17, '18, '19, '20
Treas. Philo, '18
Vice-Pres. Philo, '20
Sec.-Treas. Pypes O' Pan, '18
Sec. Student Council, '18
Sec. New Seniors
Beacon Staff, '19, '20
Athletic "C"

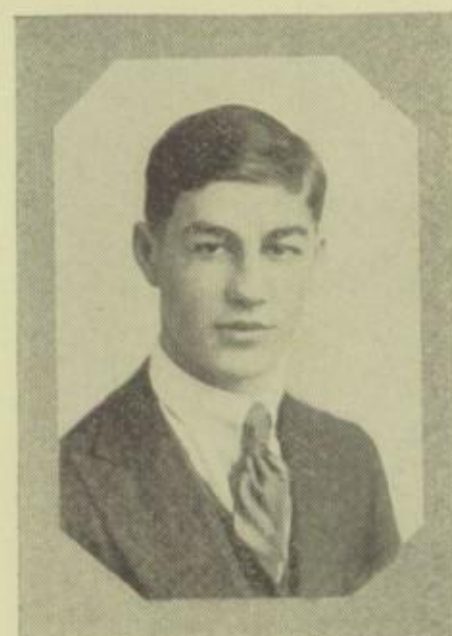
BEULAH WILLIAMSON
 "Many days shall see her,
 And yet no day without a
 deed to crown it."

General
Latin Club, '19
Basketball, '20



WILLIAM ZDVORACEK
 "They are never alone
 that are accompanied
 with noble thoughts."

General
Cledison, '17, '18, '19, '20
Treas. Cledison, '19



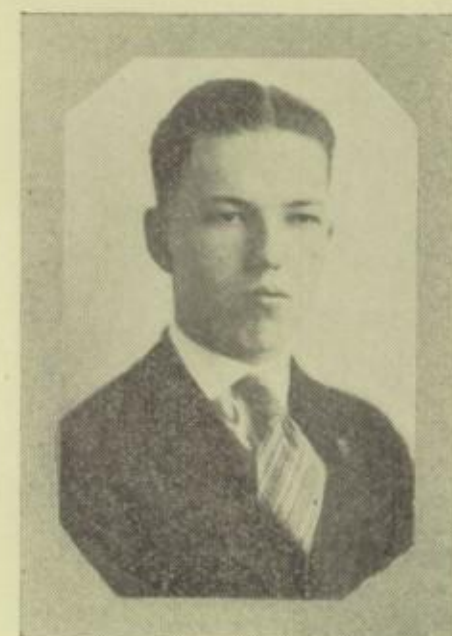
PEARL ZUMWINKEL
 "A good name to be
 chosen rather than
 great riches."

General
Girl's A. A., '17, '18, '19



WINSTON WARREN
 "Resolve to perform what you
 ought;
 Perform without fail what
 you resolve."

General
Grangers, '19, '20
Webster-Hayne, '19, '20
Cledison, '19, '20
Latin Club, '19, '20
Student Council, '19





The Two Year Commercial Class

Sponsor	Miss Clara E. Townsend
Colors	Purple and Gold
Motto	Work is the Basis of Success

OFFICERS

President	Bonnie Buettner
Vice-President	Helen Hauser
Secretary and Treasurer	Virginia Rackaway
Sergeant-at-Arms	George Buettner
Beacon Representative	Bert G. Brennan

We met and organized the Two Year Commercial Class on March 17, 1920. Miss Townsend was elected our sponsor. We plan to give some "corking" good times in our last term, and have as much pleasure as possible before we leave Cleveland to engage in Commercial work.

Pupils finishing this course are:

Bonnie Buettner	Ethel Wagstaff	Margaret Stengel
Ralph Stein	William Duchek	Viola Trois
Edwin Lauer	Florence Brinkman	Violet Voeltz
Ethel Bouligny	George Buettner	Florence Zijack
Martha Cloedy	Helen Campbell	Sylvester Haag
Olivia Dierker	May Drees	Elmer Miller
Emma Faerber	Ethel Florida	George Neiland
Monika Fiehler	Alice Frey	Fred Karches
Estelle Fluchel	Marie Greenwell	Gertrude Greteker
Jeannette Geger	Helen Hauser	Ruth Rockow
Edna Langmeier	Rose Kolar	Beulah Daniel
Charlotte Lew	Jessamine Mills	Albert Wildermuth
Rosalyn Litschgi	Lucile Murphy	Viola Deihl
Loretta Rein	Virginia Rackaway	Elizabeth Hayo
Irma Schneider	Mildred Schmaltz	Bert Brennan
Anna Schriet	Louise Schutte	
Frances Stinger	Lillian Siroky	

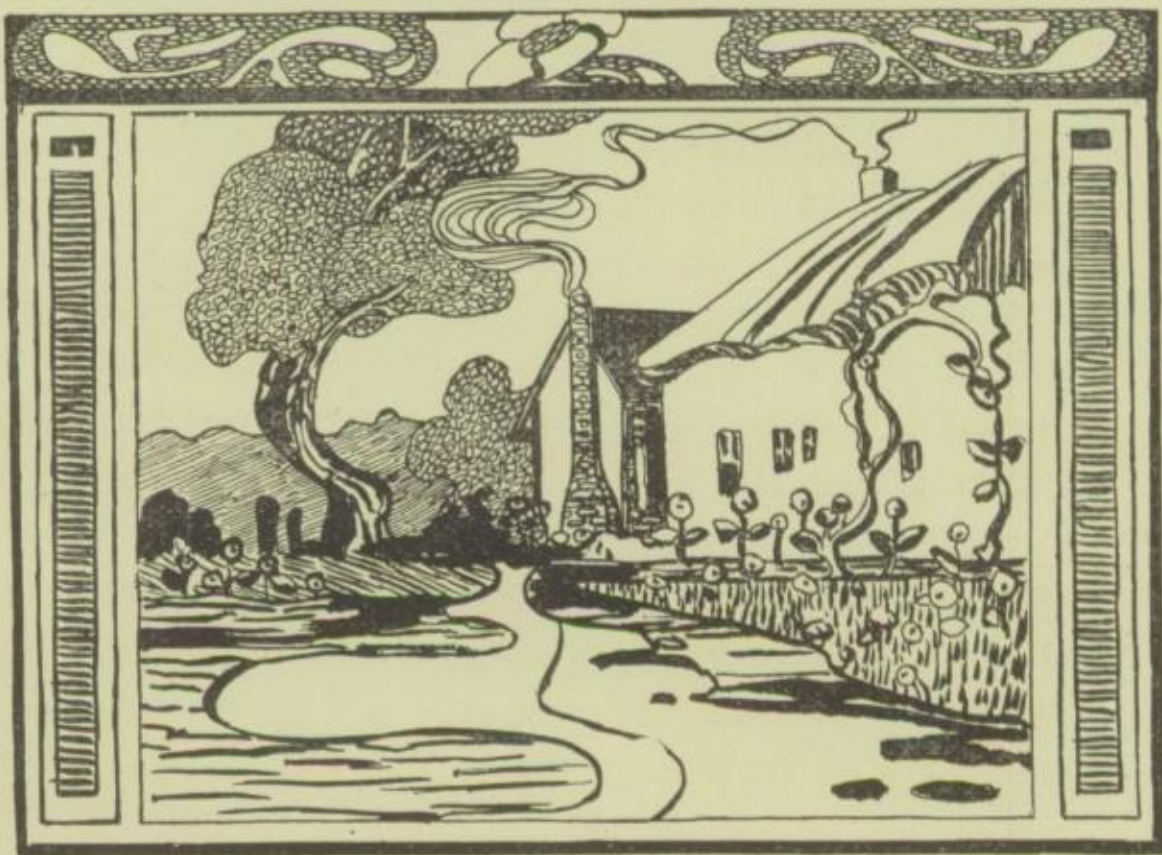
Beacon Rep



WHO WORKS FOR
GLORY MISSES OFT'
THE GOAL <==>
WHO WORKS FOR
MONEY COINS HIS
VERY SOUL <==>
WORK FOR THE
WORKS' SAKE
THEN ^{AND} IT MAY BE
THAT ALL THESE
THINGS SHALL BE
ADDED UNTO THEE

Kenyon Cox

LITERATURE



**HONESTY
LOYALTY
COURTESY
INDUSTRY**



PAY YOUR RENT.

SHE WAS a senior at the high school of a little town in the east. She was a pretty and popular senior, always at the dances, hikes and class parties. She liked all these pleasures but didn't like work. Now don't think by that description that she was really lazy but just a little spoiled as people will be sometimes.

Three times a year Groverton High issued a school magazine as many other schools did everywhere else. Support was what the magazine needed. There were many ways to support it. There were the literature, the music, and the athletic sections. The staff needed jokes and frolics and last but not least money to publish the book. All those things were not so easily done as they were written about and, of course, they required work.

One evening after a plea had come for more money this senior went home with really good intentions. She, too, was going to help get the money. She was getting rather enthusiastic about it and was about ready to leave the house when the 'phone rang.

"Hello, Pat, that you?"

It was a friend of Patty's who had come from college the year before and was not at all interested in high school affairs.

"There is a crowd going out to the club for dinner and then to a little theatre party."

"I'm afraid I can't, Jim. I was going to be busy tonight."

"You! Busy! Oh, Pat, forget it! Come on. Keen time."

"Oh, all right. The business can wait."

So at 5:30 they left. Jim was right. They did have a good time and as usual she was very popular. Everyone was older than Patty and cared nothing about Groverton High. So nothing was mentioned about the magazine and Pat's business was completely forgotten. Then came the theatre party. Between pictures a four minute man spoke. It seemed like old war times to have him speaking. But Patty did not hear him. He was speaking about some relief fund and she wasn't listening at all. But suddenly something caught her ear.

"Service is the rent we pay, for the space we occupy. Pay your rent."

What was that? What did it mean? Why hadn't she listened? Gradually it began to be connected with herself. Then the speaker finished and the pictures were shown again but those little words that were so full of meaning never left her mind. Somehow it had a strange effect upon her.

About twelve they went home. At her door Jim said, "What's happened, Pat? Cheer up. You've lost your pep."

"Jim, what does that mean, 'Service is the rent we pay?'"

"Oh, don't worry your pretty head about it. You'll never see service of any kind."

Then he was gone. So that was what they thought of her. Just a girl for a good time. Hadn't she been occupying space at Groverton High for four years and what rent

had she paid? None.

She thought for a long time. Was it too late to pay her rent? No. No one knew the change in Patty that night. She realized that not only in her school work had she been frivolous but in very many other ways. She resolved not to put off that business any longer. To-morrow she would begin.

The next morning she awoke with a new kind of interest in life. At school she was as pleased as anyone, when she found out that they were gradually making progress with the book. That day a thought came to Patty. Why couldn't she write a story too?

The next days were busy ones. Her story was not accepted, but nevertheless she had tried and that was service. For more than a week she worked for money. And she succeeded in getting not an amazing sum but enough to help send the magazine to the printer.

Then came the month of waiting until it should be ready to be issued. Finally the month was over and the book came out with splendid success. Patty was delighted, for she knew she had helped.

Not only in school work had she changed but in other ways that Jim rightly pointed out some time later.

"What has happened to you, Patty, you're getting to be a regular girl."

"I'm only paying up my back rent, Jim."

JUNE WEYBRIGHT,
June, '20.

FOR GIRL AND GUM.

IN FRONT of the little red school house stood a large poplar tree thru which the sunbeams darted, checkering the ground with glimmering waves of gold.

Beneath its familiar shade sat Tubby, chewing speculatively on a blade of grass, his features, that is, those which could be seen in spite of his balloonlike cheeks, showing utter dejection.

"Goin' fishin', Tubby?" Bobolink Williams strode by, a willow pole arched over his shoulder, a can of bait hanging from the end.

"Aw, shut up."

"C'mon, Tubby. Don' be a grouch. Thuh biddy might croak by t'morrer. Wha's'amatter, huh?"

"Nuthin'."

"Gee, I bet thuh fish is bitin' to-day. C'mon along, Tubby."

Tubby, surrendering himself to the wiles of the village Omar Khayam, lumbered heavily to the ground.

"Got another hook, Link?"

Bobolink regulated his pace to the wobbling ducklike gait of the morose Tubby.

"Wha's'amatter, Tubby?"

"Nuthin',"

"Aw, Tubby."

"You aint never gonna tell nobody, cross your heart?"

"Cross my heart."

"Well, I seen Spooks give her a apple, an' write sump'n on her slate."

Bobolink whistled incredulously.

"He did! Cantcha fight him?"

"Sure, but I can't ketchim." Tub-

by clenched his fists and kicked malevolently at an unfortunate cockle-burr.

"Say, Tubby, there he is afishin' out on the dam."

"Shucks, he can't help seein' me." Suddenly Tubby's face assumed the expression of a perfect vacuum. Slowly an idea formulated. And Tubby smiled.

A rock struck the water with a loud splash, spraying the surprised Spooks.

"Say, Spooks, c'm'ere a minute, will yuh? I wanna tell yuh sump'n."

"Nuthin' doin'. I don't care to get hit jest now."

"I aint gonna hitchuh. Die on 'is spot 'f I do."

Spooks approached suspiciously, still keeping out of arm's length of Tubby.

"Well?"

"Lissen here, I seen you give my gal a apple an' write sump'n on her slate. Now I wanna tell yuh sump'n. We'll play your team, an' if yuh lose you can't never talk to Caroline again, an' if I lose then I won't neither. You willin'?"

"Awright." Both placed implicit confidence in the ability of their teams.

Each took a stick and scratched his initials in the dirt, carefully covering leaves over them. Facing toward the stream, they mumbled in unison,

"Lake, lake, carmine lake,

Who breaks this law, his head will break."

A few dark clouds seemed to be enjoying a race across the face of the sun, probably knowing nothing

of their ominous portent to Tubby and Spooks, whose absolute confidence in victory was beginning to weaken as they entered the Williams barn.

On a wall of the barn were chalked the names of the two captains and, after each, a box in which the score was kept. At one end of the barn, about nine feet from the ground, a wood-hoop was nailed. On the side opposite the score-board stood a barrel which had once contained cider. And upon it sat Caroline, stretching her gum to the point of greatest elasticity and daintily returning it to her mouth.

The two teams descended from the dressing room (exhayloft) and lined up on the floor, all bedecked in the latest version in basketball suits. Tubby had a complete attire of basketball clothes—all but the shirt and pants. These consisted of a pair of 'paw's' pink pajamys, cut short (seemingly bitten short) at the knees.

"Ladies and gentlemen and Tubby," announced Link, the referee, in his most official voice. "No private fights will be allowed. When the 3:00 o'clock train hits the station, the game is over. Play ball!"

For half an hour the ball whirled back and forth, now heaved at one basket, now at the other. Finally Spooks broke the scoreless tie with a long basket, in spite of the glorious but vain resistance of Shrimp Merkle, who, with both hands clinging to Spooks' pants, executed a swan-like dive, alighting on his olfactory organ.

"Taint nuthin', Shrimp; it'll on'y

be blue a couple o' days," comforted Link, and the game was resumed.

Tubby scored a foul, but his hopes of victory collapsed when, far up the valley the whistle of the 3:00 o'clock train was heard.

Burst all his castles in the air! Faded all his dreams of happiness! Nothing, nothing for him but the cold, cold world and dea—Plop! The ball struck the soliloquizing Tubby on the head and bounded toward the basket. The walls whirled round, the ceiling disappeared, and Tubby was gathered unto the arms of Morpheus.

"Where am I?"

Tubby looked up into the face of Caroline, who though pale and excited, still chewed her gum with the stolidity of fate. Then Tubby remembered. Bitterly he turned his face aside, thinking of the prize he had come so near to winning. As he did so he noticed "the handwriting on the wall." His eyes opened wide, his lips fell apart, and he turned questioning to Link.

"Why, you big dub, you scored thuh last basket."

Outdoors the clouds rolled by, the sun shone forth. And Tubby smiled.

LAWRENCE GOLDMAN,
June, '20.

RED INK.

BUT, what I don't see, is why black ink won't do as well as red," protested Hanks. "I have a fountain pen with black; if you insist on red, I'll have to carry a bottle and pen." Jim Hadley smiled. "Well, I'll tell you," he said. "After you've been here a month or two you'll find that

our crew of mortar-mixers and day laborers aren't all a bunch of Sunday-School scholars. In fact, about nine-tenths of them are ex-cons and thugs who have come up here to skip some inquisitive sheriff. Not long after we started our building out here, we received quite a few complaints from the men that they were not being paid. Our paymaster insisted that he could prove by their signed receipts that they had been paid, but on looking them up, we found most of the receipts were unsigned. We were set back about eight hundred dollars and, of course, the paymaster was fired. However, we heard later that a second fountain pen had been substituted for the paymaster's and the fellows had written in invisible ink. Of course, nothing could be proved, but from then on we have insisted on red ink and a quill pen being used."

"Oh, all right," consented Hanks, sticking the bottle of ink in his left hand shirt pocket. He picked up the money satchel and started for the door.

"Don't forget to follow the wagon-road!" called Hadley, "If you ever get out into the shortcut to-night, you'll break your neck over those piles."

Hanks nodded, stepped out into the heavy darkness and pulling his cap down tight hurried down the road.

John Hanks had come to the big construction camp only six days before, but with the best of recommendations, and had been given the job of paymaster. He knew the short-cut of which Jim spoke. It

was a narrow path through a little valley to the huge dam now in the last stages of construction. It was hard enough to navigate it in daylight because of a great number of unused concrete pile settings covered by weeds and standing some three or four feet high. To try it in this pitchy blackness, was to court bad bruises and possibly serious injury. Consequently Hanks kept religiously to the narrow wagon road.

Hurrying along, his cheerful train of thought was suddenly interrupted by the conversation of two men who were rapidly approaching him. As yet they had not seen him and he stepped into the shadow of a giant tree alongside to await their passing. He recognized them as two of the men from the day shift and wondered at their proximity to the main office. He soon found out.

"Ain't it about time fer him to show up?" asked one, a burly brute with a stout club in his hand.

"Yeah," was the answer, "he'll come out in a minute. I'll pike into the window to see if he ain't about ready."

Hanks' startled brain heard no more. Grasping his satchel tightly under his arm, he plunged into the brush to cut across the valley. He heard one of the men swear and rush into the brush farther up. "That's him!" he cried, "Cut im off!" The two dashed after the frightened paymaster. Hanks forgetting his gun, ran like a frightened hare and gradually his pursuers could be heard dropping behind. He decided not to stop until he did not

hear them at all and throwing on a little more speed, he ran on, dodging right and left to avoid the piles. Suddenly the two ruffians, gasping and struggling along after the sound of the fleeing victim heard a faint crack. They stopped a minute and then rushed on toward the sound. One stumbled, and stopping felt the body of a man lying upon his back.

"Must of stumbled over a dead limb," he said. "Strike a match, Bill, and we'll frisk 'im." Bill fumbled for a match and struck it on a nearby pile. The match flared and burned and the two bent over the prostrate body.

"God!" cried Bill, "somebody's beat us to it and shot him. We'd better beat it!" The other bent lower to see the red stain slowly spreading over the left-breast of the paymaster. "Beat it is right," he growled, "They got 'im in the heart!"

Some twenty minutes later Hanks opened his eyes and tenderly rubbed his stomach. "Knocked the air clean out a me," he groaned, "an' concrete aint soft." He listened intently for a minute, climbed over the pile and fumbling in the weeds soon regained his satchel.

"Guess they went on by me," he murmured, "Confound it, I broke my bottle of ink and ruined my shirt too!"

He regained the roadway, went back for another bottle of ink and forty minutes later was paying off the night shift at the dam. In the meantime, two burly ruffians slouched to the nearest railway station caught a "rattler" and "Beat it."

June, '20.

R. ELLIS,

DRAGONS AND POPPIES.

T WAS the night before Christmas, and all through the house"—But that is not my story. Nevertheless, it was the night before Christmas. The big open kitchen of the Waring mansion was warm and drowsy, and filled with the scents of good Christmas cheer. Little Ming Tog, stout and comfortable, slumped down in Bridget's easy chair, and dreamed of the morrow's feasts.

Bridget's wide, round-backed chair was the most comfortable and old-fashioned chair in that modern up-to-date kitchen. Bridget would not work without it, and in days when servants, good servants were so scarce,—Well, there was the chair and there was Bridget, and as long as the chair stayed, Bridget stayed too.

Hence, Ming Tog's liking for that particular chair. Little Ming Tog loved the easy things of life, tho' he was allowed so few of them. Bridget's chair was sacred, he knew, but only when Bridget was around. Just then, Bridget was slumbering peacefully in an adjoining room, taking a nap between duties, and her deep, Irish snores rent the stillness of the night, and vaguely annoyed Ming Tog. Only vaguely, tho', for Ming Tog knew that as long as she snored, she slumbered, and could make no outcry about her chair.

In all, life seemed very comfortable and easy to little Ming Tog, and he radiated warmth and happiness in every line of his fat, and contented, little figure. He felt drowsy, and

much inclined to sleep, but Bridget's last emphatic warning still rang clear in his ears, "Sure, and if ye let me turkey burn, and me good black coffee bile over, all the chinkamans in the wur-uld couldn't keep ye fum St. Patrick's wrath and me own aching fist." And Bridget could use her burly Irish fist well. Ming Tog could testify to that. However, as long as he kept one eye on the oven, and the other on the percolator, he could devote his inner eyes to pleasant dreams, and fear no evil consequences, at least from Bridget.

The coffee was bubbling nicely in the pot, the turkey was simmering gently in the oven, and little Ming Tog felt that he was doing his duty to Bridget and the world.

Gradually, a sweet drowsiness crept over him, his nostrils inhaled faint, mysterious perfumes, instead of the aroma of boiling coffee, and he felt himself borne on fairy wings, through shady lanes of tall Chinese tulip trees.

All about him was a soft, green haze, as tho' a veil had been purposely thrown before him, to allow him only shadowy glimpses of the beauties thru which he passed. There were many turnings and twistings to the narrow green lane he trod, and at every turn a giant green dragon towered out of the fog as tho' wait-to prey upon him. Yet, as he drew near, fearfully, they faded slowly away, and he hurried on unmolested.

Swiftly now his mysterious wings bore him, on through the green mist and the tall trees, until a bright yellow glow, piercing the haze, brought

him out into the familiar streets of Chinaland. The narrow, crooked streets were still there; the same old crowded houses lined his path; and the same busy crowds thronged the streets. It was his childhood, coming back through the years to bring him sweet memories.

Here, hurrying towards him, with bent head, yellow, flying pigtail and clasped hands, was old Dr. Chou, the beloved friend of his childhood and the patriarch of this little town. Ming Tog started forward to embrace him, calling his name. Dr. Chou hurried on past him, with bent head and flying pigtail, as tho' he had neither heard nor seen him. Little Ming Tog was hurt and looked pathetically at their expressionless faces and silent manner. He recognized many, but none recognized him.

Stumbling blindly, nigh on to tears, he soon found himself before his old home. All was as of old, and Ming Tog thought happily of his good mother. Mothers did not forget their children. Mother would surely recognize him. Softly he opened the quaintly carved door, and stood on the threshold peering into the room. Yes, there on the floor, sewing industriously upon a piece of embroidery work sat little Ming Tog's mother. Ming Tog laughed gleefully, and clapping his hands, rushed across the room to where she sat, and knelt happily beside her. "Mother," he cried, "Mother of Mine! Here is little Ming Tog come back to you." The woman on the floor worked on diligently, and appeared not to notice him. Alarmed,

Ming Tog queried,—“Mother, don't you know little Ming Tog, your own little Chinese boy?” Still, his mother sewed on with expressionless face, and Ming Tog, broken-hearted, rushed out of the door, and into the street again. His own mother did not know him, did not love him!

Poor little Chinaman! His tears streamed down to the street, and melted even the hard heart of the cobblestones, and soon the streets were swirling in a river of tears.

Still, Ming Tog wept on, and his tears swept him off, down the long, narrow streets, past the crowded houses of Chinaland, to the beautiful private gardens of the Emperor. He floated lightly like a lily pad, upon the stream his tears had formed, and through the gardens, washing a path through the Emperor's famous grasses, he swept. Down his tears flowed to a small silvery lake upon whose waters he soon found himself.

He was heavy, was Ming Tog, but the magic waters bore him up, and kept him afloat in the middle of the lake. Bordering this lake were banks of dusky, drowsy poppies, whose red petals made crimson patches in the silver waters.

Suddenly, Ming Tog heard soft sounds of singing, and an old familiar Chinese tune stole in upon his grief. Ming Tog raised his head, and perceived among the poppies, where their bloom was the thickest and the purest, a beautiful nymph-like little figure, huddled just out of reach of the waters, twining the stems of the grasses. She was a little Chinese maiden, and as she turned her small, almond eyes upon him, Ming Tog

gave a cry of joy, and then of forlorn despair, Alas! She was but a dream, and would fade too! "Ming Tog," he heard her say softly, "Little Ming Tog! Look at me. Don't you know Li'l Lolee Lang?" Little Ming Tog raised his head joyfully. She had spoken. She knew him. "Oh, little Solee Lang," he cried, "my own little Solee Lang. Are you but a dream? And will you go and leave me as the others have done, little Solee Lang?"

"No, no, Ming Tog," she answered sadly, "I am no dream. You are the dream. You will leave me. Ah! even now you are fading, my Ming Tog, you are leaving me. Stay! Little Solee wants you." Little Ming Tog gave a piercing cry of disappointment and anguish as he saw her fading slowly away, and heard her low pitiful pleas—"Stay! Little Solee wants you!"

A soft, engulfing green mist again arose and enveloped him, clouds of sweet perfume drove his senses dizzy, and through it all, striding through the haze towards him, with giant claws and dripping fangs, Ming Tog saw the great green dragon. Nearer and nearer it came, and he felt a terrible weight upon his shoulders; then as the dragon clasped his head to tear it from his body, Little Ming Tog awoke, and confronted a wrathful Bridget. She was vigorously pulling his pigtail and pouring forth a most unkind stream o' flanguage. "Ye vile hathen! Ye murtherin' Chinkaman! Ye imp of Satan! Dramin' swate peaceful-like, while honest folks trust ye. Up and out o' that, ye hathen! Out of

me chair and explain yourself. Why is the turkey burnt? Why is me good black coffee biled to nuthin', and why be ye slapin' at four o' the clock in the mornin' whin I told ye to wake me at tin last night? Bedad, an t'is a wonder I'm not crazy wi' the likes of ye around!"

Ming Tog stared at her dully as she volleyed on, and had only presence of mind enough to leap out of her chair at her threat. Had he been asleep? Was it all a dream, Little Solee Lang and the poppies? It must have been, for the turkey was burnt, the coffee boiled away, and Bridget was thundering around at four o'clock in the morning.

There was a slight rustle, and Mrs. Waring appeared in the doorway, clad in a morning wrapper. "Bridget," she demanded, "what is all this noise about, and what is the matter with Ming Tog?" Bridget turned wrathfully around, and poured forth the sum total of her misfortunes.

"Well," smiled Mrs. Waring, amusedly, undisturbed by Bridget's torrent of protest, "As long as you are up in time to prepare breakfast, just forgive little Ming Tog his carelessness. This is Christmas morning, you know, and don't you remember what the angels said, 'Peace on earth; good will to men'? Just this once was Ming Tog forgetful. Perhaps he was dreaming of Chinaland, and forgot to wake up. Eh, little Ming Tog?"

Ming Tog only nodded. He was too full to speak. He had burnt her Christmas turkey, ruined Bridget's coffee, and waked up at four o'clock

in the morning. Mrs. Waring was kind. She understood Ming Tog.

Mrs. Waring disappeared for a moment and when she returned, she held something in her hands. "Ming Tog," she said lightly, "here is a Christmas parcel for you. It came yesterday—all the way from China, and I saved it for you for this morning. Perhaps it is from your little Chinese sweetheart, eh, Ming Tog?" So saying she extended to him a small, tightly wrapped parcel, stamped with several varieties of foreign stamps, and covered all over with curious scrolls. Ming Tog tore the covering off eagerly, and disclosed a small lacquered box of quaint Oriental design, from the depths of it, he shook forth a beautiful silken flag, with a huge green dragon in the center, and under it in delicate Chinese embroidery work an inscription meaning, "To Ming Tog, from Solee Lang."

Peering curiously, Mrs. Waring and Bridget saw a small rolled scroll of paper, covered with tiny Chinese ciphers, but Ming Tog, with the eyes of another world, saw thereon a tiny, silvery lake, bordered round with drowsy, crimson poppies, and where their bloom was the thickest and the purest, his own little Solee Lang.

June, '21. MILDRED MILHAM,

THE LITTLE HOUSE ON THE HILL.

IT IS snowing. The wind is howling, and shrieking, and tearing around the little, tumble-down house on the hill. The picket fence is lying on the ground, and the gate is

leaning against a tree. With a shutter hanging by one hinge, the panes of the window broken, and with the chimney crumbling away, the little house looks forlorn indeed.

In a little home on the hill, there is great happiness. As we go through the garden gate, we see beautiful, stately roses, lifting their heads to the moon; we catch the faint, elusive fragrance of the lilac; we spy the little, modest lily-of-the-valley, hiding among its dark, green leaves.

There is a light in the window, which is hung with dainty, muslin curtains. There are two children playing on the floor, laughing and giggling in frantic glee. Mother, in her rocker, and Father, in his easy-chair, are watching the children at their play.

The next day Daddy comes home from work, earlier than usual, because he is feeling bad. Before the week is over, Daddy is dead.

Now, Mother must leave the place where she has spent so many happy years, because she will have to support the children. She sells her furniture and, with the children, bids farewell to the pleasant home, the beautiful flowers, and the faithful pets with whom they have whiled away many a pleasant hour.

It is snowing. The wind sighs and groans, and seems to mourn the day when those who were left of a happy family said "Good-bye" to the little home on the hill. The shutter creaks dismally as the wind swings it back and forth. The picket fence, lying on the ground is almost covered with

snow; and we see the white outline of a gate leaning against a bare stark tree.

KATHERINE RABENAU,
Jan., '22.

A TALE OF THE HARLE- QUINADE.

TELL us," they said, "when shall a wise man come out of Bergamo?"

And what could I answer them? For it is a sad truth that we of Bergamo are not renowned for our wit. Beside, they that taunted me, Scaramouche and Scapini and Ruzzante, were people of much importance; while I was only Harlequine, a poor thing of tattered ribbons; a singer of broken songs. To me they seemed exceeding sweet, my broken songs! But no one ever listened to them; and therefore those great people, Scaramouche, and Scapini and Ruzzante, laughed and taunted me.

And, "Harlequine," they cried, "you from the low country; how could ever any good thing come out of Bergamo?"

But all this was in the old days before the coming of Isabella. (We called her Isabella, although she had many other names.) After those great ones had seen Isabella, they forgot to laugh at my broken songs. For she was the fairest lady that ever lived in any land; and those great ones worshipped her humbly enough. Their voices were sweet with praise of her.

"Lovelier than a thousand roses," they called her.

And, "More joyous than the voices

of many birds, singing at dawn."

And all that they said of her was true!

And I, Harlequine, was filled with a great love for that fair lady. But my love only brought me tears; for no one, I thought, could care for a poor thing of songs and tattered ribbons. There was Scaramouche, tall and pale in his black velvet; Scapini of the white hands, and Ruzzante, cloaked and sworded, and very brave. Surely it seemed that the Lady Isabella would choose one of those great ones to be her true lover. And I wept, because of the sorrow I had, that I was such a poor thing of tattered ribbons and broken songs.

Then that glorious lady came to me, and questioned me; and no words could ever tell the tender music of her voice.

"Harlequine, why do you weep?"

"I weep for you, sweet lady." I told her.

"I weep for the beauty and the glory of you, and for the most dear heart of you, that can never be mine."

And, "Harlequine, Harlequine," she said; "I begin to believe what they say of you. For surely a man must be slow of wit, who weeps for what is already his!"

So it was that the Lady Isabella chose me for her lover. And I loved her very truly; and because of the gladness that was in my heart, my broken songs were made whole, and so exceeding sweet withal, that folk listened, and laughed, and wept, for joy of my songs. It was then that I set the whole wide world a-ringing

to the tune of my songs; and if you listen, you can hear their echoes still.

For all this was long and long ago. Scaramouche and Scapini and Ruzzante are dead and forgotten; and the fair lady of my dreams is gone these many years.

But I, Harlequine, because of the sweetness of my songs, have been made immortal; I flaunt my ribbons in glorious company now! And here, among the spirits of deathless singers, and lovers, is one, a poor clerk, who praises his Beatrice; and there is a mad priest who hymns his Laura. But I, Harlequine—I always sing of Isabella!

MARGARET De LAUGHTER,
Jan., '21.

AN EXPERIENCE.

BANANAS. Bananas everywhere. Dozens of 'em. Hundreds of 'em. I leaned against the wall of the car and sighed contentedly. I pinched myself to see if I was in a car of bananas. I was, and there were the bananas, sack upon sack of them, piled three-fourths of the way to the ceiling.

It was somewhat close quarters for solid comfort, but so long as I could eat—eat bountifully, luxuriously, unstintedly, I surely didn't have any kick coming. Then I thought of the seal clerk with the spectacles and I laughed as I reflected how I'd crawled under the car from the off side, with him not ten feet away. Well, I had beat him to it. I was sealed in, and hoboing had its soft spots after all. Every-

thing was so comfortable that I began to cast around for objections. I found one. It was cold in that car, darned cold, and I proceeded to turn up my coat collar and snuggle cozily between two sacks. I must have lain there at least three minutes before it occurred to me that I was hungry. Think of it, three whole minutes in a car of bananas, and not realize you're hungry! Well, anyhow, I got my knife to work and ripped open a sack in a jiffy. I was a pirate all right. Who wouldn't have been a pirate?

It was hours later, and I'd transferred my attention to another bunch. No, I hadn't finished the first sack—it was mostly green, but I'd made a pretty good-sized aperture in the second when my flnife slipped from my fingers. I fished around in my pockets and dug up a match. It was the last match I had. I lit it with some reluctance and held it far down, but the knife had entirely vanished. As I was transferring the burnt end to my left hand to prolong its life, I happened to glance at the rent I had made in the gunny sack, and, as I did so, I sat bolt upright, nearly butting a hole through the roof. There—not two feet from my face—was a big, hideous, hairy creature, about the size of a silver dollar.

For a second I sat staring at it, transfixed. The match seared my fingers, flickered, and went out, and then suddenly I came to my senses and began to crawl. I fled, terror-stricken, to the doors and threw my weight against them. I beat and pounded them frantically. I bumped

and tore around over those sacks like a man bereft of reason, and then, as the full realization of my position forced itself upon me, I screamed at the top of my voice. I thought of all the stories I had heard and read of tarantulas, and as they stood out vividly, every miserable, soul-racking detail of them, I was wild with horror. I didn't have a chance against that thing there in the dark. It might even now be making its way stealthily toward me. I pulled myself together and rolled over into a corner, weak and shivering. Then the thought that there might be others—others right where I was lying, brought me to my knees again with a groan of despair. There must be others. There were others. A cold sweat stood out on my body, and I knelt there bereft of every atom of manhood, quaking and cowering in the dark.

Through the vortex of my emotions there came suddenly a new impression—the sensation as of something crawling. It was nothing definite, but it was intensely real. Something was crawling. Crawling slowly and methodically up my left leg. No, 'twas my right leg. I started to reach for it, then suddenly stopped, my arm poised rigidly. If I did reach—it, touched it, it would sting—sting quicker. I sat there in an agony of suspense, waiting for it to strike. Waiting—waiting—waiting, for an eternity, but it didn't strike. It had even ceased crawling. I chuckled softly, then I laughed. I was going insane. I reached down suddenly and clapped my hand over the spot where the crawling had

ceased, but there was nothing. I felt sick and faint, and leaned warily against the car wall. As I did so, my face touched something cold—cold and clammy and soft. I started back screaming, then I laughed again—I was insane—I had leaned against my own hand.

To assure myself of this, for I was sure of nothing, I ran my palm slowly along the splintered surface of the wall, and then with a howl of terror I rolled over on the sacks. I had touched something hairy—something soft—something—I sat up with an impelling desire to reach out again. I could stand the torture no longer. I wanted to know where I stood. I wanted a fighting chance. I had suddenly lost all sense of fear. My nerves were strung to the snapping point. I groped my hand along the wall, up and down and sideways. There was nothing—nothing. It was another prank of the imagination—it was—my fingers tightened. My blood seemed to congeal. I felt it. I had hold of it. It gave easily under my fingers. Why didn't it sting? Why didn't it even hiss? I couldn't let go—I was riveted to the spot. I must have fainted and rolled over against the doors. I remember vaguely my head striking something, then I knew no more.

How long I lay there I don't know. When I regained consciousness I was stretched out on a pile of sawdust in the shadow of an ice-house, and a man was bending over me with a bucket. There was a circle of curious faces leaning close about me.

The seal clerk had found me when

he opened the car for inspection and ventilation. I told him my story, and even climbed back in the car and pointed out the sack where had lurked this venomous horror. While they were prodding about with sticks and clubs, my eyes swept the walls. Then I started for the door.

"There it is," I yelled hoarsely. "Over there. See?" Somebody swung a lantern around so that the light fell directly on the spot.

"Huh," shouted a voice. "The bo's dippy."

I looked closer, then swore, for there in the exact spot where I had run my hand—where I had suffered momentarily the tortures of Hades, was a good-sized bunch of sack ravelings, held securely by the splintered surface of the wood. I didn't wait for any more. I climbed out of that refrigerator and made a quick getaway. But the tarantula was in there—heaven knows it was there, and here's hoping they found it.

BONNIE BUETTNER,
June, '20.

THE "SOUTH PAW".



O SORRY, Dave, old top. You can play ball fairly well but you belong in the field. Anywhere but the box."

Dave Colton nodded his head quietly and slowly left the pitcher's box. Coach Thorne grasped his shoulder, as he passed him.

"Don't feel sore, Dave," he said. "You know you can't squeeze blood out of a turnip, and your arm wasn't made for pitching."

"Maybe not, Harry," replied the boy, "but I know I can pitch. I want to pitch. My arm just needs training."

"Yes, and it would take a whole season of constant training before you'd be able to do it."

Dave said nothing but walked quietly to the bench, and sat down.

"I wish I could get some one to help me," he mused, "it would not——"

"Thump—Zing." And a ponderous form sat down beside him while two hands grasped his arms.

"Don't get the blues, Dave, old sport," boomed Jack Graham's voice. "You've got something on that ball. I could feel steam and lots of it. All you need is control."

Dave turned and faced the big catcher.

"I was just telling Thorne that all I wanted was training and——"

"Well, I emphatically repeat it," interrupted Graham, "but—" his voice dropped to a low whisper. "Say, you grab a glove tonight after practice, and we'll wend our way to a vacant lot and I'll give you all the help I can."

Dave sat up. "Here's my paw," he grinned, "Let's shake on that." Graham gripped hands with the boy and said, "I'll go and tell Thorne, and he can give us some—"

"Absolutely and vociferously, and vehemently—no", replied Dave soberly. "I'll train with you, but nothing doing with Thorne."

"In the name of common sense, why? Thorne'll——"

"You bet your sweet life. Thorne'll—and he'll do it well. He

says I can't pitch and I say I can. So there you are. Thorne's out of it."

"All right," sighed the catcher, "what you say goes."

That evening the two boys were working hard.

"Little higher, Dave—That's the stuff—Do it again. Smack! Atta boy." And such exclamations poured steadily from Graham's mouth.

With perspiration pouring from his face, Dave 'smashed' them in one after the other.

"All right! Hold it," said Graham. "Say, old boy. I'm beginning to think Thorne's got a nail in his head. You get out here every evening and I'll put you in the game against Hilton."

"Yes, next season," replied Dave. "I'll be in trim then."

"Why, you'll be—"

"No, I won't. You give me your word you'll keep mum about this or I quit. I'll come out next season."

After a long argument, Graham finally promised to keep it dark.

Baseball set in well for Westbrook High School. King, Thorne's only pitcher who could hold a team down, was in excellent form and took five out of eight games from the Westbrook opponents. Only two more games were to be played and, if Westbrook could win one of them, the trophy for that season would rest in the "Laurel Case" at the High School.

Clinton High School brought a strong team up to the Westbrook diamond. A fast game was played leaving the Gold and Gray team on the small end of a 7 to 5 score.

All hopes now rested upon winning the next game from Hilton. These Purple and Green players were also tied for first place and reports were to the effect that King would have a hard time with Hilton's "sluggers". In fact, all hopes rested in the pitcher's arm.

Dave was still a "sub" fielder on the regular team, but had been keeping away from the field as much as possible. He practiced nearly every evening with Graham and that individual continually mourned over the fact that he had promised to keep Dave's pitching a secret.

"Oh, hang it all, Dave!" He thundered when they were leaving the lot, two nights before the Hilton game, "You've got King matched, and I'm a catcher and I think I know pitchers. What if King goes bad? Westbrook will lose the pennant because a 'lightning south-paw' won't open up his mouth."

"King won't go bad," smiled Dave. "He's played nine games and lost only two of em. Forget it. I'm not going in this season."

"Aw you give me a pain," growled Graham as they parted.

"Play ball," droned the umpire.

King wound up and sent a hot one over the plate.

"Strike one," bawled the umpire.

"Ye-a-a-h," roared the Westbrook rooters.

Graham tossed the ball back. King paused a few moments and then sent another across the plate at terrific speed.

"Strike one," bawled the umpire.

Again the stands roared. The gold and gray pennants waved mad-

ly and the cheer leaders exerted themselves to drown out the Hilton contingent.

Then King threw the third ball and the batter retired shaking his head sadly.

The Hilton players dashed out to their positions and started a brisk warming.

Three Westbrook "stars" were retired in rapid order. Both pitchers were at their best and as a consequence five innings elapsed with not a hit. In the fifth inning Westbrook was at bat. Marlowe, the first baseman, popped a fly to left field. The fielder fumbled badly and Marlowe slid into second ahead of the ball.

The stands were clamoring for a hit now and Graham walked over, selected a heavy bat and stepped up to the plate.

Draper, Hilton's pitcher, worked two swift curves, which the umpire called strikes. Then he threw a swift straight ball, which to all eyes looked as if it would cut the plate in two. Graham saw the sudden break as the ball dropped. A quick downward swing of the bat, and—

"Crack!" Graham raced to first, rounded second, touched third, and then went for home. The Westbrook rooters were literally shrieking. Marlowe crossed the plate and then Graham slid in only a few seconds ahead of the ball. The score board registered 2-0, in favor of Westbrook.

King stepped into the box and smiled at the rooters. He threw a swift ball straight over the plate, and the Hilton batter connected squarely. The ball came like a

streak of lightning straight at King.

"Move!—Look out—" Shrieked the stands. A sickening thud and the pitcher staggered backward, smiled peculiarly and then left the box.

"It's broken in two places, Thorne," he said quietly.

Thorne groaned. "Go on in, Martin. Just hold 'em,". Then he turned his attention to the unfortunate pitcher.

Martin rose completely unnerved. The recent scene had shattered his nerves and he knew it. He walked to the box and picked up the glove. It took just five minutes to fill the bases and hand Hilton a run. Then Martin turned to Thorne.

"I don't know what to do, Thorne" he gasped. "They'll walk on us. My arm is gone and my nerve shattered. I—"

"Well, who will pitch?" groaned Thorne, "there's just you and King. You've got to do some hard work."

Martin looked appealingly at the coach for a few minutes and then started to the box.

Up to this time Dave Colton had been sitting on the bench watching the game. He had seen the accident, and also the hole Martin had made and had heard the dialogue between the coach and the pitcher.

Graham shot one glance at the boy and then called "Thorne."

"Martin's shot," said Thorne turning, "Goody-bye, pennant."

"Yes, Sir, Martin's gone," repeated Graham, "but we have a second to King on this bench and I believe he can hold 'im."

"Where?" roared the coach. "Just show me."

Then Dave rose and said, "I'll try, Thorne." The coach looked astonished. "Why—why you can't pitch," he said.

"Go and sit down," said Graham, "come on, Dave, do your best—or worst," he grinned.

Dave relieved Martin, who walked in and dropped limply on the bench.

The young pitcher wasted no time but shot the ball over.

"Strike one," was the welcome sound that came to the rooters.

Graham returned the ball and Dave sent it over again. The Hilton batter drove a scratch hit down to third, forcing an out at the plate. The Westbrook rooters leaped to their feet in excitement. Then Dave threw a swift drop. The batter hit it by luck and knocked a high foul.

"Get that, Jack," yelled Thorne as he rushed toward the plate. Graham's mask fell off and with a dull thud the ball fell into the big mitt. A continuous roar was coming from the stand as Dave struck the last man out leaving the Hilton team gaping with astonishment.

Then Dave did the impossible. In his first real game he pitched three more innings not allowing a hit. King had met his match. The final score stood: Westbrook 2, Hilton 1.

The Westbrook rooters surged over the top of the stands and caught the new pitcher and bore him triumphantly around the diamond, yelling madly. Thorne just had time to grip Dave's hand and say, "Dave, that was great. I'm not sentimental but I'd like to just take back a few words I said at the be-

ginning of the season. I was wrong. You're a regular wonder."

BERT BRENNEN,

June, '20.

THE IMPOSSIBLE POSSIBLE.

IN October 1920, there came to the little village of La Salle, Louisiana, a mysterious stranger who called himself, "Anim."

He rented a small cottage and a few days later mysterious looking packages began to come. He shut himself up in the cottage, seldom coming out, and having his groceries and other supplies sent to him.

At various times the neighbors tried to peek in through the shutter, but they could see nothing, for he had tacked something over the windows on the inside. But they heard mysterious sounds.

In a few weeks strange happenings were observed in the little village which set everyone wondering. A family would be gathered in the sitting room after supper, reading, talking and playing games, and would notice, now and then, the sound of footsteps, seemingly in the very room, although no one was moving at the time; and one evening a newspaper was observed to fly across the room.

These things were kept up for some little time, after which they suddenly ceased.

About the same time the stranger disappeared from the view of mortal eyes. The grocer and butcher, coming several days, could see nothing of Anim although they heard strange noises.

The neighbors, after a great deal of trouble, burst in the doors, but found nothing, the house looking just as it would had some old bachelor been living there.

Neighbors during the next few years declared that they heard sounds as though someone were moving around in the house although nothing was ever seen.

This state of affairs continued for several years till one day two men came to the village saying that they were there in search of rest. They were in the inn one evening listening to the men of the village talking and someone made a casual mention of the strange disappearance of Anim. The strangers seemed interested and the story, or as much as anyone knew of it, was told to them. They thought the story strange and asked to see the cottage. They were shown it, unoccupied these last two years. Nevertheless it looked as though someone had been living there, for none of the usual signs of an unoccupied house were observable, although things were in a very disorderly state.

The two strangers watched the place for several nights and heard just what the villagers had heard for the last two years. By this time they had become thoroughly interested in the affair and determined to stay in the cottage for a night. So they made their preparations and one Friday night they went to the place. About eleven o'clock they were in one of the rooms, reading, when suddenly they heard sounds as though someone besides them-

selves were in the room, walking around, and they heard a voice say in a very indistinct and queer articulation, "Go down. Nothing will harm you," and saw just then at one side of the room, near the wall, a trap door open.

Very much astonished they went over and saw a ladder leading down into what was, apparently, a cellar, although they could not see plainly, it was so dark. One of them got a lamp and they went down below. They saw a damp old cellar with what was apparently a door in one side bricked up, and on another side they saw a wide bench standing the length of the cellar and on this the first thing they noticed was a box, cubical in shape, about one foot high, with what looked like a piece of tubing about three inches in diameter protruding from one side, and wires leading out from the other connected with what looked as though it might be a modification of a storage battery underneath the bench. There were test-tubes, flasks, and other chemical and electrical apparatus on the bench also. They heard the voice again, sounding as though it were excited, directing them to place the box they saw on the table so that the tube in the side pointed to a certain spot on the cellar walls, and to turn the control rheostat on the side of the box up gradually. This they did, and when they turned it on first, a stream of red rays shot out from the tube and slowly changed in color to a peculiar shade of violet, as they manipulated the rheostat. The voice then

directed them to keep the color of the rays at this shade until it told them to change. They held the rays at this shade for about five or six minutes when they suddenly noticed that the wall where the rays struck it looked as though there were a veil of some cloudy substance over it.

In the next five minutes the veil gradually grew darker and more opaque and took on shapes, beginning to look like a human form. In the next half-hour the form developed more and more until they saw it was a man and, moreover, one who looked familiar. This man, whose voice was the voice they had heard at first, directed them to turn the rays slowly down to red and then off.

This they did and the man stepped away and led them upstairs. He bade them sit down that he might give them an explanation. What they heard during the next hour covered a period of about twenty years and seemed more like a dream than a reality. It developed that this man was an old classmate of theirs, in college, who had always been thought rather queer and who was continually dabbling in electricity, chemistry, and other sciences. He told them he had worked for eighteen years on an idea he had conceived in college and had finally found a way to transform matter into different substances and even to make it invisible by turning it to a gas. He said that he had also perfected a device by which he could start the apparatus going, make

himself invisible and go off and come back in a certain length of time, according to how he set the device and the machine would automatically turn itself on and send forth the rays necessary to change him back to his original form once more. He told them that one day he had done this and, setting the machine for a few hours later, had gone off, but when he came back the machine didn't turn itself on. Something had happened to the regulating device. He couldn't work the machine by hand, for he had to be a certain distance away before the rays would act and the strange sounds the neighbors had heard during the last two years had been himself trying to repair the apparatus. He could work only a little while each day, however, for he had to be out trying to find a chance to get food most of the time, as he didn't dare speak out and ask anyone for it. He said that he had very nearly repaired the automatic device and had spoken to them only because he had seen they were interested. He said that this machine might be of great benefit to human kind if he published the secret but some evil mind might adapt it as a terrible all-powerful instrument of war as might easily be done. He said, "Since this is true and on account of the accident I had, showing how unsafe it is to depend on it, I am going to destroy the machine and burn up my notes. I will tell you this much, however; the machine works on the assumption of the electronic theory of matter that by tearing away or add-

ing electrons, elements might be changed to different elements." He then took them downstairs again and gave them a demonstration making a stone disappear by the use of the green rays, and reforming it out of nowhere, apparently, again. The next day he destroyed the box and other apparatus and burned all his notes and calculations, saying that he was through forever with such things. Soon he left with the two and the village of La Salle has heard no more ghosts.

JOHN MURRAY,

June '21.

THE OLD INDIAN'S STORY.

IT was just about dusk as I followed my chum along the trail made earlier in the morning by our Indian guide, Kanaka. The strides he took on his snow-shoes were very large and mine seemed so infantile in comparison, that I felt ashamed, and thought Dr. Hutchinson quite right in telling me that New York was not the place for me to regain my health, but God's country, where I could get exercise and untainted, fresh air. So when my chum, Jean Le Monte, had suggested that I spend the winter with him and his fathers' trappers instead of the usual school, I was more than willing to go.

Although unused to the severity of northern winters, I was not greatly affected by snow-blindness, so common to the tenderfoot. With the first heavy snowfall, which heralded the coming of winter, the great

wilderness was covered with a glittering blanket of snow; pure white for miles and miles,—a great unending silence; not a sound to break that beautiful stillness, save the cries of those animals, which Nature had placed there as a part of her dazzling white world.

I was startled from my reverie by Jean, who, turning a beaming face toward me and pointing straight ahead, said, "Look."

And I did, with joy, for just ahead in a grove of spruce and balsam, was the welcome glow of the camp-fire, and kneeling beside it, Kanaka. The breeze wafted the delicious odor of venison steaks to our nostrils. With keen expectation, we hastened to prepare for supper. After our meal was finished and our dishes were washed, I lounged comfortably on a blanket beside the fire, and it seemed as though the red and yellow tongues of flame painted fantastic figures in the branches overhead.

Our guide said nothing but kept gazing steadily into the fire. The only signs that he lived were the tiny puffs of smoke he emitted from his mouth, and the glow of the burning tobacco in the bowl of his pipe.

After a while the moon rose and covered, with a silver coat, the bosom of the lake to the right of our camp. To the left was heard a weird noise, which seemed to have come from the timber. I wondered then why it was the Indian smiled a grim smile as he looked across the lake at the moon painting every crystal snowflake silver. Then again

his face became impassive and re-suming his pipe, he stared into the fire.

I looked at Jean and knew by the look in his eyes that now was the time to approach Kanaka for a story, so I said, "Kanaka, tell us something about that moon." A grunt for an answer, and, knowing its import, I awaited his pleasure. Again that awful cry, but this time farther away and greater in volume. The hunting pack was gathering. Kanaka rose and threw a few sticks of wood on the fire, then with a word about the trapping on the morrow, he began. "Many moons ago when I was quite a young man, I married the little maid, Seepiwisk, and displeased my father, then at war with Seepiwisk's father. Hoping to kill so unfaithful a son, my father pushed me down the gorge at Lac Etoile.

"Then with my right leg broken, I might have died had not Pierre Le Monte, Jean's father, the factor at La Pierres' House, happened by that way and putting me on his sledge, brought me home and cared for me until I could walk again. The following spring, when the ice broke on the lakes and streams, I took my canoe and paddled for five days, until I came to Lac du Brochet, where I left Seepiwisk, but I found only the remains of my lodge. Then I was greatly incensed at my father, and for many moons would not see him, although he repented and wished to see me. But after my father died and went to the Happy Hunting Grounds, his spirit came to visit me one night and said in a voice

like a roaring torrent: 'You condemn your father unjustly. I did not slay Seepiwisk, for I repented and forgave both you and Seepiwisk's father. A big wolf-pack with great hunger killed her and the Great Spirit of the Moon in his kindness made her the Spirit of the Lake.' Then I was very sorry for what I had said about my father and asked the Great Spirit of the Moon for revenge."

A grim smile flitted across Kanaka's wizened features. The savage instinct which God has given the red man caused it, for the next instant that terrible agonized howl rent the air. Kanaka rose and I followed. He went over to the first trap we'd set, grinning horribly, his wrinkled features distorted into a half smile, half sneer. In the trap was a gray timber wolf, its yellow fangs bared, the quivering flanks and prominent ribs showing only too plainly the cause for this wary creature's plight. The guide shot it, stooped and deftly skinned it with his hunting knife and slowly walked back to camp.

Jean had a cheerful fire when we returned and was wrapped up in his blanket beside it looking much like an overgrown papoose. Kanaka and I soon followed his example.

As I lay there on my back, the wind sighing in the branches, the moon a silver disk with myriad stars in its train, I heard a wolf howl, and it seemed as though it came straight from the moon across the frozen lake.

IDA HERRON,
June, '20.

La PALMA DE LA MANO DE DIOS

MARTHA was discouraged. it seemed to her, as she sat looking out over the sandy desert, that life was not fair. Here was she, Martha Kennedy, the brightest, most energetic girl in her class, doomed to a life of inactivity. Doomed to sit here in this lonely hut and wait for something to happen. Why had this thing come to her? Why should she, who longed to be up and doing, to face hardships and to overcome difficulties in the big world, be forced to remain inactive here in this lonely valley? La Palma de la Mano de Dios, was what the Mexicans called it. What a name, to be sure! The Hollow of God's Hand. She had never felt farther from God before in all of her life. Surely, if there were a just God, if there were any God, she would not be alone here on this lonely desert.

She had no work, no interest, nothing. She could do nothing, be nothing but an invalid doomed to sit and think. Think! What could she think of except that she had had a chance to make something of herself and that her health had deserted her just at the critical moment and here she was on this lonely desert trying to regain her health while the others of her class were in town working and playing.

She had no company, for she was far from her own home and she had not made friends with the village folk. The only person whom she saw very often was her brother, Jerry, who was surveying in the

valley and came to stay with her at night.

She did not know that the Doctor had told her brother that she should stop thinking of herself if she wished to regain her health, but she did know that Jerry had tried to interest her in the children of the village. He had even gone so far as to suggest that she start a kindergarten here instead of in the city as she had planned. But she could not think of that. These children were dirty and repulsive and so she disregarded the fact that they were the ones who needed her most.

One day, sometime after she had arrived at the conclusion that there was no use for her to live—that she would just give up, Jerry asked her to go riding with him. When they arrived at the place where Jerry was working she decided that she would ride a bit farther.

On and on she wandered until the sun sank low in the west and she knew that she must return. But she had ridden far from the trail and return seemed almost impossible. She tried several paths but none seemed to be right. Finally, just as she was giving up hope she saw a light in the distance. Pressing on quickly, she came to a hut and found an old prospector who had toiled many years in the valley and its surrounding mountains. As she and her horse were both tired she decided to wait here until her brother came to find her.

The prospector talked of many things, of his work, and of the mountains but most of all of the desert valley. "It is, indeed," he said, "La

Palma de la Mano de Dios. Many has it restored to health by its magic air and many are the souls it has taught the way of life. Some bemoan their fate when they must come here, but few, indeed, are they who do not learn the lesson of the desert and become content."

"What!" cried Martha. "Are there others, too, who are forced to live in this awful desert? Who must wear their lives away with nothing to do, nothing to see and nothing to live for?"

"Ah, my child, so you, too, need to learn the desert's lesson. Each day brings some new task from God. He never sends more than one can do, but he expects it to be done. Each day there are new beauties to see and new friends all around you.

And, if you take the days, just one at a time as they are sent, and make the best of each, things will be brighter and the valley will be truly —La Palma de la Mano de Dios."

Martha sat for a long time looking out into the desert night and thinking. It was beautiful, but she had never before noticed it. She had been too busy thinking about herself to notice the beauty around her. As she and Jerry rode home, she told him that she had decided to start a kindergarten in the valley.

She is there now, teaching a group of cheerful, happy children and learning more herself, of "La Palma de la Mano de Dios."

Myrtle Trowbridge,
June, '20.

THE SUN

*O, grand majestic sun, who blessings sends,
Thy stately course at last is near its end,
Thy regal robe now traileth far behind
Bedight with royal gems of every kind.
Sublime the hand that fashioned such a train
When from thy lofty course thou didst refrain,
Magnificent the colors, red and green,
Which lend unto its splendor and its sheen.
Once, elevated in the heights of heaven,
Thou chased away the clouds which were so leaden,
But now, retiring in the golden west,
Thou leavest the world to darkness and to rest.*

Dorothy Pauls, June, '20

LADY LILITH.

*"They lied, those dreary ones who sang of you.
Or being old, they did not understand
That on such loveliness as yours, God's hand
Had set its seal; for see how heaven's own blue
Shines in your eyes! A man would not suppose,
Until he saw the glory of your hair,
That even God could make a thing so fair,
And like a song your beauty ever grows."
Then Lady Lilith lifted up her eyes,
And gazed upon the eager fool who used
Her serpent-name so sweetly in his rhyme.
And Lady Lilith, who was more than wise
In evil, and as dark and old as time,
Laughed to herself; for Lilith was amused!*

Margaret DeLaughter, Jan., '21.

SPRING.

*At last the glorius signs of Spring appear,
The pretty buds their tiny garlands show;
The singing birds from southern climes fly near,
And purple violets bloom in valleys low.
While sunbeams in the grassy meadows play
In checkered patches under spreading trees,
The dancing wavelets bubble on their way,
And graceful boughs unfold their tender leaves.
But what delightful bliss! When tenfold come
The birds, the buds and flowers. Then 'tis Spring;
Real fruitful spring that brings not only one
But hundreds, thousands of real living things.
For what, Oh God, brings more hope and bliss,
Than gentle Springtime's welcome, loving kiss?*

Neoma Schnell, June, '20

THE KILME-KOLNE PASS

*As I came up the Kilme-Kolne Pass,
I met a lass of wondrous grace.
Oh, she was a merry wind-blown lass,
And the whip of the wind was in her face.
"O whither away, my bonnie lass,
Whither away wilt go?"
"Oh, I'll away to the wild morass,"
And she gave me a curtsy low.*

*I watched her as she topped the hill
In her lithesome, swinging pace,
But now the little form is still,
And cold is the little face.
In the village below, the curfew knells,
And a light in the tower they keep,
But the wild morass no secret tells,
And the lassie's sunk in sleep.*

Jeannette Lenz, June, '20

CONVENT SHADOWS

*The bells of Saint Marie's
Are soft and low and very sweet.
And underneath the trees
The sisters walk; their quiet feet
Have worn a path before
The chapel door.
The garden walls are old and grey.
I wonder why
The joyous sunlight always seems
So pale and sad among the trees
Of Saint Marie's.
The garden walls are very high.
The gate is barred so fast
That love and sorrow hurry past;
They cannot stay
In that dim place of cloistered dreams
And holy silences.
And all the dreams are faded dreams;
Faded dreams, forgotten dreams,
At Saint Marie's.
The bells of Saint Marie's
Are soft and low and very sweet.
And underneath the trees
The sisters walk; their quiet feet
Have worn a little path before
The chapel door.*

Margaret De Laughter, Jan., '21

NONSENSE



The Long & The Short



The Crowd



Napoleon



A Happy Trio



- Statue of Apollo. -



Much Business



- Muchly Foolish. -

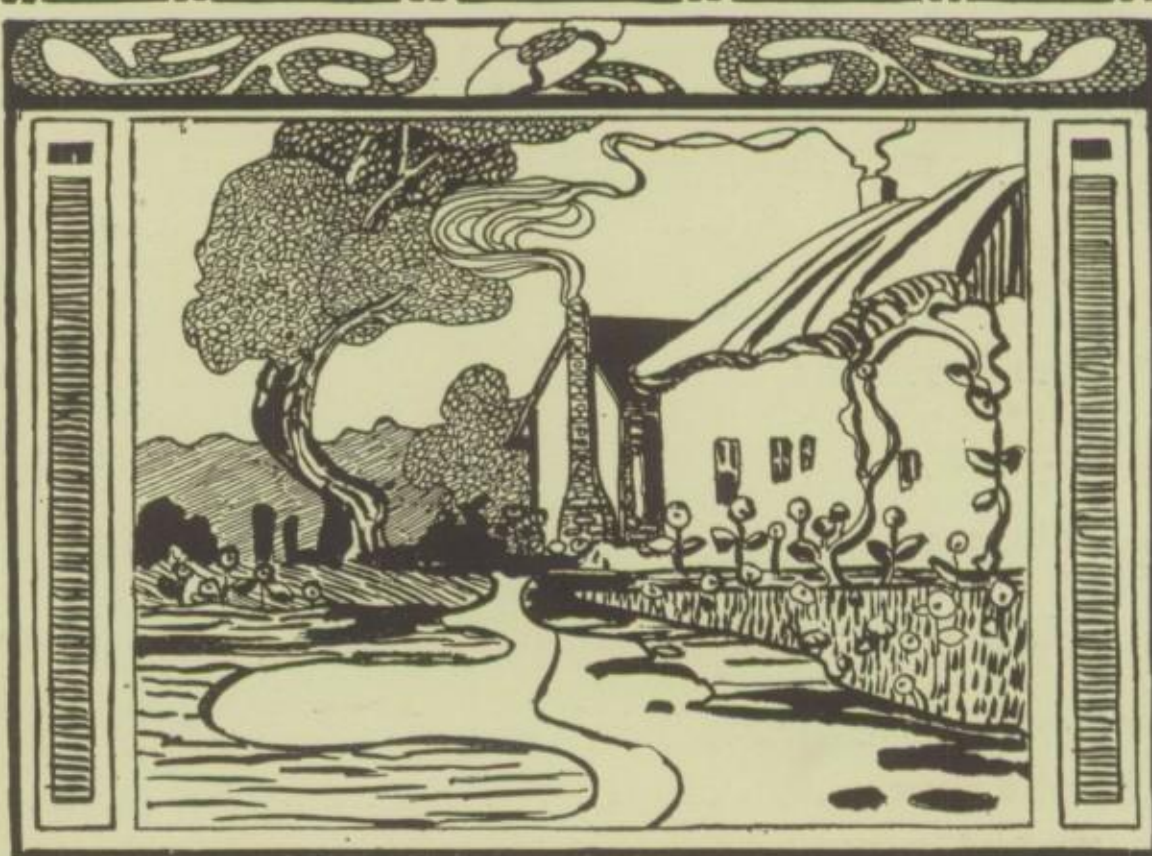


Some Joke



Student Council

ORGANIZATIONS



**HONESTY
LOYALTY
COURTESY
INDUSTRY**





Sponsor

Mr. Hussey

OFFICERS.

President

Lester Schlaprizzi

Vice-President

Mildred Hahn

Secretary

Delphine Drouet

Treasurer

Lloyd Stanwood

Sergeant-at-Arms

Nelson Bentrup

Owing to the "Flu Ban" our class did not organize until March 17, under the supervision of Mr. Hoch. At our first meeting our officers were elected and a sponsor was chosen.

The class is one of moderate size, but size is not everything. Although the majority are girls, we expect to be a very lively organization.

The class of June, '20 is preparing to leave the shelter of Cleveland to enter broader fields. May each one carry with him in life the memories of his pleasant days spent here and always be a credit to the school. We, the class of Jan., '21 wish them all Good Luck and Success.

Delphine Drouet.





STUDENT COUNCIL

OFFICERS.

President

Ralph Walsh

Secretary

Helen Eisleben

The function of the Student Council is to increase and stimulate school spirit among the students and to be an advisory body on school affairs at large.

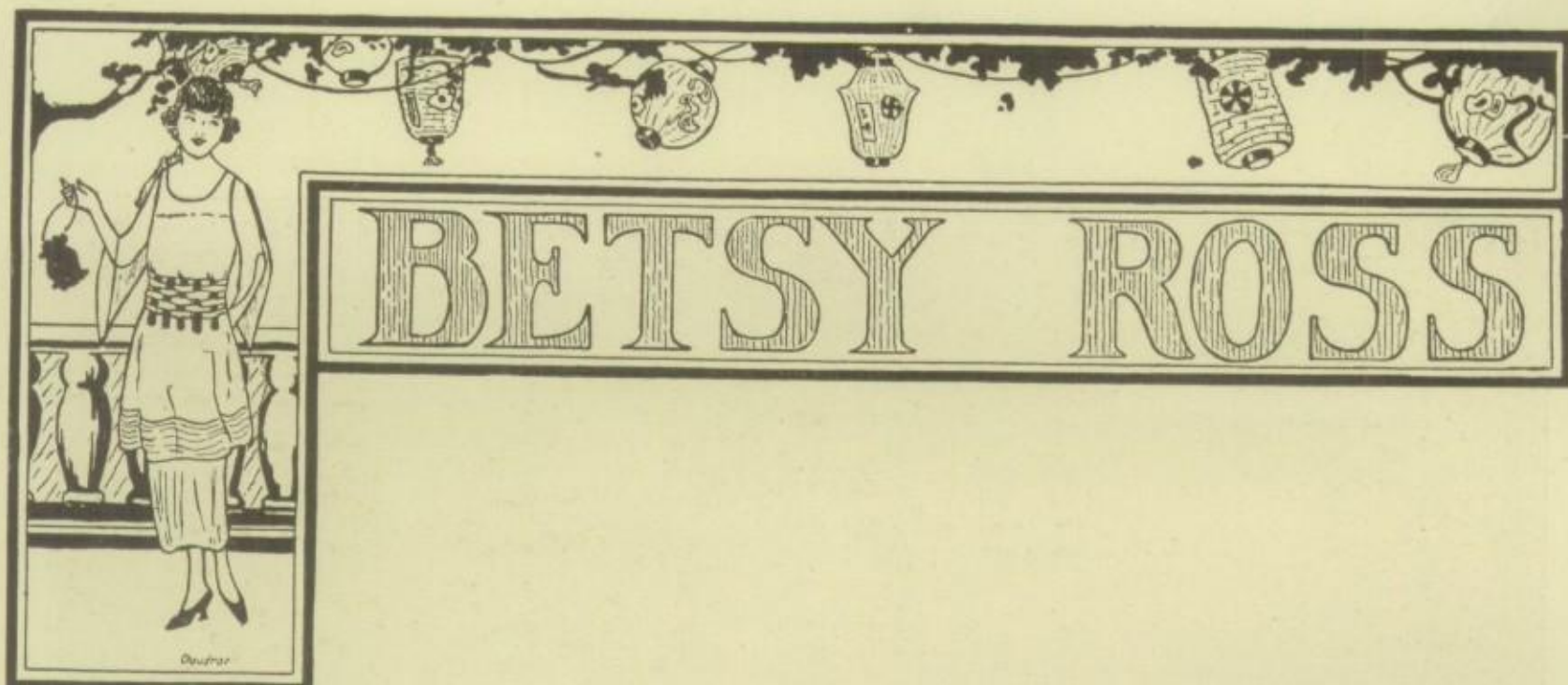
We organized Feb. 25, and elected officers, and as was customary we decided to undertake the publishing of the "Beacon." The Editor-in-Chief, Associate Editor, and Business Manager were elected, and the work on our magazine was begun immediately.

The Student Council is, indeed, a body full of pep and enthusiasm, and capable of putting things over. As was said, we surely accomplished a great deal this term, but without your support and hearty cooperation, we could not have succeeded.

Helen Eisleben.







Sponsors

Miss Richeson and Miss Foote

OFFICERS.

President
Secretary
Treasurer

Arline Meyer
Florence Fitzgibbons
Lucille Jewett

This club has been formed so that those girls who are not studying clothing in their course may have the opportunity of learning something about matters of dress.

It is a very young organization, but we hope to make it a thriving success in the near future.

We meet in Room 5 on Thursday of each week.

The Club is necessarily small, because of the equipment. But we have a waiting list and invite girls above the first term to join it.

Lucille Jewett.







Sponsor

Mr. A. F. Ewers

OFFICERS.

President

William Oberbeck

Vice-President

Faye Britt

Secretary

Leonora De Vos

Treasurer

Charles Hinds

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows, where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows; Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine, with sweet musk-roses, and with Eglantine.

Shakespeare: *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Do you ever feel a longing to get away from the dusty streets, the sight of brick walls, and the incessant roar of street cars? Do you ever feel a desire to get out into the green woods, where the birds are singing, and the wild flowers are blooming and the brook is babbling? If so, come join the Botany Club.

Few places, the size of St. Louis, are as well-favored with beauty spots near at hand. These spots are wonderfully rich in their varied forms of plant life. How many of these plants could you call by name? If you wish to become acquainted with our wild plants, the Botany Club offers you the opportunity.

Leonora De Vos.







Sponsor

Mr. G. W. Bishop

OFFICERS.

President

Jack Brown

Vice-President

Mary Maupin

Secretary

Bussell Koenig

Treasurer

Raymond Halbruegger

Sergeant-at-Arms

Leonard Riggle

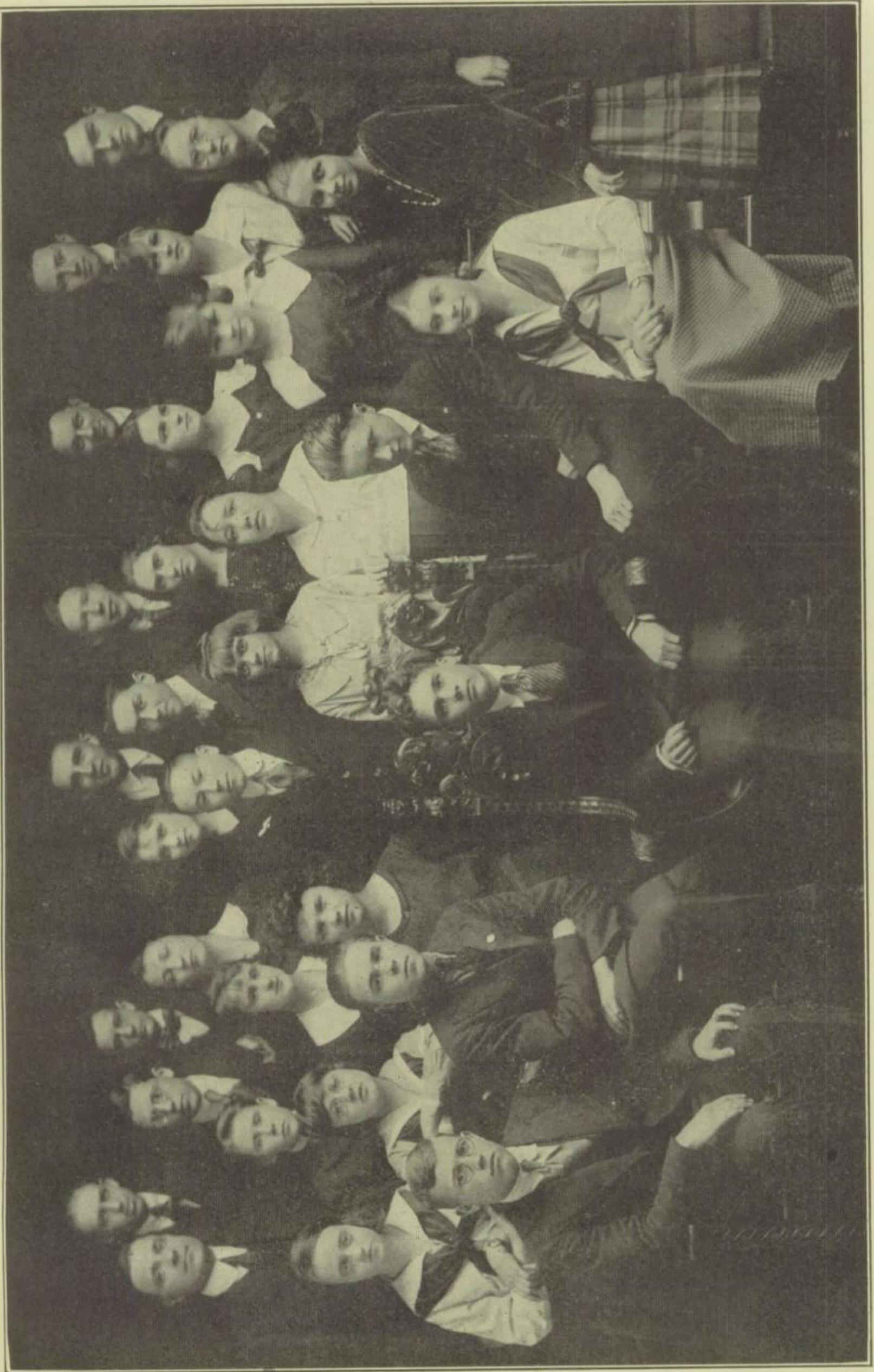
The Camera Club was organized for the purpose of extending our knowledge of the art and science of picture taking and developing. The club has been very active this year and has had a steady increase in membership.

At our regular meetings we exchange ideas and discuss the merits of the various types of cameras, and how to manipulate them to the best advantage. An admirable feature of this club is its social activity. When the weather permits, we combine work with pleasure by "going on hikes" and taking pictures. At other times we devote our attention to the development of pictures and to blue-print work.

We have a large group of enthusiastic members and have accomplished a great deal in the line of photographic art work. Any boy or girl desiring to join the Camera Club will be heartily welcomed by the officers and members. No previous experience in such work is necessary. Our meetings are held in Room 16 every Tuesday at 3:05 P. M.

Mary Maupin.







Sponsor	Miss Bryan
Motto	A Noble Contest; a Great Hope
Colors	Red and White

OFFICERS.

President	Ethel Miller
Vice-President	Florence Gysbers
Secretary	Florence Landgraf
Treasurer	Beulah Daniel

Because of delays caused by the coal shortage and the "Flu" ban, we were unable to have as many meetings last term as usual; and, therefore decided to keep the same officers for the present term.

We have received many interesting letters from our French orphan, Yvonne Poussin, and are glad to have the opportunity of "carrying on" our war work of last year in this way.

We have had several interesting meetings. They are generally of a literary or business nature. The last one was an Alcott program in which the play "Little Women" was given. This program proved a great success. There are also many other social functions being planned such as hikes, parties, and perhaps a few more short plays.

The meetings are held every other Thursday at 3:05 in Room 105. Any girl of the Two Year Commercial Course will be heartily welcome to attend our meetings and become a member of the club.

Florence Landgraf.







LE CHAPEAU

E. BITNER

Sponsor

Miss Foote

OFFICERS.

President

Helen Crane

Secretary

Ruth Heitz

Treasurer

Goldie Maness

The purpose of this Club is to show our ability at creating new styles in millinery. We are now making progress on our summer bonnets.

Last term the club gave its first spread, at which everyone had an enjoyable time. We are eagerly awaiting another of the same character.

After a discussion we decided that the club should have a pin as a symbol. It will not be long before we will be displaying our new pins.

Ruth Heitz.







CLEDISON CLUB

Sponsor

Mr. K. G. Irwin

OFFICERS.

President

Jack Gilbert

Vice-President

Richard Bussen

Secretary

Edwin Pfeiffer

Treasurer

Lester Creely

Sergeant-at-Arms

Herman Van Aller

History states that before a battle Napoleon inspired in his soldiers the esprit de corps by listing for them the wonderful victories of the past. We of the Cledison club, looking to the future, can point to the three years of our club's successful existence, we can recount our notable achievements, can review the industrial trips to the important electrical and chemical plants of St. Louis, can feel a pride in our members who have graduated and know the immense value of the club to the boys who are its members.

Graduation is making room for other boys in the club, wireless work is again possible, new trips are already being planned. Our membership is, of course, limited by the nature of our trips, but the Cledison club welcomes all of those boys who have a real interest in science.



1920



THE CLEDISON CLUB
PRESENTS TO THE READERS OF THE BEACON
ITS GALLERY OF SCIENTIFIC NOTABLES



Sponsor

Mr. J. D. Bragg

Motto—"Accuracy is Our Goal"

Colors—Gray and Maroon

OFFICERS.

President

Ralph Howard

Vice-President

Ethel Bouligny

Secretary

George Kuzdas

Treasurer

Ruth Geetz

Sergeant-at-Arms

Arthur Lobeck

The purpose of the Clespa Club is to develop speed and accuracy on the typewriter. Speed tests are held every week under standard regulation tournament rules.

Besides doing things in typewriting, we are publishing a daily paper, which is the only one of its kind in the School. The name of this publication is the "Clespa Daily." Three editors are chosen for each week—an Editor-in-Chief and two assistants. We publish editorials, articles on science and invention, jokes, poetry, current news and sayings, and cartoons.

Among other things, we have parties and hikes, for we do not believe in all work and no play.

Meetings are held every Wednesday evening in Room 120 at 3:05. Anyone who has completed his or her first term in typewriting is welcome to join.

The membership consists of the following:

Robert Bloomer

Ella Lau

Norma Bobe

Rosalyn Litschgi

Ethel Bouligny

Arthur Lobeck

Ruth Goetz

George Nieland

Clifford Brown

Dorothy Norris

Ethel Florida

Harvey Obenhaus

Ruth Goetz

Edward Prinz

Mildred Hahn

Myrtle Roy

John Harvey

Dorothy Schmidt

Elizabeth Hayo

Hilda Wedburg

Burnette Herzum

Ethel Weeks

Alice Hoelzer

Albert Wildermuth

Ralph Howard

Emilie Winstrel

Minnie Johnson

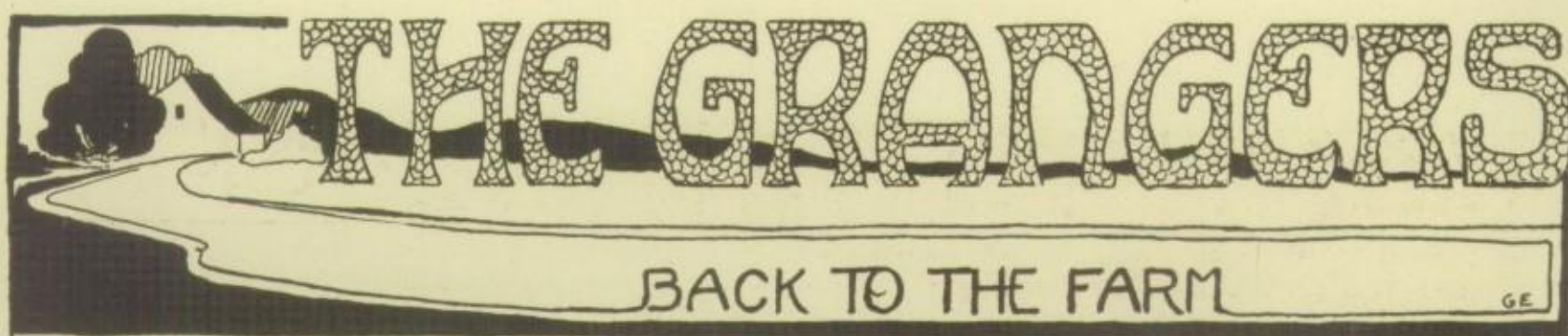
Marie Zimmerman

George Kuzdas

George Doering

George F. Kuzdas.





Sponsors: Miss Johnston, Mr. Hussey.

OFFICERS.

President	Bob McCurdy
Vice-President	Alice Henderson
Secretary	Ione Deabler
Treasurer	Bertram Banks
Sergeant-at-Arms	Crede Hawkins

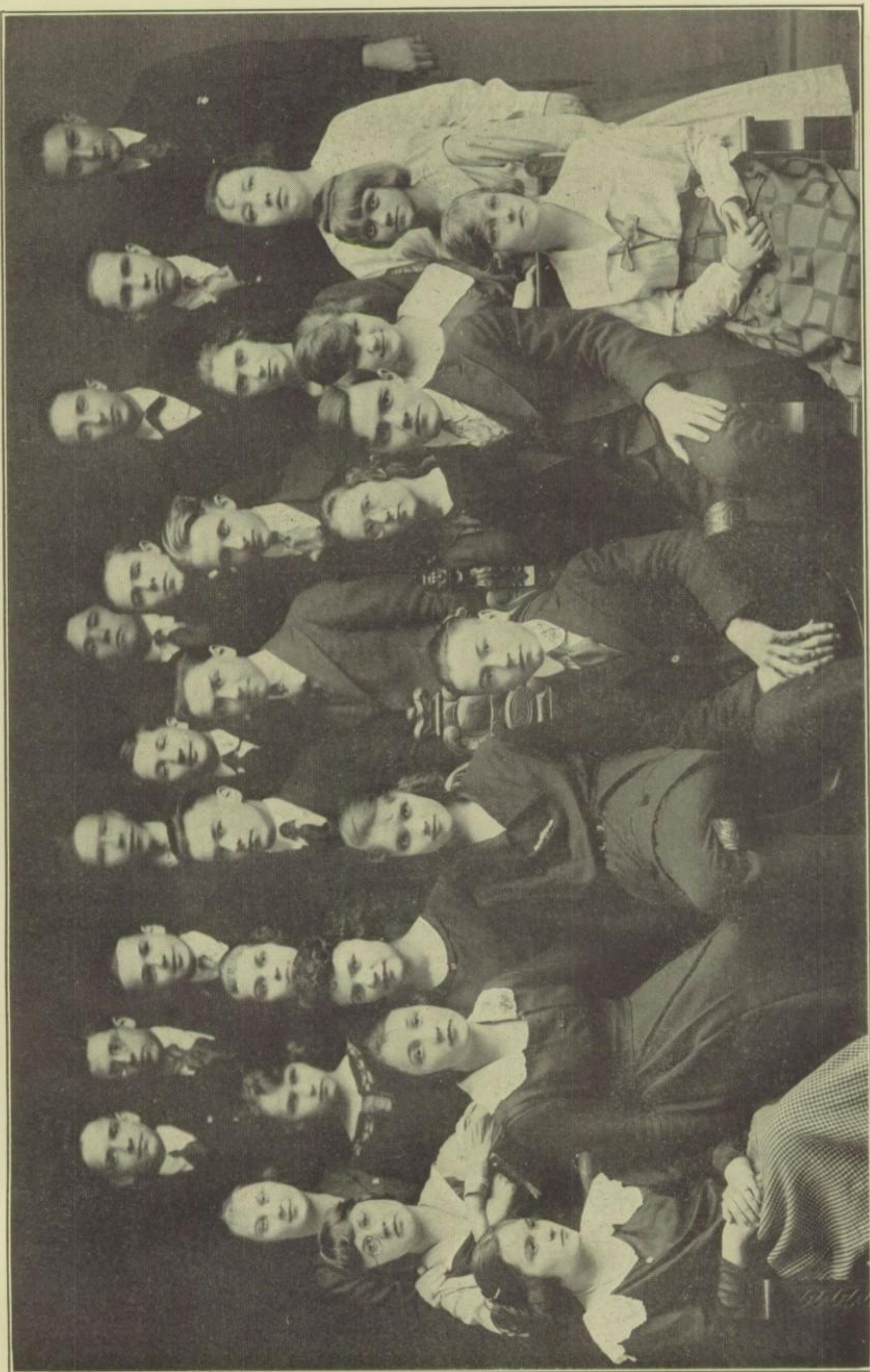
The Grangers' society was organized two years ago for the sole purpose of giving the students of Grover Cleveland an opportunity for relaxation.

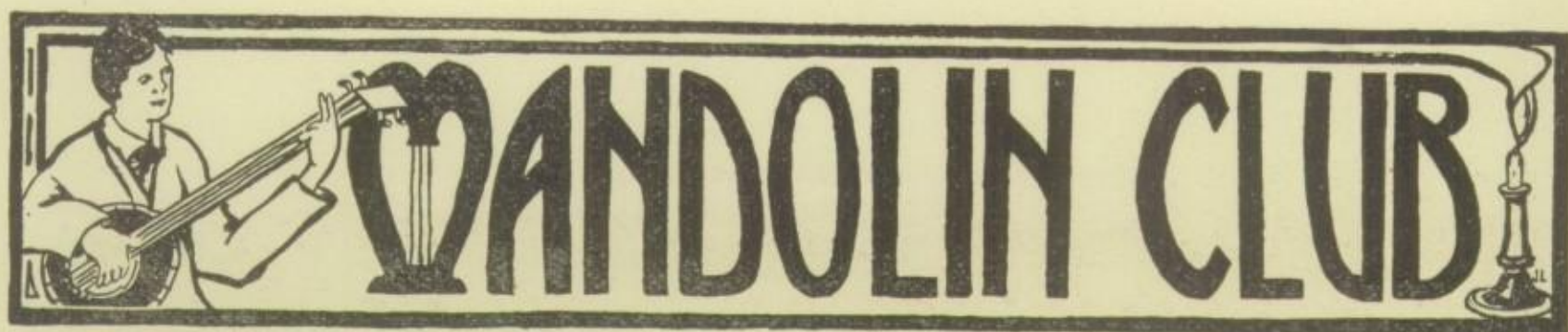
This end is obtained by giving socials, dances, hikes, entertainments, spreads, etc. Our membership has doubled during the term and we expect equal success in the future.

Another advance made by the Grangers this term is the election of Miss Johnston as our new sponsor to aid Mr. Hussey in his fine work.

Any student desiring to join the Grangers should present himself or herself at our meetings any Wednesday in Room 210 at 3:10 P. M.







OFFICERS.

President	Lloyd Stanwood
Director	Robert Hammerstein
Secretary and Treasurer	August Jaudes
Librarian	Robert Miltenberger

Here we are again. The most popular club in the school.

Away back in the early days of Cleveland High School, a certain club was organized. At first it was very small, and did not amount to very much, but it kept growing and growing, until now it is at its height. What club is this? Why the Mandolin Club! Haven't you heard of it?

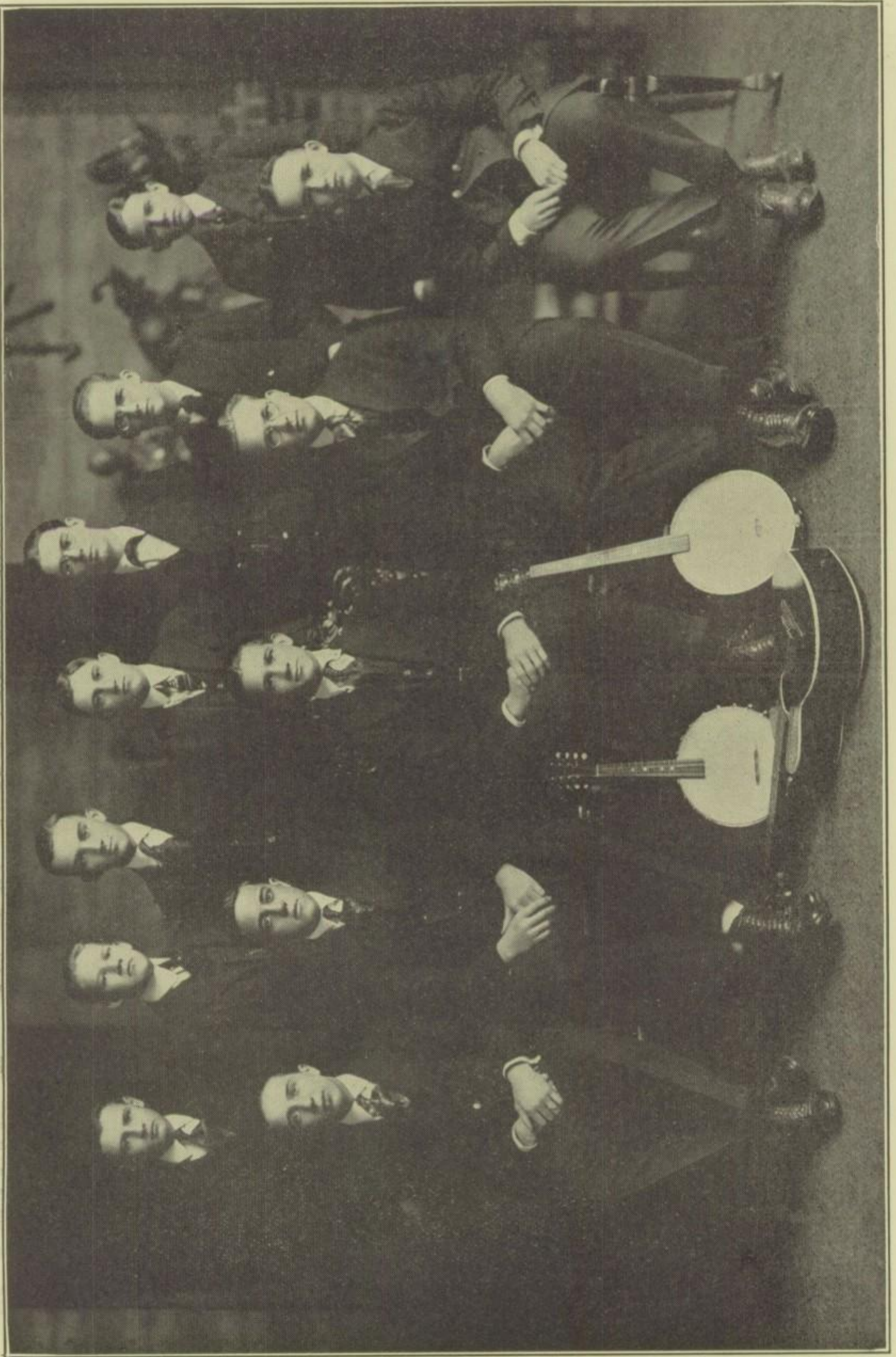
Boys, I urge you, if you play a banjo, a mandolin, or a guitar, to come around to our next tryout. You will never regret being in this club.

We have some very pleasant surprises in store for the school, and we hope to spring them before the term is over.

The following are members:

Jack Gilbert	De Lisle Mrazek
Robert Hammerstein	Robert Miltenberger
Jean Habermas	Walter Remmers
Adolph Hilger	Paul Stafford
August Jaudes	Lloyd Stanwood
Chester Miller	Herman Waespi
	August Jaudes, Sec. and Treas.







Sponsor

Miss Grolton

OFFICERS.

President

Janet Lane

Vice-President

Marion Whitbread

Secretary

Irma Grounds

Treasurer

Irma Rebholz

We could not study all of the good modern authors and playwrights in one term, so we have decided to continue this same line of work. The club has given three plays, "Nevertheless," "The Uninvited Member," and "The Red Lamp." Every girl in Philo has taken some part in one of these plays.

Our club has grown so fast that we have reached our limit in numbers during the past term.

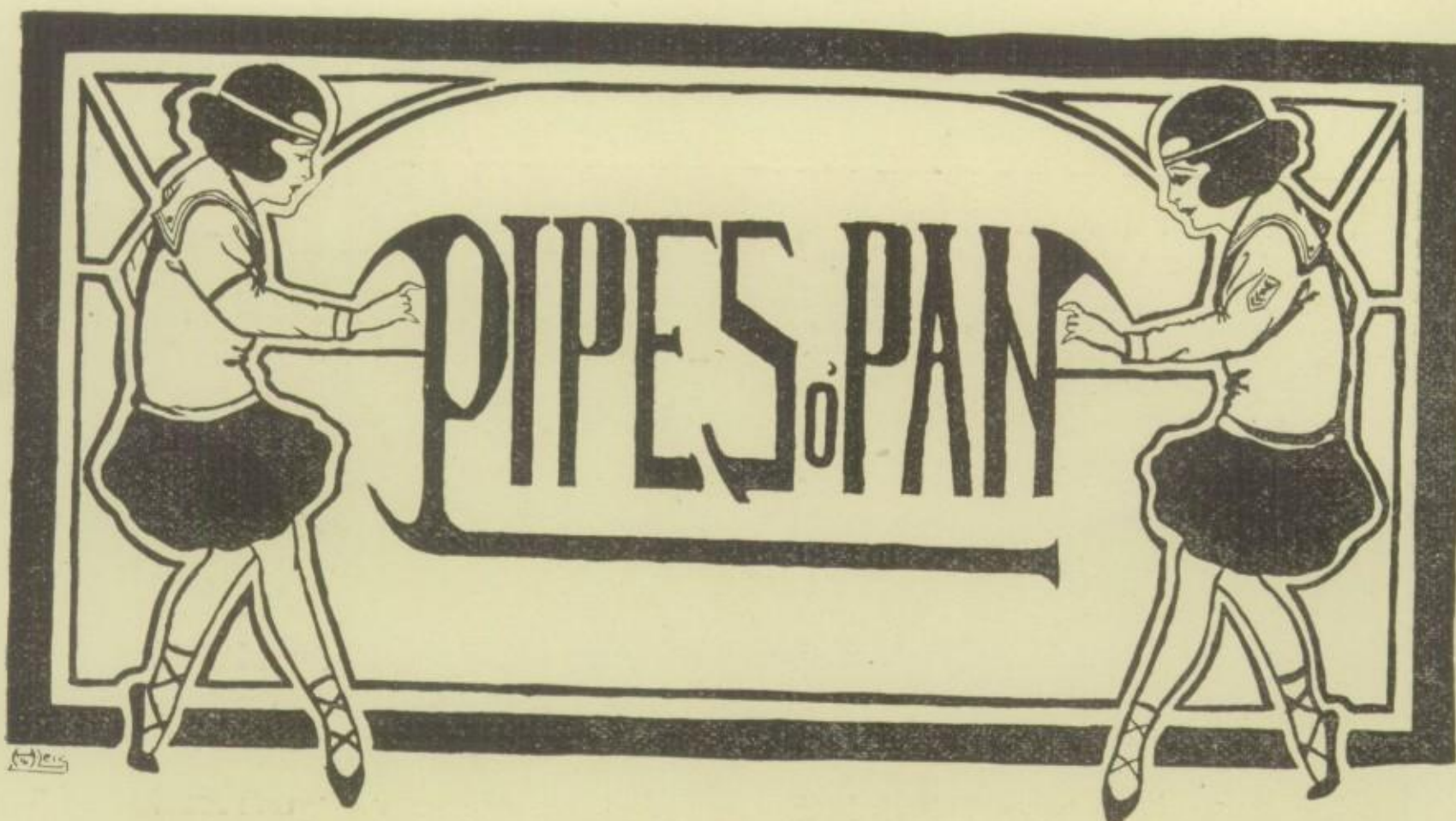
A farewell party for Miss Urban, who took a trip to Florida, was enjoyed by the Philo girls, although we were sad at Dorothy's leaving. She has returned and we are pleased to welcome her into the club again.

The study and practice of the plays is helping our members obtain poise and better speech. Our work, besides, is interesting and gives us pleasure.

Irma Grounds.







Sponsor
Colors

Miss Roos
Orange and Blue

OFFICERS.

President
Secretary and Treasurer

Lorreta Eggeman
Lois Bente

The Pipes O' Pan reorganized February 20, 1920, and decided to take up aesthetic dancing this semester.

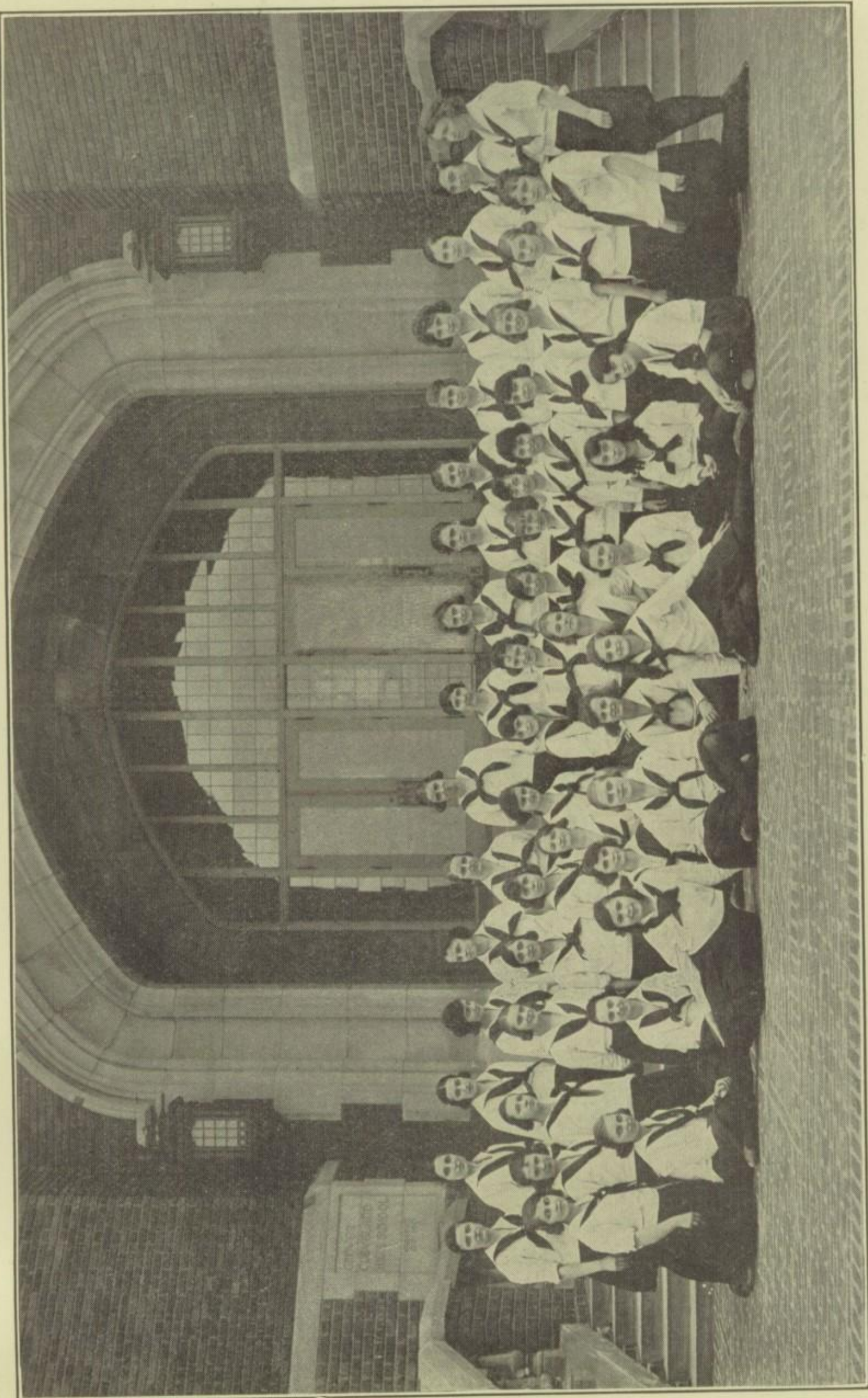
We had a grand tryout for all girls desiring to join our club. Many were selected and therefore our membership is complete.

We regret that June will see many of the most capable girls graduating. Our only consolation is that another tryout next term will enable us to invite new girls to step into the dainty slippers of those who are leaving.

Never before has so much enthusiasm been displayed. Every Tuesday the stage gym is bubbling over with happiness, and dancing comes quite naturally—for is not dancing happiness professed?

Lois Bente.







Sponsor

Mr. Mark Moody

OFFICERS.

President

Robt. McCurdy

Vice-President

Edgar Davis

Secretary

Ralph Howard

Treasurer

Jack Gilbert

Sergeant-at-Arms

Bert Brennan

Beacon Representative

Leonard Riggle

It has always been true, and it is now more than ever so, that a good speaker is a leader.

At this critical period of the world's history, such men are in great demand.

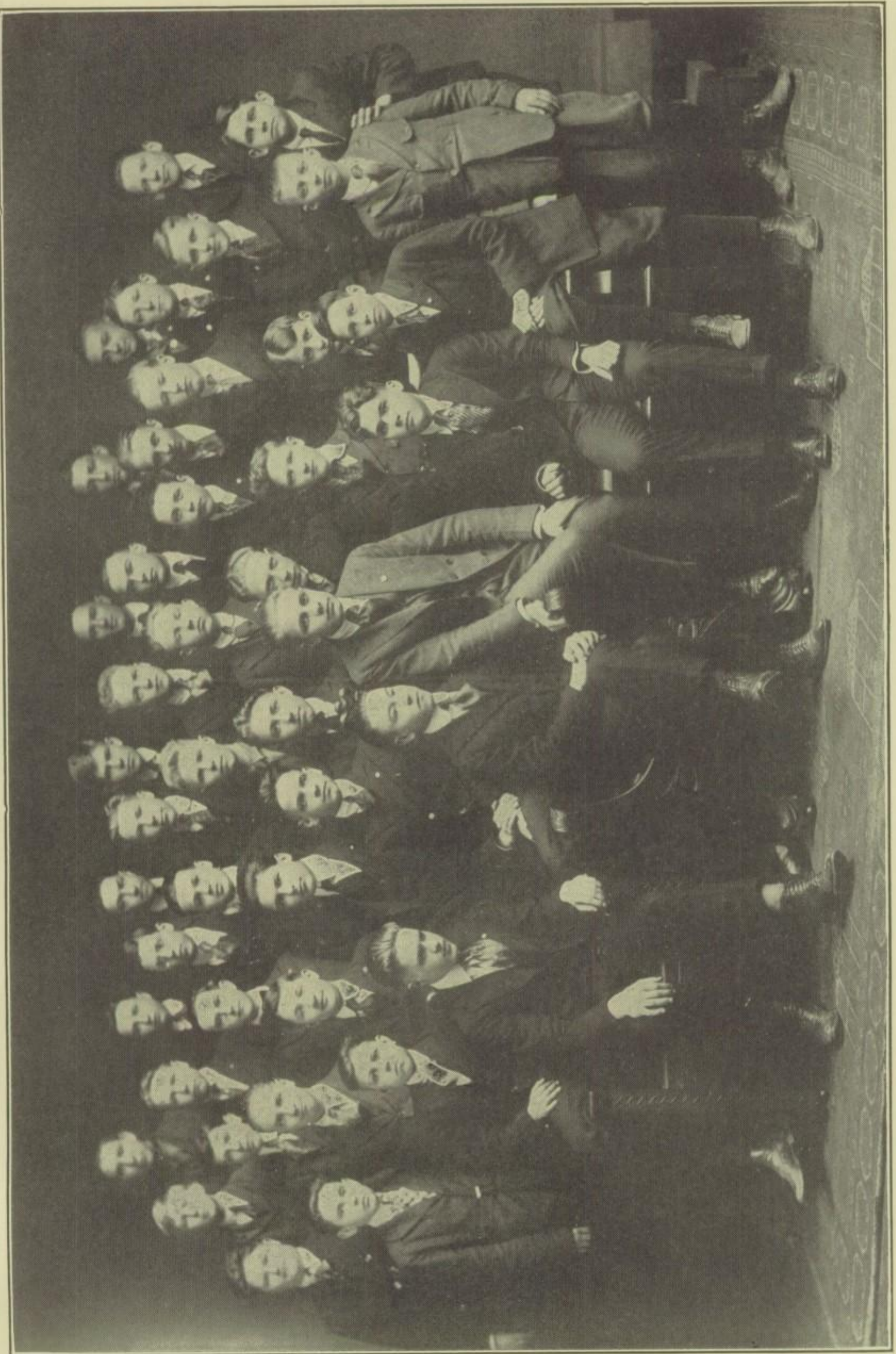
How many great thoughts have gone unheard because the thinker lacked the necessary poise to face an audience, or the necessary training to address his audience, so as to get his thoughts "across"! And why must this be? Lack of experience? There is absolutely no necessity for that here, for in Room 114, every Thursday, at 3 P. M., thirty or forty live, active, joking, real fellows—leaders in other activities of the school-meet, with a regular coach and sponsor, to take advantage of the opportunities offered for a start in public speaking, extemporaneous talks, criticism, parliamentary practice, and in debating.

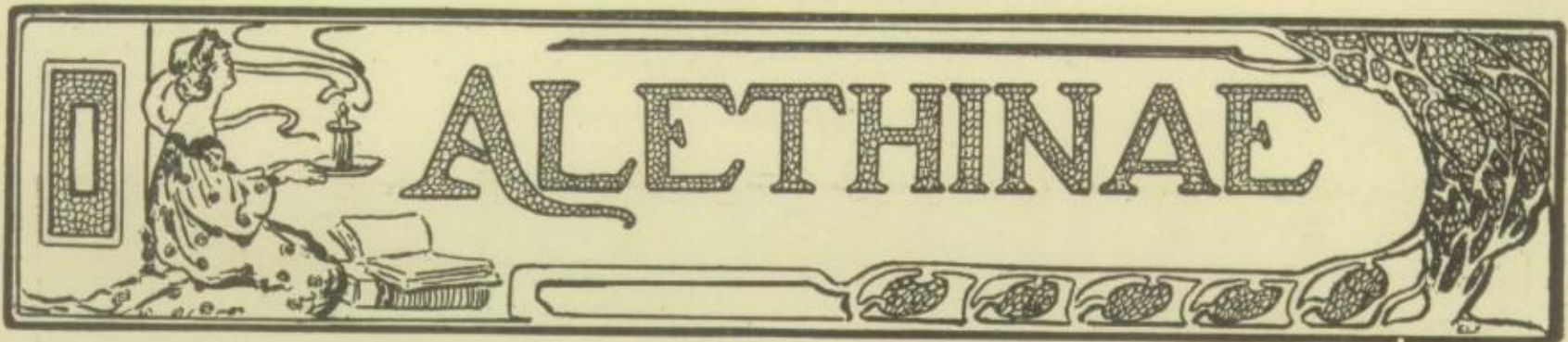
The reputation that the Webster-Hayne Society has gained in debating is anything but a secret, but the other side of the work is hardly less important, though less spectacular.

We are always on the lookout for new members, whether they believe they have speaking ability or not. "Green" material has been developed to successful form, as is shown by the Club's record, in winning seven out of eight debates.

If you are interested, come to one of our meetings. That will convince you, that you need the Webster-Hayne.

Lenard Riggle.





OFFICERS.

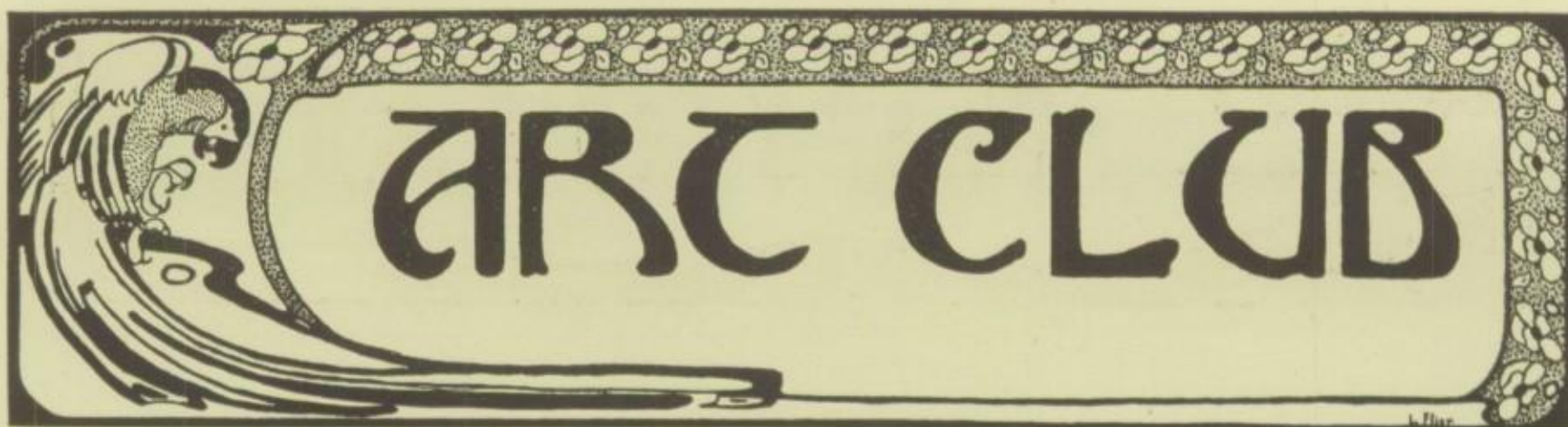
President	Ida Herron
Secretary	Genie Hardie
Vice-President	Margaret De Laughter
Treasurer	Marion Carpenter

There is a saying that it is better to reach for the stars than to stoop for a penny. But we perceive a certain remoteness about stars; and undeniably there are many lovely things near at hand. So as not to wander too far afield in our "quest after the divine," we are taking up modern American poetry this year, and enjoying it greatly.

Concerning the proverbial penny, we would say that it is not to be scorned. We have been saving all ours for our French orphan, and lately we were anxious to add an Armenian baby to our family. But our intentions were larger than our pocket-book until some one suggested that the money for our Beacon picture be used to start an Armenian fund. So, as a result, we can be represented in this issue only by our good wishes.

Genie Hardie.





Sponsor

Miss Finkelnburg

OFFICERS.

President

Neoma Schnell

Vice-President

Mildred Fernau

Treasurer

Emma Finkelnburg

Secretary

Ruth Mueller

The Art Club for 1920 was reorganized February 23rd. On this day the new officers were chosen and Miss Finkelnburg was again made our sponsor.

With thirty-six members enrolled we are aiming to accomplish more than usual. Considering the talent, enthusiasm and efficiency of our members, we should be able to carry out our plan of giving an arts and crafts exhibition.

It is gratifying to note the increased interest taken in art among the members of our student body.

Although the membership is closed at present, we shall welcome all visitors. Meetings held every Monday evening, Room 305.

Ruth Mueller.





Sponsor

Mr. D. H. Cleland

OFFICERS.

President

Dorothy Pauls

Vice-President

Jewel Fischer

Secretary

Elizabeth Bahrenburg

Treasurer

Margaret McCoubrie

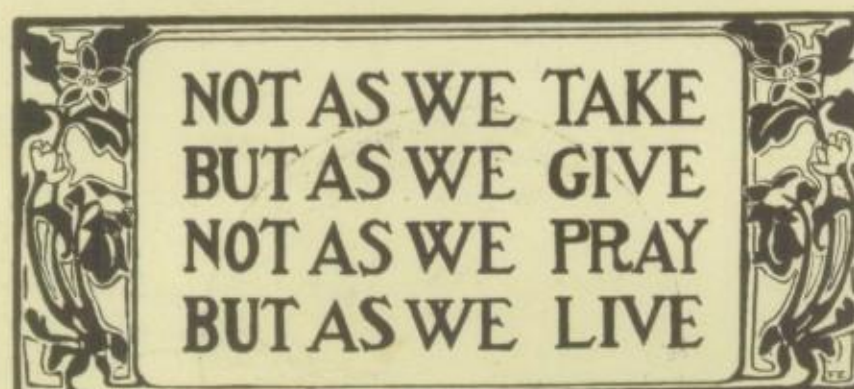
Librarian

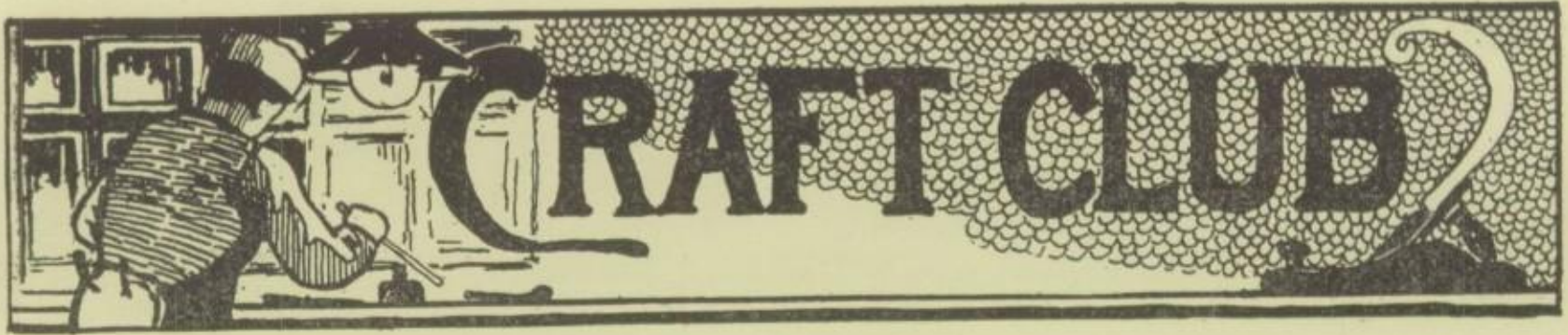
Faye Britte

The club is one of the oldest organizations in school and is one of the most important. A little singing helps things along.

The club meets with Mr. Cleland in Room 300 every Thursday afternoon at 3:15 P. M. Any girl who can sing is invited to meet with us and she will be cordially received.

Elizabeth Bahrenburg.





Sponsor

Mr. Wilson

OFFICERS.

President

Armin Schultes

Vice-President

Karl Meyer

Secretary

Melville Cole

Librarian

Oscar Jennewein

The Craft Club, which was reorganized last fall, has gradually been getting settled as a permanent organization. In the rush of getting started, some were taken into the club who did not measure up to our standards. These have been dropped and new members carefully selected to take their places. We feel that quality rather than quantity is important in the membership as well as in the work we do.

We now have a small, industrious group of boys who meet every Thursday to work on various articles of furniture for use in their homes. We feel that we are increasing our skill, getting an appreciation of good design and construction in furniture and making articles of which we can be proud.

The members are: Erwin Croissant, Kenneth Ellis, Edwin Kussman, Felix Listeman, Charles May, Clifford Westman.





THE TUMBLING TEAM.

"Now for a snappy practice, boys. Are you limbered up, Shorty?"

"Sure, let's go. Shall I try that flip?"

"All right.—Get your foot in there straight."

"Whoa there! My foot slipped."

"Try it again. Hep! Catch him there; he'll break his neck. That was a hard fall but practice makes perfect."

"Let me try it again."

"Righto! Let's go! That's better, but, oh, what form! You'll have to practice that a little oftener."

"Next. You want a try out, do you?"

"Well, you can practice the roll for a while, to get limbered up."

"What's a roll?"

"The same thing as a somersault. Do you know what that is?"

"Sure! Like this"—Flop!

"That's it, but get some form into it."

And so it goes. Many a hard fall just to rise for a harder one. Every one gets these falls. The greater the rise, the harder the fall. This is one of the functions of the Tumbling Team. If you are out for a fall, come in on the mats where the falling is soft.

L. Creley.





Sponsor

Miss B. Fair

OFFICERS.

President

Dorothy Pauls

Vice-President

Louise Butler

Secretary

Barth Rossfeld

Treasurer

Ambler Parker

Sergeant-at-Arms

Eugene Graebner

Beacon Representative

Fanita Bohne

The growth of modern business calls for broad-gauge, clear-thinking men and women who can start things and keep them going. We believe that the study of Latin is a primary factor in obtaining this.

In view of this we, in the Latin Club, have written to various prominent business men in St. Louis to give us the way in which the study of the Classics has helped them in their professions.

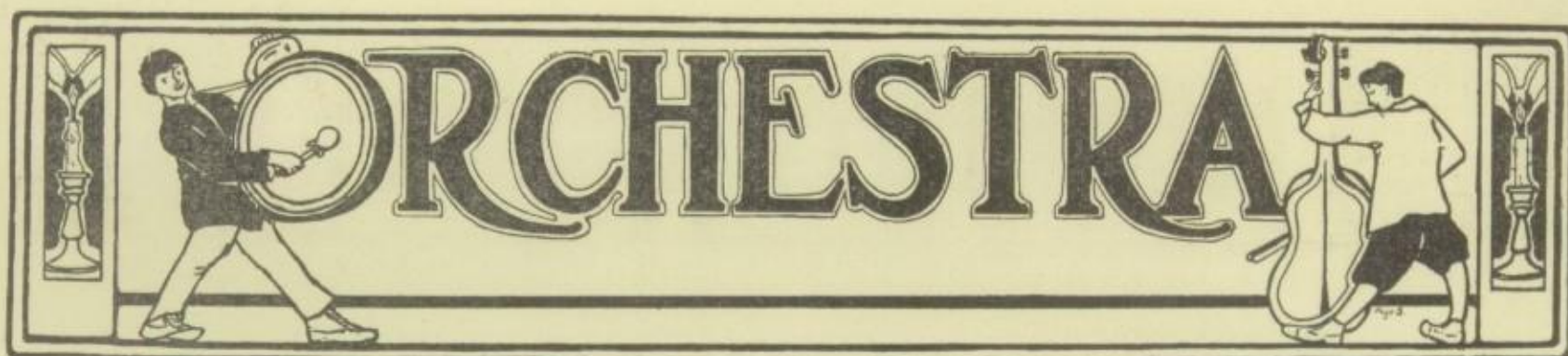
The following are excerpts from some of the letters received:

"The study of Latin has been of very great service to me in a practical way in my profession. Most of the medical names, anatomical and scientific, and those of numerous drugs, etc. are either in Latin or have Latin derivation."—Harvey G. Mudd, M. D.

"The study of a language once in nearly universal use by the educated gives us an insight into the structure of all languages of its class, helps us to understand the meaning and derivation, and makes the acquisition of many other modern tongues easy and pleasant. Besides this, the Latin Literature is one of the world's great literatures, and the opportunity to read it in the original is something whose value should not be underestimated."—Authur E. Bostwick, Public Library.

"The study of Latin makes for broadmindedness, culture and the development of personality. Without these a doctor becomes a little better than an artisan or at best a scientist without human appeal."—H. W. Loeb, St. Louis U. Medical School.

Fanita Bohne.



Sponsor

Mr. Cleland

OFFICERS.

President

Jack Gilbert

Vice-President

August Jaudes

Secretary and Treasurer

Harry Johnson

Librarian

Fred Dunkel

Custodian

Harry Winkler

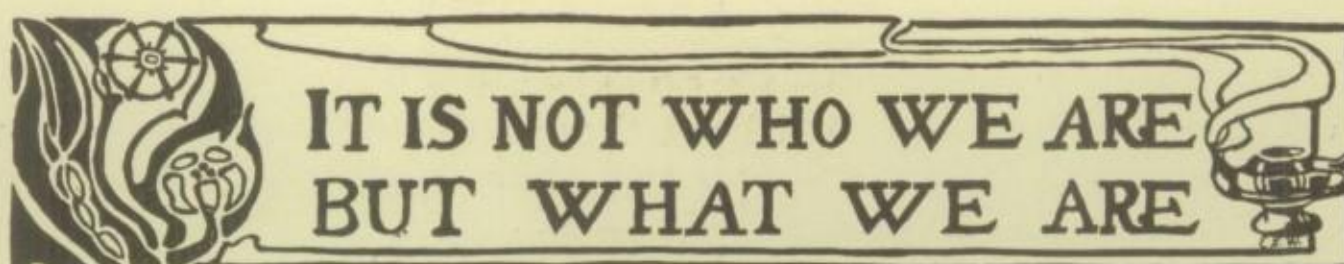
The Cleveland High Orchestra needs no introduction to the readers of the Beacon. This is one organization which is increasing in proficiency, and any student who plays an orchestral instrument, will profit by becoming a member.

If we keep on growing, we shall soon have a small symphony orchestra, as our membership has already increased to thirty.

We heartily invite any student to pay us a visit some Tuesday afternoon at 3:05 P. M. in Room 300.

Readers, close attention! We have one new feature in the orchestra, which is considered the most important one, the office of custodian. And then hist! other organizations, it pays the unreasonable sum of ten cents a week. We hope this idea will do you some practical good.

Harry Johnson.





Sponsor

Miss Hiemenz

Motto—"In all Debates, let Truth be thy aim and not Victory.
Colors—Olive Green and Gold.

OFFICERS.

President

Madeline Green

Vice-President

Lucille Engelsman

Secretary

Erma Hoffman

Treasurer

Kathleen Kirkpatrick

The purpose of this club is to train girls in the art of public speaking, and to give them skill in debating.

The membership is constantly increasing, which proves that many Cleveland girls are interested in the aims of the club.

We meet in Room 202 on the Fridays of the even weeks at 3:15 o'clock.

Any girl who has successfully completed her fourth term and is interested, is eligible, and welcome to membership.

Erma Hoffman.



TYPEWRITING CLUB



Sponsor

Miss Peterson

OFFICERS.

President

May Goggin

Vice-President

Helen Scheid

Secretary

Ethel Hare

Treasurer

Godfrey Knetzger

Sergeant-at-Arms

Jane Hynes

The "Cleveland Typewriting Club" was organized Sept., 1918, with Miss Powell as sponsor. When Miss Powell left in 1919, to take up vocational war work, Miss Peterson was elected sponsor by unanimous vote. A number of enthusiastic members have been enrolled, and we herewith extend to all other commercial students who wish to increase their speed and accuracy on the typewriter, an invitation to join.

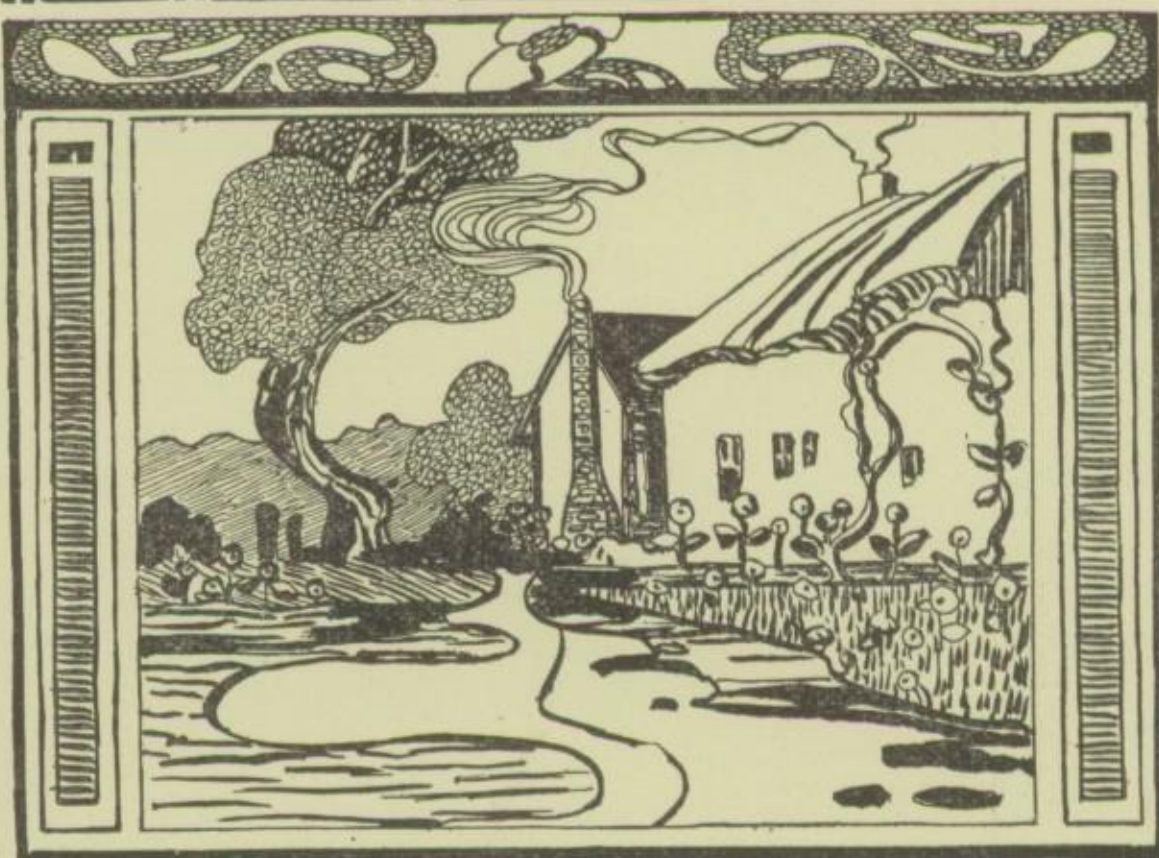
Our aim this term is to help students to become rivals of Miss Rose Bloom, one of the champion typists of today.

If you wish to enroll with us, come to Room 122 some Wednesday afternoon at 3:00 o'clock.

Ethel Hare.

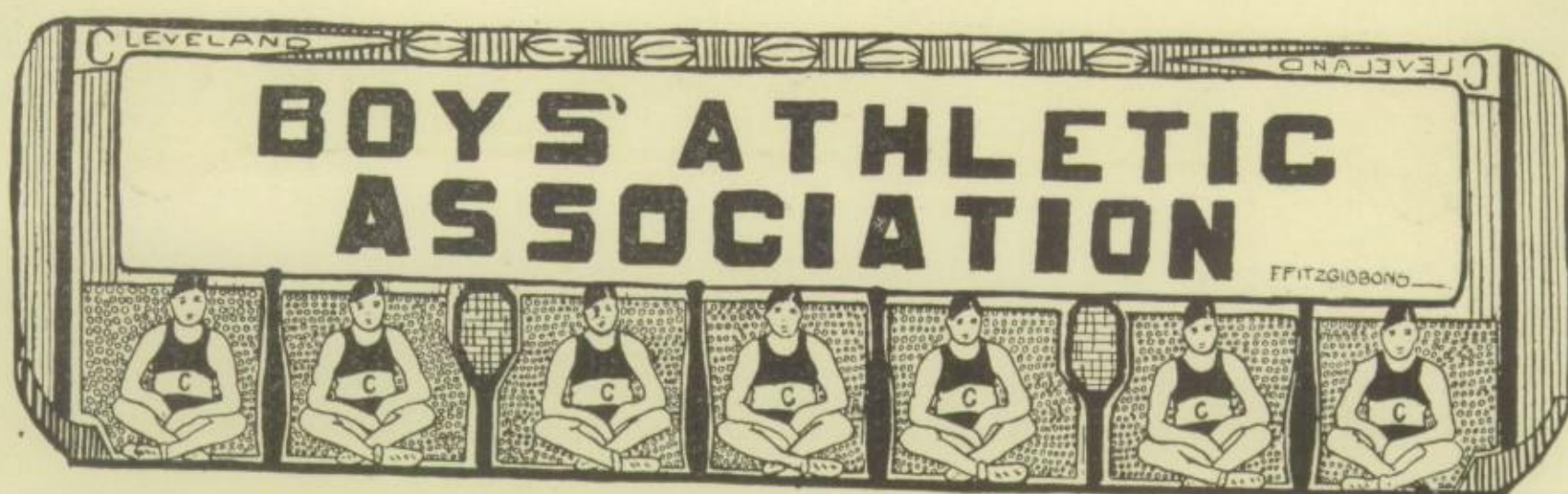


ATHLETICS



**HONESTY
LOYALTY
COURTESY
INDUSTRY**





BASKETBALL.

Cleveland once more had a very successful basketball campaign; though not gaining the championship, we succeeded in finishing in second place. This makes the fourth consecutive year that the Blue and Orange has finished either in first or second place, a record of which old Cleveland may be proud and of which no other team in the Interscholastic League may boast. The only games lost were two, those being lost to the powerful Soldan five. The team, however, displayed its superiority over the other teams in the League by compelling them to bow down before its clever team play and wonderful stamina.

In response to Coach Drake's call for candidates a squad of fifty men reported for practice. Among those fifty men were Capt. Schlapprizzi and Walsh, the only two letter men remaining from last year. After working with this squad for a week on the rudiments of basketball, the squad was reduced to twenty-five of the most promising candidates. At the beginning of the season there was some doubt in the minds of the Cleveland supporters as to the ability of this year's team to keep up to the precedent set by Cleveland in the three preceding seasons. However, these doubts were soon allayed, for among the abundant material a number of capable men were found to fill the vacant positions. The pre-season workouts were marked by keen competition for the coveted positions on the Team; and the enthusiasm of every member of the squad showed the desire to see Cleveland up and fighting for the title.

To round the Team into shape for the coming campaign Coach Drake arranged a series of pre-season games with the different prep schools and civic organizations. The first game of this series was against the Tower Grove A. C., with us going down to defeat 23-17. The Team can claim excuse for this defeat, as our men had been working together only one week; and this is not sufficient time to develop smooth team play. This alibi may be borne out by the fact that when we met again later in the season, we avenged ourselves, giving them a terrible drubbing, 47 to 12.

The next game played was with Maplewood. The Blue and Orange players showed a powerful defense, holding the county lads without a field goal the first half. The only score Maplewood was able to make was one free throw. At the end of the half we were leading, 18-1. The second half Coach Drake used his second team and they acquitted themselves in an admirable manner, the final score being 30-8. Thym and Boverie played a most commendable game for Cleveland. Branch starred for Maplewood.

A few nights later we bowed down before the older and more experienced Holy Cross team, the game being close and hotly contested throughout, and the Holy Cross team finally winning out by a brilliant spurt the last few minutes of play, 19 to 15. The playing of Groerich and Schlapprizzi featured the work of the Team.

SOLDAN-CLEVELAND.

Sad to state Cleveland lost the first game of the Interscholastic season to the highly touted Soldan quintet, 33-11. The game was not so one-sided as the score may indicate, as the contest was bitterly fought from the beginning to the end. Soldan entered the battle with most of the advantages in her favor, having a team composed of four men of last year's championship five, all of whom had proven their mettle under fire, while on the other hand Cleveland had a comparatively inexperienced team, three of the men playing their first Interscholastic game. Gold and Brown gained advantage by having on its team men out-weighting our men by many pounds to the man. But it cannot be said that Soldan had the advantage in grit, for it was purely through grit and determination that the Team was able to withstand the Soldan attack in the later stages of the game.

Cleveland drew first blood by caging the ball in the first minute of play. The score was soon evened, when Long shot a basket from mid-floor. Then for the next ten minutes a bitter battle was waged, Soldan gaining a slight edge, but soon the strength and weight of the Gold and Brown began to tell on our light Team. From this on the Gold and Brown steadily increased its lead, mainly thru the efforts of Long and Stevenson. The half ended with Soldan leading, 15-5.

The rest between halves did the Team a world of good, for it repeated its brilliant performance of the early stages of the first half; holding Soldan on even terms for the first few minutes of play, only to weaken before the gigantic offense launched by the Gold and Brown. Long, the Soldan pivot man, repeatedly broke through the Blue and Orange defense to cage the ball. It was in this stage of the game that the team showed its grit, for fighting like tigers the fellows managed to hold the Gold and Brown in check the remainder of the game.

The steady and consistent playing of Capt. Schlapprizzi and Boverie featured for Cleveland, while Long, Stevenson and Gazzolo played best for Soldan.

CLEVELAND		SOLDAN	
Groerich (4)	L. F.	Kling (4)	
Thym (1)	L. F.		
Weilbacker (2)	R. F.	Stevenson (11)	
Schlapprizzi (2)	C.	Long (16)	
Walsh (2)	L. G.	Lynn (0)	
Boverie	R. G.	Gazzolo (2)	

CENTRAL-CLEVELAND.

Cleveland staged a comeback on the following Saturday, by completely out-playing the Central five in every department of the game, defeating them handily, 18-12. The team was able to show to a better advantage than it did against Soldan, the team play being smooth and up to the standard with the defensive work the outstanding feature. Central was able only to shoot one field basket during the first half. The score would have been larger had our forwards been able to locate the basket, as they missed many open shots.

Immediately after the opening of the half, Schlapprizzi caged the ball after we had carried it down the floor by some pretty team work. We were unable to score again for sometime though having the ball continually in the Red and Black's territory. When Central did have possession of the ball, they rarely carried it beyond the middle of the court as our "five-man" defense proved too great a barrier. The team gradually increased its lead, and when the whistle blew for the end of the half, we were leading, 9-3.

In the second half, Central changed its style of play, seeing that the attempt to break through our defense in the first half was futile. Instead of attempting to get beneath the basket and take short shots, the Red and Black players employed the long shot, shooting from the center of the court. These tactics proved more successful, for they came within a basket of tying the score. The Team, spurred on by the rally of the Red and Black, took a spurt and pulled the game out of the fire. From then on the outcome was never in doubt.

Capt. Schlapprizzi and Thym were the mainstays of the Cleveland offense, while Boverie's work on the defense was superb. Wassal and Hebberger showed the best form for Central.

THE LINE-UP.

CLEVELAND			CENTRAL		
Groerich (0)		R. F.		Wassal (4)	
Thym (4)		R. F.			
Weilbacker (4)		L. F.		Anzolone (2)	
Schlapprizzi (9)		C.		Mathews (2)	
Boverie (0)		R. G.		Hebberger (2)	
Walsh (2)		L. G.		Kutterer (2)	

YEATMAN-CLEVELAND.

During the week preceding the Yeatman game a change was effected in our line-up. Thym, whose steady improvement and whose showing against Central warranted him a position on the Team, and Barthel, who was displaying rare form in the practice sessions, lined up with the Team.

THE BEACON

The wisdom of this change was demonstrated by the much improved style of play displayed against Yeatman. Yeatman was conceded the best chance to win by most of the critics. However, this dope was upset. The Orange and Blue triumphed in the most exciting and thrilling game staged this season. The game was one thrill from start to finish, the brilliant work of both teams keeping the fans constantly on edge.

In the first five minutes of play neither team was able to score, the ball hovering about mid-court, owing to the fact that both teams were playing a tight defensive game. Finally, Roettger of Yeatman, succeeded in breaking loose and shooting a basket from mid-field. A minute later Schlapprizzi dribbled past the Yeatman guards and getting a basket, tied the score. The game see-sawed, back and forth for the remainder of the half, the lead being held first by one team and then by the other. However, through the consistent efforts of the Team we held a one point margin at the end of the first half, the score being 11 to 10.

At the beginning of the last half the Team, fired by the determination to retain the lead and win glory for Old Cleveland, completely out played the Yeatman lads. The speedy team play apparently dazzled them, but alas the wonderful spurt proved to be for naught. Though we were raining shot after shot on the opponents' basket, the ball refused to go through the ring. This misfortune temporarily weakened our morale; on the other hand it acted as a tonic for the Yeatmanites. Regaining their confidence and taking advantage of the breaks, they began an offense which nearly proved to be the undoing of Cleveland, as they were able to forge ahead and retain the lead until the last half minute of play. In the last two minutes of play with Yeatman leading, 20-18, the Team made a last superhuman effort to regain the lead and when a foul was called on a Yeatmanite, the ever reliable Schlapprizzi proved equal to the situation. He caged the ball, bringing the Blue and Orange within one point of tying the score. Play was resumed, a minute and a half remaining; time slipped away, and our hopes seemed doomed as Yeatman appeared master of the situation. Only one-half of a minute remained for Yeatman to be proclaimed victor, but they failed to reckon with Cleveland's dauntless spirit. The unusual happened, Thym broke up a Yeatman pass, dribbled down the floor, passing the Yeatman guards, and took a shot at the basket, but missed, and catching the ball on the rebound he succeeded in placing the play thru the net. Before the ball could be placed in play again, the whistle blew, giving Old Cleveland a hard earned victory, 21 to 20!

Every man on the team played a faultless game, but the credit for the best work goes to Capt. Schlapprizzi, scoring thirteen of the twenty-one points made by Cleveland. The defensive work of Boverie was above par. Weinell and Roettger shone for Yeatman.



THE LINE-UP.

CLEVELAND			YEATMAN		
Thym (4)	L. F.		Roettger (14)		
Barthel (2)	R. F.		Hannegan (4)		
Schlapprizzi (13)	C.		Weinel (2)		
Walsh (2)	L. G.		Meinholtz (0)		
Boverie (0)	R. G.		Davidson (0)		

McKINLEY-CLEVELAND

Three weeks intervened between the Yeatman and McKinley games, one of which was an open date and the following two weeks the "flu" ban interfered with the schedule. During this time a change in the coaching staff was made, Mr. Fenenga taking charge of the squad, and relieving Mr. Drake for track work. The new coach immediately won a warm spot in the hearts of all the boys, while on the other hand they regretted to see Mr. Drake leave, for his ability to handle boys held him in high esteem. Still, as it was necessary to develop a track team as well as a basket ball team, the change was effected.

During the flu ban no practice sessions were held, but on the Monday when school opened, the squad got to work to prepare for the McKinley game. All of the men were in good condition and the wrinkles, caused by the lay-off, were ironed out in quick order leaving the team in great condition for the fight.

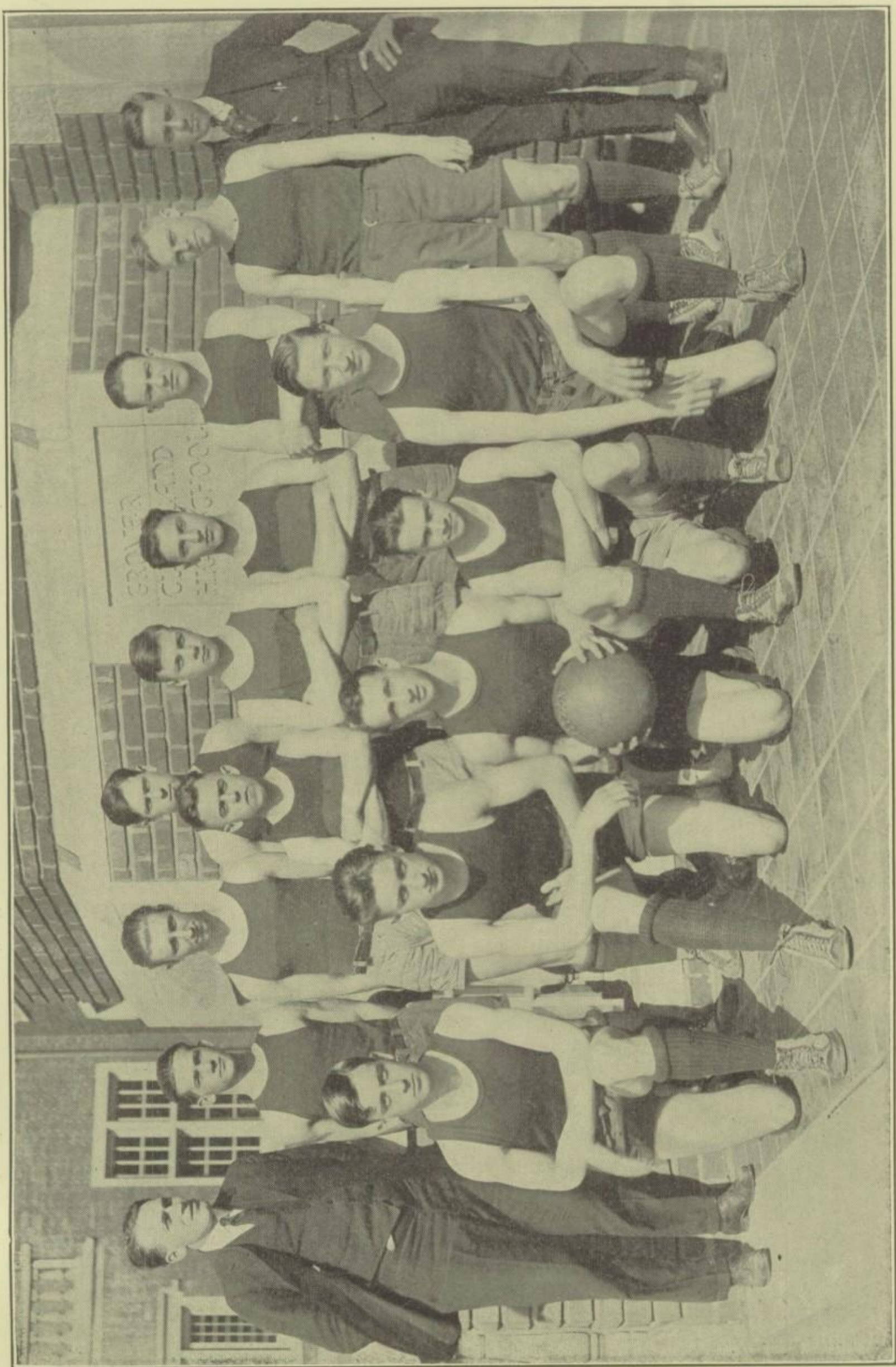
The game lacked excitement as it proved to be Cleveland's easiest. The Orange and Blue was not forced to extend itself as the superior skill and team work baffled the Red and White from the outset. Our defense again showed it was the best in the League, excepting that of the title holders. The Red and White was able to make only one field goal under the basket, throughout the entire game, the rest being made from mid-floor or the near vicinity. Another feature, the Team for the first time displayed a consistent scoring punch. The middle of the last half the Coach sent in most of the second team men and they showed to good advantage. The final score, 29-19.

For the Blue and Orange, Barthel, Boverie and Schlapprizzi acquitted themselves in tip-top style. Schellig and Schoffering featured the work of the Red and White Team.

SOLDAN-CLEVELAND.

The second round gained Cleveland another chance at the title, but Soldan proved its superiority by capturing the first game, 28-15. Cleveland showed a much improved team, giving the Soldan five its first real opposition of the season.

During the first half the Team held the Gold and Brown in check, playing a purely defensive game. This style of play proved very effective,



Soldan being able to score only four field goals. The tight defensive work seemed to throw the Gold and Brown off its stride, for soon after the opening of hostilities, their team work was slow and ragged. The first half ended with Soldan leading, 12-5.

At the beginning of the last half with the Team encouraged by the success of holding Soldan in check, and the determination to avenge the previous defeat at the hands of the Gold and Brown, began a whirlwind offense, coming within a few points of tying the score. Soldan, however, stopped our attack and immediately began an offense of its own, displaying the best article of offensive basketball seen on our floor this year. Their marvelous pass work, seemingly bewildered the Blue and Orange, and before the frantic efforts of the Team could check them, they had rolled up a comfortable lead. The remainder of the game, they were held in check, but the damage had been done.

The men who stood out prominently for the Blue and Orange were Boverie, Capt. Schlapprizzi, and Thym, Soldan's stars being Long Stevenson and Gazzola.

THE LINE-UP.

CLEVELAND		SOLDAN	
Thym (2)	L. F.	Kling (10)	
Barthel (4)	R. F.	Stevenson (10)	
Schlapprizzi (9)	C.	Long (10)	
Walsh (0)	L. G.	Gazzola (4)	
Boverie (0)	R. G.	Lynn (4)	

CENTRAL-CLEVELAND.

Cleveland captured the final game of the season from Central, 21 to 19. The Coach, in the first half, started off the second team to give them a chance to display their ability under fire. They acquitted themselves in a commendable manner holding Central on even terms, partly through the efforts of Gammeter, the lanky lad getting four field baskets. The score at the end of the half was, 10-10.

The last half, the first string men replaced the second team. They, however, had an off day, playing poor and ragged basket-ball. Some blame, though, may be laid to the fact that three men, Barthels, Thym and Walsh were playing with minor injuries. Despite the poor showing made, the Team was able to put over a victory.

The playing of Boverie and Thym saved the day for the Blue and Orange. Newsome and Matthews featured for the Red and Black.

PROSPECTS.

The outlook for the 1920-21 season is unusually bright. From the present indications it is safe to predict that Cleveland will win her third Interscholastic championship. Although we lose three men through grad-



uation, their places can be filled by men who played with this year's second team.

Captain Schlapprizzi will be back at his old position at center. Many fans feel that Schlap was the best center in the League this year, as his floor work was superior to that of every other pivot man in the league.

Eddie Barthels only commenced to "find" himself this year. Much can be expected of this young speedster next season.

Gammeter is almost certain to be found at a forward position. His height will stand him in good stead.

Weilbacker and Groerich will be working hard next year. Both show promise, but have been inclined to be erratic. Another year will do much toward steadying them down.

Sybert is one of the best floor men in school, but is somewhat handicapped by his lack of size. He should prove very effective as a running guard.

Lloyd Stanwood should make someone hustle for a guard position. He is one of the hardest workers on the squad.

Rhinehardt has been working at center and made a capable understudy for Schlapprizzi. He can play any position and is certain to fill in as a regular.

Johnson, another forward, made a very good impression in all the games he participated in, and although he is only a youngster a bright future may be predicted for him.

BASEBALL PROSPECTS.

The prospects for the coming baseball campaign are very much in doubt, as at the time of this writing practice sessions had not got under way. However, we may emphatically state that the outcome depends largely upon two things; the development of a dependable hitting power and the ability to produce a reliable hurler.

Last season our nine was considered one of the classiest organizations in the Interscholastic League, the fielding and the pitching being superb. But we were forced to accept a low standing, due to our woefully weak work at bat, many a splendidly played game being lost by a one run margin. However, this fault may be remedied this season, if Gragg and Schlapprizzi can return to their 1918 form, for both men hit near the .300 mark that year. Then too Scannell, the former Loyola lad, must live up to his reputation. He is reputed to be a mighty slugger.

The pitching proposition is a more complex problem to solve as we have not the nucleus on which a reliable staff can be built. Every member of last year's staff has left school, the only hope being that some "Dark horse" will appear on the scene.

The outfield appears to be the best fortified department on the team. The acquisition of Scannell and Krause will help, for both come to us

highly recommended. These two with the men of last year's squad of which Stanwood, Herring, Starkloff, and Walsh still remain, should comprise the most formidable outfield in the League.

The infield should cause the Coach no worry, as he has a splendid aggregation to work with. Schlapprizzi, shortstop and Groerich third baseman, regulars of last year's nine, will be on hand to resume their old positions. The vacancy at second base should be capably filled by either Herring or Sybert, both men playing substitute roles at this position the previous year. The fight for first base should prove an interesting one. Boverie, Gammeter, and Weilbacker being the candidates. Of this trio, Boverie appears to have a slight edge, on account of the experience he gained last year, serving as our understudy to Vinefurt.

Capt. Gragg will again be seen behind the bat. As a catcher Gragg has no peer in Interscholastic circles. He possesses a wonderful arm, is a quick thinker, and has the knack of keeping the Team on its toes, these being the attributes of a good catcher. Starkloff will serve as second string catcher; he is a capable man and should fill in well in case of an injury to Gragg.

TRACK PROSPECTS.

Cleveland's hopes for a championship suffered a severe shock when the three mainstays of the Team, Captain Mueller, Edgington and Trumn, left school. With these men Cleveland could have expected the most successful track season in the history of the school. But even with the loss of these stars Cleveland's chances are not completely shattered, as all the other schools have lost many of their stars through graduation, and with the abundance of material on hand a good team might be turned out.

The Senior team has a number of capable men. Novak, who displayed exceptional form in the 440 and 880 last year, will be again seen in these events. Novak should be ably assisted in the 880 by Rhinehardt and Groerich.

Schlapprizzi, Barthel, Deffaa and Rhinehardt will probably be the dash men. The ability of these men is unknown, with the exception of Barthel, but they should give a good account of themselves from the indications of their preliminary workouts.

The only mile man on the squad to date is Bentrup. He also runs the 880 in fast time.

Hannauer, Johnson and Clark show promise of making trouble for the other hurdlers in the League. Hannauer showed much promise last year, having almost perfect form. If he can develop speed between hurdles he should gain a place in the spring meet.

We should make fully as good a showing in the Field events as in the Track, having some very promising material. Nesbit and Sybert are showing good form in the pole vault. Nesbit gained a place in last year's

meet and should repeat this year. This is Sybert's first attempt at pole vaulting.

Gammeter and Kerckhoff should take care of the weights, both being powerful lads. Gammeter is also out for the high jump. Last year he gained a place and should gain a few points for Cleveland again this year.

Deffaa and Schlapprizzi are expected to do something in the broad jump. Schlapprizzi especially should show well as he has an ideal build for that event.

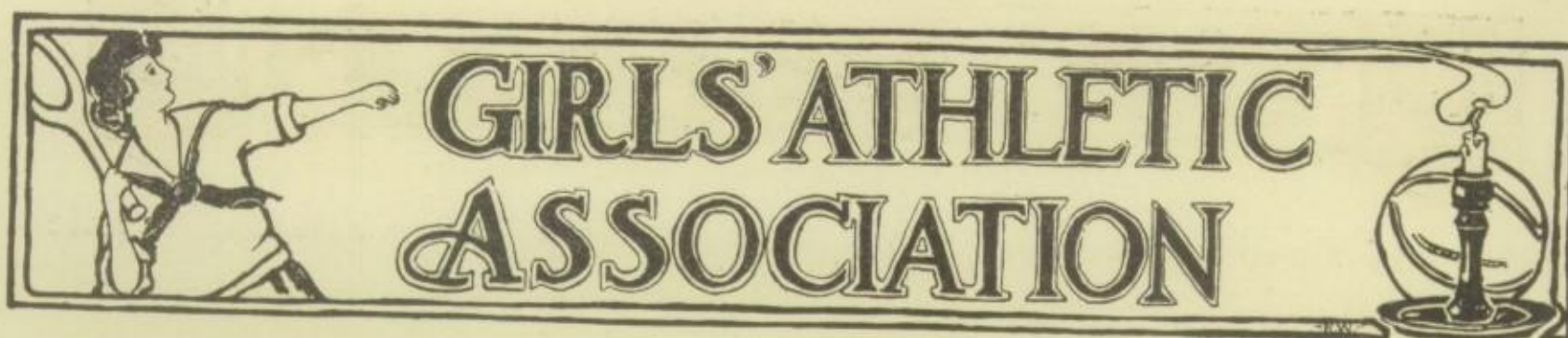
The standing of the Junior team cannot be determined at so early a date for it has only three experienced men, and it would be unsafe to make a prediction, though the Coaches have some good material in process of development.

The three men on whom the burden rests at the present time are Hathaway, Erickson and Naucke. Hathaway is a 440 and 880 man. He should capture first place in both events.

Erickson is also a letter man from last year. His specialties are the sprints and hurdles and he is a mighty clever boy in both.

Naucke is the third member of the trio, and though he is not a letter man, his rapid development should make him a dangerous man in the sprints and weights.





GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

For the past few years this page has been taken up with enumerations of the methods by which points and awards could be obtained in the Girls' Athletic Association, but this time we are going to try to tell a little more in detail of the activities carried on under the auspices of the organization and less about the club itself.

Miss Roos is our sponsor but the contemporary activities, basketball and kickball necessitated two coaches and so it was decided that Miss Roos should coach the former, Miss Varian the latter.

We were greatly pleased to see the large number of girls who signed up for indoor baseball. In fact so large was our list that Miss Varian and Miss Roos will divide honors as baseball coaches, and the girls under each are keen to see who carries off the title.

We take time now to ask each and every girl in this school to show their appreciation of peppy, healthy athletics by turning out to watch the games and supporting their own class teams, if they are not on them.

There is a schedule of all athletic activities on the bulletin board in the girls' dressing room and, if you watch that, you will be able to keep yourself posted on the coming athletic events and games.

Kick-ball, the first event this season, started out very well. This game is played along the same lines as baseball. Instead of the pitcher throwing the ball toward the batter, the basketball (for this is what is used) is placed on the home plate and kicked off, the rest going as in baseball. The desirable kickball player is the girl who has the most force behind her $6\frac{1}{2}$ C's Oh, pardon! We mean $2\frac{1}{2}$ double A's!

The kick-ball games were very exciting but as usual the audience which turned out to support the teams was pitifully small. The Juniors were acclaimed title winners. The scores were:

March 1. Freshman 11—Sophomores 7.

March 8. Freshmen 16—Juniors 35.

March 11. Sophomores 4—Juniors 23.

The Senior games were forfeited because the Seniors failed to appear as per schedule.

The Basket-Ball season started with six months pent-up energy and vigor released. The first game was played on the stage floor March 9, but the Sophomores were too "big" for the little Seniors and the score was 26-3 in favor of the "Sophs." The second game was played March 11 and resulted again in a Senior defeat, the final score being 16-11 in favor of the Juniors, but they had to play hard to get the 4 extra points. Here is the secret. The Seniors would have been beaten worse than that had not some loyal "Freshies" turned out and rooted for them.

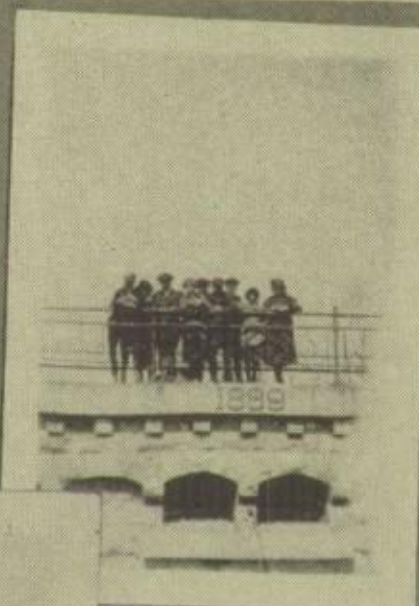
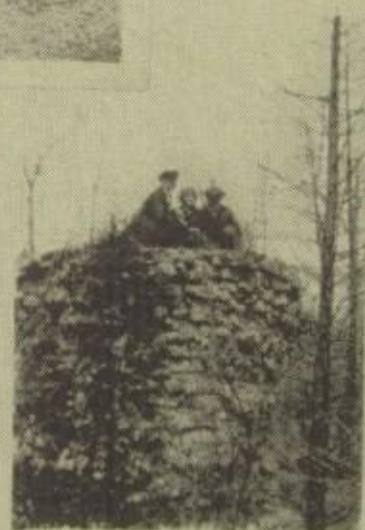
We are planning a girls' field meet for the latter part of May and are practicing now so that we can proudly "show off" our athletic prowess to the rest of the school. We will have class events, Senior, Junior, Sophomore, and Freshman. Here are a few of the big events; running broad jump, high jump, ball throwing for distance, sprinting, relays and hurdle races. And finally, girls, if you have not been chosen to represent your class in any of the above events at least come out and give your class team some encouraging yells and we'll promise you enough excitement to make it worth while.

Ida Herron.



UNION

UNION

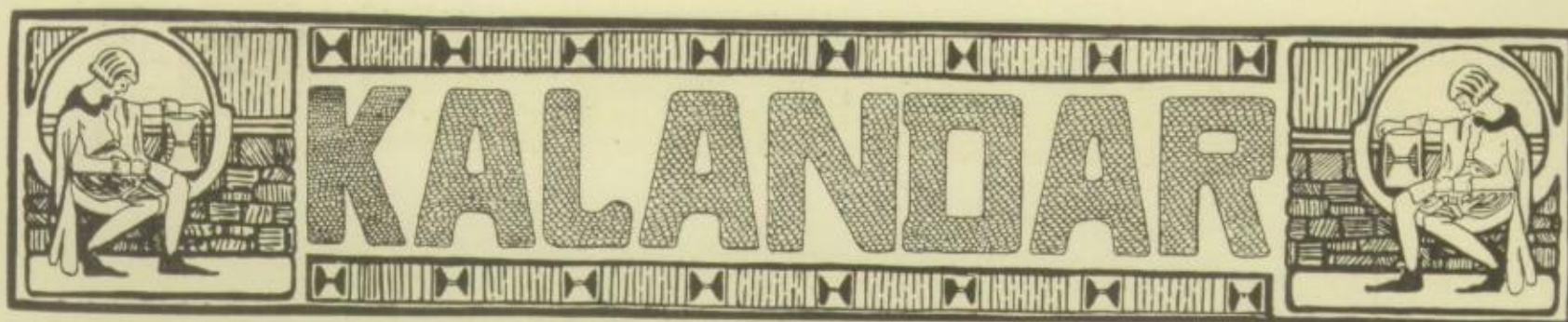


GENERAL



**HONESTY
LOYALTY
COURTESY
INDUSTRY**





Jan. 26. The new term began and everybody was full of pep and enthusiasm. Programs were given out and every one looked forward to a profitable, successful term.

Jan. 30. Cleveland played Kenrick Seminary and held them to a 24-13 score. Although Cleveland lost, the game was a success for both teams.

Feb. 2. Unfortunately, the Board of Health closed the schools due to the epidemic of influenza.

Feb. 16. School reopened, and we all returned, rested from our two weeks of vacation.

Feb. 20. The class of June, '20 met and organized under the direction of Mr. Hoch. Permanent officers were elected.

Feb. 21. The Hi-Y gave a banquet at the Carondelet Library. This time it was a father-son affair, and all who attended had a good time. David Stoney gave a talk which everyone enjoyed.

Feb. 25. Professor Hopkins, President of Dartmouth College entertained us with a fine talk on higher education.

Feb. 28. Cleveland played Soldan in the feature game of the interscholastic contest. Cleveland was defeated by a score of 28-15.

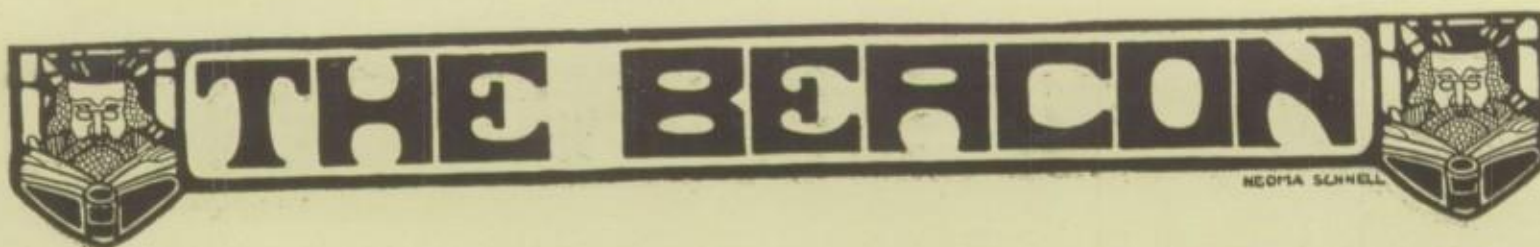
Mar. 4. The Symphony Orchestra entertained many Cleveland students with a delightful concert. The following program was presented:

Overture Endymion	Kroeger
Symphony No. 4	Tschaikowsky
Steppenskizze	Borodin
Spanish Rhapsody	Albeniz
Largo, from "Xerxes"	Handel
Two Indian Dances	Skilton
Chorus with Orchestra, Directed by D. H. Cleland.	

Mar. 5. Mr. Robinson of the Y. M. C. A. gave an interesting talk on vocational work for boys.

Mar. 5. Cleveland's basketball team played Central. The score was 21-19 in favor of Cleveland.

Mar. 15. An Aud was enjoyed by both teachers and students. The speaker was James Arroll, from overseas. His speech was an earnest plea for Armenian and Near East relief.



Mar. 17. The class of January, '21 met and organized under the leadership of Mr. Hoch. Officers were elected.

Mar. 17. The Grangers gave a Country School. Mr. Begeman was the honorable teacher and gave a spelling match. A short program was presented, and every one enjoyed the candy peppermint sticks.

Mar. 18. The Philo Literary Club held an open meeting, and invited all the girls of the school. A short play was presented, which showed much talent.

Mar. 25. The members of the faculty gave a luncheon, in honor of Mr. Hoch, who left Cleveland to enter the commercial world. Although the faculty was down-hearted and sad over his departure, a gay time was had by all those who attended. The limericks read by the teachers gave an added attraction, and proved to be a great success.

Mar. 26. An auditorium session was called in honor of Mr. Hoch. Although we were not a happy crowd, we enjoyed the talks that were given. Mr. Wm. J. Bryan, Assistant Superintendent, gave an excellent talk regarding Mr. Hoch, and the efficient service he had rendered, during the years of teaching at Central, and of the wonderful organization he had built up at Cleveland. Ralph Walsh, represented the school, and presented a small gift, to Mr. Hoch, as a token of esteem and respect from the student body. The popular mandolin club entertained us with some new snappy selections, and Mr. Hoch bid us all "au revoir" and not good-bye.

January '20 Alumni

Leola M. Bernhardt is continuing the study of music, and intends entering Washington University in the fall.

Joe Borgwald is connected with the Missouri State Life Insurance Company.

Corinne Courtney is attending the Harris Teachers College.

Walter Claus is with the D'Arcy Advertising Agency.

Lucile Diestlekamp attends the Harris Teachers College.

William Collins, Jr., has been taking a Post Graduate course at Cleveland, and will continue his studies at Columbia University, New York City, in the fall.

Chester Fisher is a draftsman in the engineering department of the Fred Medart Mfg. Co.

Bertha Foerster is attending the Harris Teachers College.

THE BEACON

Harold C. Fechner is Assistant Purchasing Agent for the Banner Iron Works.

Edna Jockens is completing her studies at Harris Teachers College.

J. Forrest Jones is at the present time connected with the Traffic Department of the Southwestern Bell Telephone Company.

Mary Jane Hilliker is attending the Harris Teachers College.

Ada L. Mills has been attending the Rubicam Business College since her graduation from Cleveland.

Gladys Nuebling is attending the Harris Teachers College.

Elsa Rein attends the Harris Teachers College.

Herma A. Rombauer is at present time staying at home, but contemplates continuing her studies in September.

Kathleen Walsh is attending the Harris Teachers College.

Mary Wecka is at the present time attending the Harris Teachers College.

Leo Garfinkle is in the Chemical Department of the Mon Santo Chemical Company.

Frank J. Stretch is also employed there in the welding department.

Walter Hellinger is employed at the Federal Reserve Bank, but is expecting to enter Washington University in the fall.

Alfred Dunkin, who received the scholarship, is employed as a book-keeper by the St. Louis Dairy Company.



Students Who Received "E" in all Subjects the Fourth Five Weeks, 1919-1920

Baker, Waitstill
Biehle, Judson
Boehl, Helen
Borgwald, Joseph
Brandenburger, Lucille
Buckley, Forder
Butler, Louise
Collin, William
Courtney, Corinne
Davis, Edgar
Dayball, Margaret
Diestelkamp, Lucille
Dunkin, Alfred
Elmiger, Paul
Erd, Norman
Evertz, Rose
Faszholz, Edith
Fischer, Warner
Foster, Irene

Friedman, Sam
Frank, Doris
Green, Madeline
Goggin, May
Gihring, Herman
Goldman, Lawrence
Helfenstetter, Erna
Herron, Ida
Houghton, Nellie
Haase, Edna
Hilliker, Mary Jane
Hilliker, Margaret
James, Dorothy
Jaudes, August
Jennewein, Oscar
Jones, Marshall
Kolb, Marie
Lenz, Jeannette
Love, Helen

McLean, Mary
Meyer, Ruth
Michel, Adele
Obenhaus, Harvey
Parker, Harry
Paschedag, Florence
Pfeifer, Edwin
Schmiederer, William
Schroth, Verona
Sieg, Marie
Sindelar, Richard
Stuckenberg, William
Switzer, Edna
Thym, Adolph
Wahlers, Dorothy
Winheim, Adolph
Zdvoracek, William

DEBATING



Although the teams drawn from the debating squad did not both gain the judges' decision, last fall, there was more than a fifty percent success. There was developed a supply of "material" (by which is meant boys willing and able to enter a debating contest) which should act as an ever increasing help in the teams' development.

The competition should from now on be keen, not only in numbers but in the quality of contestants. And this should be more so as the terms pass. Good sportsmanship in "trying out;" good sportsmanship in cheerful acceptance of failure to "make it;" good sportsmanship in coming back; this is the sportsmanship, which will build more and more invincible teams.

This spring a debate has been arranged between the girls of the Shaw Debating Society, and one of the teams of the Webster-Hayne. Another team of the Webster-Hayne will meet a team from Central High School. Both debates will be on the question; "Resolved, that Mongolian Immigration should be prohibited by the United States." The boys will uphold the affirmative against the Shaw Society, and will defend the negative, against Ctntral.

Leonard Riggle.

THINGS WE CAN'T FEATURE.

Henry Strite—acting sensible.
 Henry Belz—walking to school.
 Robert Hammerstein—in a monastery.
 Janet Lane — weighing 200 pounds.
 Lawrence Goldman—as tall as Bloomer.
 Helen Eisleben—refusing a cup of coffee.
 Theresa Jones—doing a fairy dance.
 Miss DeVos—without Miss Carpenter.
 Ida Herron—a spinster.
 Geraldine Funk—In the Salvation Army.
 Jessie Moskop—ever snubbing anybody.
 “Kitty” Huffington and “Smiley” Schaefer angry at each other.
 Harvey Obenhaus—playing football.
 Tom Cleveland—holding a sprint record.
 “Bobby” Behrens — not industrious.
 “Dave” Stoney — without the Dodge.
 Marion Whitbread—not on duty.
 Walter Remmers—with his hair mussed.
 Richard Bussen—living in St. Louis.
 “Doc” Miller—bashful.
 Edna Haase—not getting all “E’s.”



Alma Hall—talking during class.
 Leota Kottkamp — without “Them” curls.
 Marguerite Simpson — without Dorothy Hannekan.
 Edwin Weindel—studying.
 Loretta Eggemann—without that little giggle.”
 Irma Hoffman—arguing.
 George Collier — at a Senior Dance.
 William Zdvoracek — not in a hurry.
 Otto Eble—being quiet.
 Helen Boehl—failing in English.
 Lloyd Loewshau—at a senior meeting.
 Lester Creeley — without the “Gang.”
 Ruth Mueller—not enjoying good music.

PANETELLA.

(With Apologies to Clark
McAdams)

Yes, Luella,
It was tearful
That we stopped
In second place
In those
Basketball encounters,
But we gave them
Quite a chase.
Tell me not
In mournful numbers
How we lost
The Soldan games,
For we did the same
To others,
Not to mention
Any names.
Have I told you
That our lunch room
Has cooked up
A little scheme
For dispensing
Cleveland's standby,
Namely; dishes
Of ice cream?
Where you used to buy
A single
For a nickle
Every day,
Now you have
To buy a double,
And a dime
You must pay.
We are losing
Lots of teachers
As they leave us
Day by day.
But worst of all
To us
Our principal
Has gone away.
But you really
Cannot blame them.
For the time and coin
They've spent
They ought to get

A salary
That will pay
Their board and rent.
That is all,
My little girly,
But we feel ourselves
Grow old
As the time
Approaches swiftly
When we have to leave
The fold.
Then, let's hope
That in our business,
In whatever
Land or clime
Cleveland's spirit
And ideals
Will stick with us
All the time.

Judson T. Biehle



CHEMOLOGY.

Kero—sene her last night,
Ain't Benzene since.
Gasoline against the lamp post,
And take a naptha.—Ex.

Mr. Beers: Which state raises
the most sugar cane?

Harry Johnson: Louisiana.

Mr. Beers: Wrong. There is
more "cain" raised in Missouri than
any other state.

Oh, George, I'm so excited. You know I've never been to a foot-ball game before. It's rather noisy and exciting, I suppose. Isn't it? Now, I don't know very much about the game, but you'll explain it to me, won't you? Oh, I've heard them talk about the tackle, scrimmage and something about goals; but that's about all I know about it.

Oh, we're nearing the field. Just look at all the people getting off of that car with pennants. I never thought there would be so many. What's that? There will be about ten times that many? Mercy! Oh, do be careful, George, don't run into anyone

Don't park the machine here; let's go on the other side of the street. You're not allowed to park in front of a fire plug? Well, I think that's very strange. I don't see the difference it would make.

Part II. (On the field.)

Are those our men? Well, how funny they look! Why have they those funny things on their faces? To protect their noses? Oh, in case the ball should hit them. I understand perfectly. I think foot-ball is a perfectly lovely game. I should imagine they would have to be rather strong to kick that ball all the way across the field. Don't you. What are you laughing at, George? Oh, at that girl's hat? Well, it is silly, isn't it. I'd never wear anything like that

Are they going to play now? Well, look at them getting down on their knees. Mercy, but won't they get dirty? Naturally? Well, I don't see why they can't play it some other way. Why they'll look perfectly terrible when they are finished.

How rough and boisterous some people are! That man behind me almost knocked my hat off.

Oh, look, George; they're all running after that man with the ball. Mercy! Did you hear that? That man said, "Kill him!" Some people are so inconsiderate. Why, they knocked him down! Oh, George, how horrid! Well, thank goodness, he wasn't hurt very badly. He's up again. What? Too bad he isn't? Well, George, I'm surprised at you. What are they yelling about. We've made a "touch-down?" What does that mean? One of our men succeeded in getting the ball over the other team's goal? Well, why don't they try to get it over their own goal? That's the game? Well, that's funny. Now, if I'd invented the game, I'd have fixed it differently. George, look! That man is hurt. How did that happen? He was knocked out by one of our men? Oh, how perfectly terrible. Why, he can't get up. Oh, policeman! Go out and arrest that man. You're not allowed to? It's all in the game? George, does that happen very often? It does? Oh, please take me out of this place. I don't think foot-ball should be allowed.

Part III. (On the way home.)

Don't you ever take me to another foot-ball game. I think they're horrid. And to think of that poor man lying out on that field. Oh, George, please call up and find out how he is.

Well, at last. I'm home. Now, before you go will you promise me that you will never never go out for foot-ball? You promise? Oh, I'm so glad. Good-bye.

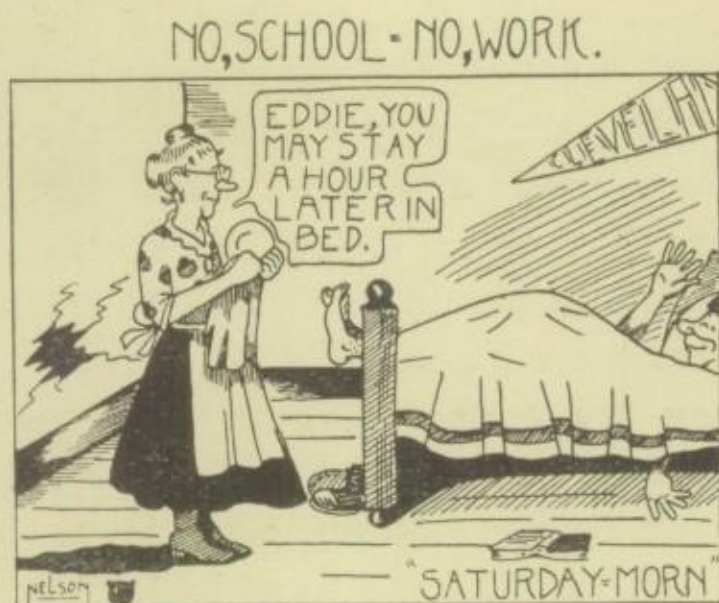
... Irma Schira,
June '20

New Jay: Gee, this is some problem; if a fella is 1-5 as old as his father and in 15 years he will be 1-2 as old as him, then what part of his father's age would he be in 25 years?

Senior: That's easy, he would be 3-5 as old as his father.

New Jay: (Thinking) 1-5; 1-2; 3-5; 7-8; 9-10; ???

Say, at that rate, if a fella lived long enough, he'd be his father's father.



FATHER'S PREFERENCE.

Miss Prittikid: But, father, he is a man you can trust.

He Pa: Gracious girl! What I want is one I can borrow from.—Ex.

Miss Spalding (in Eng. 8 class): Where is Miss Fasholsz to-day?

Mr. Stoney: She is absent today.

Miss Spalding: That's queer I didn't see her all day.

PUZZLED.

"This old chronicle says that the Queen was attended by her mistress of the robes, her hand maiden and her tire woman."

"Well?"

"I comprehend the mistress of the robes, of course. The hand maiden was her manicure, but I didn't understand about the tire woman. They had no automobiles in those days."—Ex.

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW
How to make ponies—Ask Goldman.

Where to go to have a good time—Ask Herring.

How to gets ads—See Stoney.

How to drive a Ford—See F. W. Moody.

How to dance—Watch "Red" Scheer.

How to stall in class—Ask Wendel.

How to get out of the finals—Ask Edith Faszholts.

How to manage a Senior Class—Ask Helen Eisleben.

Where to get your hair bobbed—Ask Gerry Funk.

How much work it takes to make a Beacon—See the Staff.

How to shoot hot air—Listen to Thym.

Anything about "good hikes"—See Loretta Eggeman.

How to draw funny pictures—Watch Leota Kottkamp.

Anything about English—Ask Helen Boehl.

How to get ham sandwiches—Ask Fink.

Anything about Basket ball shoes or soup—See Ida Herron.

Where to find the "Pineapple Boy"—See Hammerstein.

Where to get a good complexion—Ask Tom Cleveland.

"Just as Miller and the widow started up the aisle, to the altar, every light in the church went out."

What did the couple do then?"

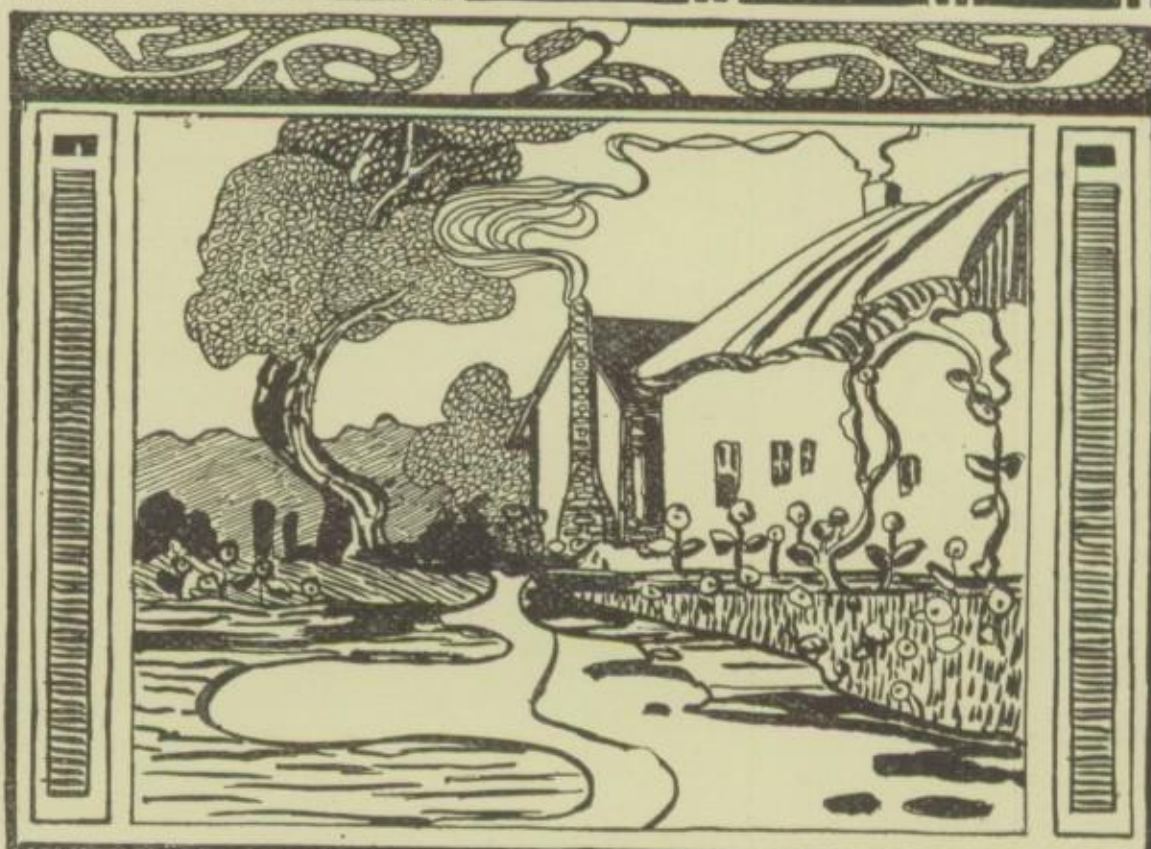
"Kept on going. The widow knew the way."—Ex.

HEARD IN ENGLISH 3.

Miss Tompkins: Herman, have you your description?

Herman: Yes, I took a piece out of Ivanhoe.

BUSINESS



**HONESTY
LOYALTY
COURTESY
INDUSTRY**





Advertising Solicitors June 1920

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Dorothy Hanneken	12.00	M. Schaefer	3.50
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H. Wachter	11.50	A. Meyer	3.15
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L. Feldwich	11.50	M. Wecka	3.15
W. Roesch	11.50	D. Eggeman	3.15
Henry Belz	11.50	E. Hlavsa	3.15
John Henry Belz	11.50	E. Shaefer	3.15
J. Moskopf	11.50	A. Gildehaus	3.15
Arthur Elsperman	11.15	Louis Fink	3.00
Elmer Sittner	10.50	Thos. Cleveland	2.00
Brendecke	10.50	B. Brennan	2.00
Bertha Foerster	10.40	M. Simpson	2.00
H. Kuhnert	10.00	M. Langen	2.00
H. Langer	9.85	D. Drouet	2.00
Stauder	9.65	B. Herzum	2.00
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Myrtle Trowbridge	8.50	Solin Seibel	2.00
Nelson Bentrup	7.65	Roy Ross	2.00
Richard Bussen	7.50	Wm. Duchek	2.00
M. Galvin	6.85	A. Henderson	2.00
Wm. Wemheuner	6.50	H. Schrader	2.00
Leota Kottkamp	6.50	M. Flier	2.00
Neoma Schnell	6.50	B. Busse	2.00
R. Hoffman	6.50	W. Stuckenburg	2.00
R. Miltenberger	6.50	R. Ellis	2.00
Lucille Murphy	6.50	W. Schmiederer	2.00
Fred Karches	6.50	E. Murphy	2.00
Arthur Kerkhoff	6.50	E. Bechtold	1.80
V. Haney	6.00	D. Holbrook	1.80
Lillian Rudi	6.00	A. Michel	1.80
Bernice Rimmey	6.00	H. Obenhaus	1.65
Leona Flier	6.00	W. Fett	1.65
Dwight Moodie	5.85	M. J. Hilliker	1.65

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 Cost to You

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BEACON SUPPORTERS
 OF GROUP 11

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Helen: How did you get that bump on your head?

Gerry: Ida told me to play on the piano and I fell off.

NO FACILITIES.

"What has become of the old-fashioned man who used to jot down memorandas on his cuffs?"

"The soft cuff proved to be his Waterloo."—Ex.

POOR THING.

"Why did the lady return the dumb-waiter?"

"Because it didn't answer."—Ex.

Miss Fisse: Are you listening, Edwin.

Weindel: Yes, I am listening to the music.

FORD'S PLACE
 7904 IVORY AVENUE
CANDIES
 ICE CREAM, CAKES and SODA

Mistress: Do you know how to serve company?

New Girl: Yessum, either way.

Mistress: Either way?

New Girl: Yessum; so's they'll come back again or so's they won't —Ex.

Battery A: I hear we are going to carry our pistols in our belts.

Battery B: Just my luck, I wear suspenders.—Ex.

Central 2457 Sidney 142
FLOWERS FOR ALL OCCASIONS
 "Our Business is Always Blooming"
DIEMER FLORAL CO.
 1805 SOUTH BROADWAY

Little Girl: Mama, if I get married will I have a husband like papa?

Mother: Yes, dear.

Little Girl: If I don't get married will I be an old maid like Aunt Kate?

Mother: Yes, dear

Little Girl: Gee, mama, it's a hard world for us women—Ex.

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 Don't be drummed by solicitors and dunned by collectors. Be your own agent and get the commission. Get **ANCHOR COAL COUPONS**. They cost you nothing and save you 50c per ton if you buy in two-ton lots or more and pay on delivery or mail check same day.
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A FRIEND

H. R. Strite

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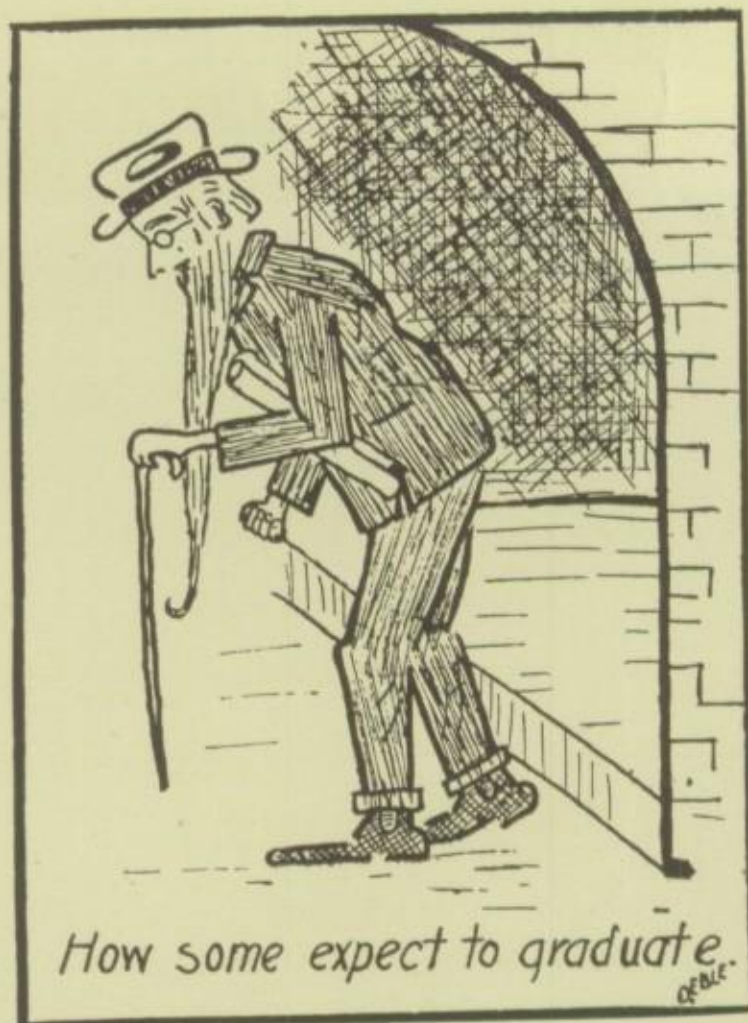
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Vulcanizing

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Bell, Lin. 1985

Kin., Cent. 6008



New Jay (at Cleveland-Soldan game): Why does Gazzola wear that nose-guard?

Senior: He smells de-feet. (de-feat.)

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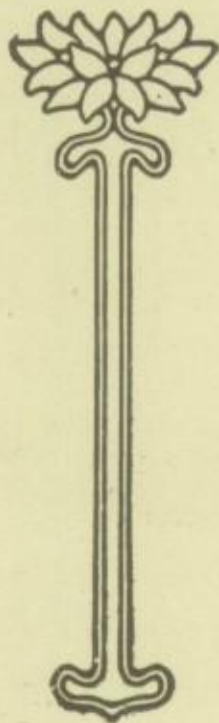
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MORE ABOUT STRIKES.
"Everybody's striking,"
Said the old clock on the shelf,
"Striking seems to be the fashion,
So I think I'll strike myself."

"But striking is my business.
Did you ever see such luck?
So I'll hafta give up striking
Just to show folks that I've struck."

The minister, glaring up at the
gallery of a church, saw his little
son throwing horse-chestnuts on the
people below. He was just about
to rebuke his son, when the boy
cried out, "Go ahead, dad, I'll keep
them awake!"—Ex.

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—of—
FRANK C. KRUEGER

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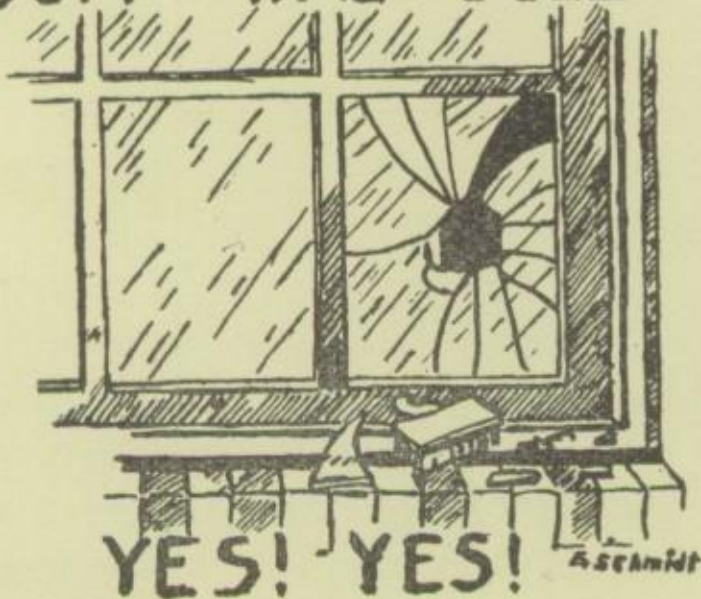
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STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!

Cross at the Crossing

**WHEN THE TEACHER
CAME BACK THE
ROOM WAS QUIET**



A politician trying to find out Ole Oleson's politics asked: "What do you think, Ole, of Wilson's running for president?"

"Ay tank Wilson bane gude president. Ay tank he be elected."

"Well, what do you think of Roosevelt's running for a third term?"

"Ay tank Roosevelt bane gude president. Ay tank he be elected."

"But who," asked the politician, "do you think has the best show?"

"Ay tank Ringling Brothers."

Phone, Riverside 132-W

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Dealer in
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REFRIGERATORS, Etc.
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**CAN YOU IMAGINE HER
REPLY?**

Young Wife: Dearest, do you know you haven't kissed me for six weeks?

Absent-minded Teacher: Good heavens! Then whom have I been kissing?—Ex.

Victor 720-L

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Kinloch, Victor 2634

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The House That Saves You Money

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First-Class Tuning and Repairing

7127 SOUTH BROADWAY
St. Louis, Mo.

"Anything I can do for you?" asked a surgeon as he passed the bed of a smiling but badly wounded soldier. "Yes, doctor; perhaps you can tell me something I'd very much like to know," answered the soldier.

"What is it?" replied the doctor.

"Well, doctor, when one doctor doctors another doctor, does the doctor doing the doctoring doctor the other doctor like the doctor wants to be doctored, or does the doctor doing the doctoring doctor the other doctor like the doctor doing the doctoring wants to doctor him?" questioned the soldier.—Ex.

FROM
A FRIEND

For Baseball—

READ

The St. Louis Times
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One of the Many Big Features in
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Two Stores

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CASS AVE. CHEROKEE ST.
Quality Furniture, Rugs, Stoves

THE KIND MOTHER USED TO MAKE.

Bobby: I know how to make toast. First you put it in the oven and burn it and then you take it to the sink and scrape it—Ex.

Mr. Eppels: Get on that board and write this sentence.

POOR PAT .

Teacher: Who can tell me what Patrick Henry said that made him famous?

Small Boy: After he was married he said, "Give me liberty or give me death."

Service is the rent we pay
pay for the space we oc-
cupy in the world.

GROUP 125

HEARD IN ROOM 202.

Miss Hiemenz: I know there are some charming young ladies in this room, but look at me once in a while.

Miss Grolton: Why does the 5 year old child who speaks perfect English begin to speak bad English when he goes to school?

Voice: He hears the teachers talking!

E. C. Briggs Confectionery

2218 CHEROKEE STREET

Home Made Candies a Specialty

Winter Tops Tel., Victor 803-R

The Van Auto Top Co.

Auto Top Building and Repairing
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Radiator Covers Seat Covers

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Fine Meats and Vegetables

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Advisory Group 12 is Always on the Job!



Cleveland's SERPENTS

Miss Fisse: Are there any books in those empty desks?

WM. HOFFMAN

6650 GRAVOIS AVENUE
FINE BAKERY

Wife (during the spat) I wasn't anxious to marry. I refused you six times.

Hubby—Yes, and then my luck gave out.—Ex.

VERY MUCH SO.

"I see where some officer is charged with making a soldier eat his cigarette."

"Then I don't wonder the men complained of being on a light diet."—Ex.

South 149

Laclede 83

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OUR SPECIALTY: COLLECTION OF RENTS AND LOANS

HUNLETH
MUSIC CO.
516 LOCUST ST.
MOST COMPLETE MUSIC HOUSE IN ST. LOUIS

Mr. Beers: Who discovered the
copper mines around Lake Huron?
Boverie: The Egyptians.

IT'S GOOD YET.

Small Boy: Pop, what is the
Board of Education.

Father: My son, when I went to
school is was generally a pine shin-
gle.—Ex.

DR. C. W. A. SPIES

Dentist

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Riverside 60

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Victor 1992-R

A. F. BISCHOFF
Meats, Vegetables & Fruits
GAME IN SEASON
3236 GUSTINE AVENUE

Willie: Mother, what would you
do if some one broke the large vase
in the dinning room?

Mother: I would whip him.

Willie: Then you'd better get
ready. Father's broken it.—Ex.

When a married woman talks
about her new suit we never know
whether she is referring to clothes
or divorce.

BAUER COAL CO.—Dealers in—ICE & FUEL

Phone, Riverside 151-J

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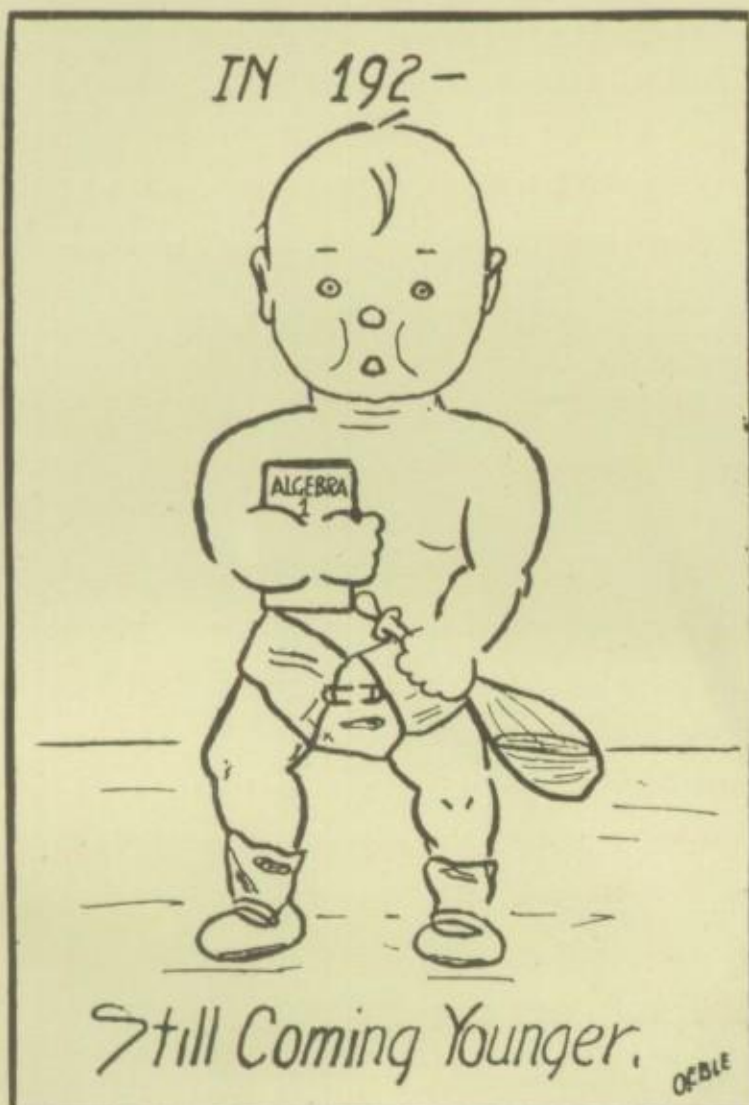
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The fellow with the sleepy walk—
Weindel.



Kin., Lac. 28 Bell, Riverside 982-J

S. W. SCHNAUS
Meat and Vegetable Market
5401 IDAHO AVENUE

WINTER ABUNDANCE.

Now, as he buys the precious stuff,
A man with sorrow thinks
Of days when ice was cheap enough
To use for skating rinks.—Ex.

Hope no one missed this chance
at the Senior Surkus.

She: Oh, sir, won't you take a
chance on a pearl necklace for the
Armenian Relief Fund?

He: I'm afraid not, I've never
had any luck with pearls.

She: Was it some great unhappi-
ness in your life sir?

He: Well, it's not that, but I've
been eating oysters for twenty-two
years and I have never found a one.

Husband: What did you do with
all those unpaid bills, Alice?

Young Wife: I saw they were
beginning to bother you, dear, so
I destroyed them.—Ex.

Chas. J. Hoffman, Ph.G.
Registered Pharmacist
803 EICHELBERGER, near Idaho

GEORGE WITSMA, JR.

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With

LORENZO E. ANDERSON & CO.
310 NORTH EIGHTH ST.

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The Big Store for Sporting Goods

=====Everything for=====

Baseball

Tennis

Golf

Fishing Tackle, Guns and Ammunition

921 LOCUST STREET

POOR DAD!

"Pa, does ink come from the Black sea?"

A moment later: "Pa, was Joan of Arc Noah's wife?"—Ex.

A BOOST
GROUP 33

Kodaks and Supplies

CUTLERY, CUT GLASS, SILVER-
WARE, PYRALIN IVORY TOILET
AND MANICURE SETS, STATION-
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There is one—the 106
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Together they stick!

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VEGETABLES
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(Holdup man to victim) "Money
or your life."

(Pat to burglar) For God's sake
take my life, I need my money to
live on."

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WALL PAPER CO.**

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Paperhangers, Make Applications
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The satisfaction of our customers
is the proof of its success.

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Everything Photographic

512 PINE ST.

Mr. Irwin: There are two kinds
of energy, Kinetic and Potential.
Now, what is Kinetic energy?

Gragg: Any kind that is not po-
tential.

GEORGE R. DEETZ
Grocer

3501 INDIANA AVENUE

LYNTON T. BLOCK & COMPANY

INSURANCE AT COST

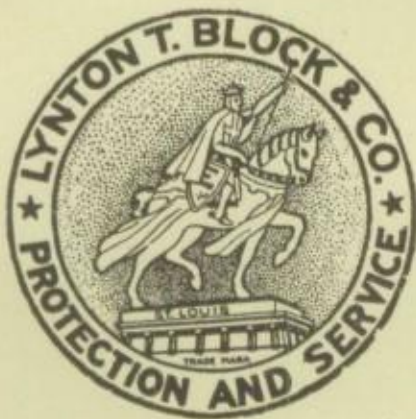
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BABY LABEL BREAD

It Has a

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WELLE-BOETTLER BAKERY

AMERICAN BAKERY CO.



**FROM AN EXAMINATION
PAPER.**

Frederick Barbarossa was drown-
ed in the Third Crusade.

NOT HARD TO FIND.

Billy: Say, you always seem to
have good-looking office girls.
Where do you find them?

Buddie: Usually in the rear of-
fice arranging their hair.—Ex.

Teacher: Who led the children
of Israel into Canaan?

No reply.

Mr. Hoch: (Somewhat sternly)
Can no one tell? Young man in
the third seat in the second row,
who led the children of Israel into
Canaan?

The New Jay: (Badly frighten-
en,) It wasn't me. I—I just moved
here last week from Bloomington.

Sidney 3063

Victor 397

**JOHN F. STUCKENBERG
PLUMBING CO.**

Practical Plumbing, Gasfitting and
Sewering
1808 SIDNEY STREET

**VILLAGE CHIPPEWA
BARBER SHOP**

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A FRIEND

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3412 CALIFORNIA AVENUE

Sidney 2170

Gorla Dry Goods Co.
CHIPPEWA and IOWA

WM. HIPPE

Meat Market
2748 WINNEBAGO STREET
Phone, Sidney 2943

Little Willie hung his sister,
She was dead before we missed her.
Willie's always up to tricks!
Ain't he cute? He's only six.—Ex.

SPARE HER BLUSHES.

"Why does that pretty boarder
blush every time she sees you?

"I got her laundry last week by
mistake."—Ex.

Auntie: Well, Bobbie, did you
see Santa Claus last night?

Bobbie: Nope, it was too dark to
see him, but I heard what he said
when he bumped his toe on the bed-
post.—Ex.

ROTH SISTERS

Millinery Shop
4660 GRAVOIS AVENUE

Stand them on their head,
Stand them on their feet,
Wallace Tire Tools for Clincher Rims
Can't be beat.

BANNER SALES CO.

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108 N. COMMERCIAL STREET

Boys—get busy and sell these: You can sell them if you can sell
Bread to the Hungry.

LIBERAL COMMISSION.

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Drugs ?
ASZMANN'S
 SPRING and JUNIATA

Mr. Bishop (to a physiology pupil): When is a horse not a horse?
 Intelligent advanced New J.:
 When it's turned into a pasture.

Mary had a little paint,
 Now don't misjudge her, pray!
 For all that Mary, dear did paint,
 Was China, by the way.
 —Ex.

The Home Laundry Co.

4300-4 FINNEY AVENUE

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WHOLESALE ONLY
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A "Chocolate Marsh"

AT

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GRAND AND ARSENAL

After
 The Dance

Strite (in examination): Have you
 an eraser, Mr. Kelsey

Mr. Kelsey: Don't bother with
 an eraser. If you want to erase any-
 thing, just draw a line through it.

MERAMEC-DANGER



A. F. HOFFMANN
JEWELER & OPTICIAN

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Bell Phone, Sidney 3484
BLUE BELL CREAMERY
 The Modern Sanitary Butter Store
 COFFEE, BUTTER, CHEESE
 and EGGS
 3659-61 S. BROADWAY

She: If you were a gentleman,
 you wouldn't smoke in the presence
 of a lady.

He: Sure, mum, but beg pardon,
 mum, I hadn't noticed as I was.

She (answering back hotly): If
 you were my husband I'd give you a
 dose of arsenic.

He (studying her furtively for a
 moment): Shure, mum, an I'd take
 it.—Ex.

Sidney 517 Victor 635
 Emil Wacker, Pres. & Treas.
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 Of All Kinds
 POULTRY and GAME IN SEASON
 2118 CHEROKEE STREET

The 5401 Virginia Ave.
SHOE STORE

LIFE'S LITTLE JOKES.
 (With apologies to Goldberg.)
 There was a young fellow named
 Whoofus McGoof
 Who when still a kid always climbed
 on the roof,
 His fond parents said as they watch-
 ed him one day.
 Our boy'll be an airman both famous
 and gay."
 Now Oscar Van Trombone De Fish-
 hound Kazink,
 When still but a baby crawled under
 the sink.
 His father said, "Surely our boy is
 a bear,
 He'll never die fighting while up in
 the air."
 But time has surprised us, I think
 it a shame,
 For Oscar was killed in a fall from
 a "plane."
 While Whoofus McGoof the bird
 who would climb,
 Is now working steadily down in a
 mine.

"I fear it will go hard with me,"
 said the egg as it dropped into the
 boiling water.—Ex.

Bell, Riverside 982 Kin., Laclede 95
OSCAR UDE
Grocery
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Riverside 1438
RICH. R. HAENEL'S
Quality Market
 Fine Meats, Fruits and Vegetables
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Saturdays to 3 p. m., Mondays to 7 p. m.*

VIRGINIA THEATRE

VIRGINIA AND WALSH



Showing

The Best in Photoplays

ABOVE THE AVERAGE

Crawford: You say you got seven pairs of slippers for Christmas. What is there so unusual about that?

Crabshaw: One pair fitted me.—Ex.

A MARATHON.

They were holding a mid-year examination in one of the schools. The subject was Geography. One of the questions was, "What is the equator?" "The equator," read the answer of a little boy, "is a menagerie lion running around the center of the earth."—Ex.

Riverside 433

CARONDELET NEWS
Quality Printing

6916 SOUTH BROADWAY

WE RECOMMEND BEACON ADVERTISERS. PATRONIZE THEM!

COMPLIMENTS
OF
GROUP 206

Miss Spalding: Give me a concrete word.

Bright Pupil: Head.

Miss Spalding: Yes, some heads are concrete.

Teacher (reading a story): It says here the wife is trying to change her husband's views.

Pupil: Why don't she use the rolling pin?

DODGE BROS. SPECIALIST
First-class work on all makes of cars
Groh Auto Repair & Supply
3638 THOLOZAN AVENUE
1 block South of Gravois on Grand

Kinloch, Central 1802
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KAERCHER SEED CO.

708-10 N. FOURTH STREET

Seeds of Quality for Garden,
Lawn and Field. Also a Complete
Line of Poultry Supplies.

Ask for Catalog

Kin., Vic. 1130 Bell, Sid. 390

GET IT AT

W. G. GRAUL, Ph.G.
Prescription Pharmacist
2901 CHEROKEE STREET

Speaking of drinks, two gallons of vinegar, six ounces of nitric acid and a can of lye make an excellent mixture with lots of power to it. A handful of cactus thorns or porcupine quills may be added where a little extra "scratch" is desired.

He held her hand,
She held his hat,
I held my breath and lay quite flat.
They kissed
I saw them do it;
She held her face up every time;
I held my peace and wrote this
rime;
They never knew I knew it—Ex.

FROM

A FRIEND

J.H. Tiemeyer
CARPET CO.
EST. 1871 514 LOCUST ST.

THE POPULAR CARPET AND RUG STORE
RUGS, LINOLEUM, CURTAINS

WE RECOMMEND BEACON ADVERTISERS. PATRONIZE THEM!

Sidney 219

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The use of this beautiful chapel without cost to you. Three private funeral parlors in addition to our chapel at your disposal.

2621-23 CHEROKEE STREET

WINKELMANN & SONS DRUG COMPANY

3300 MERAMEC STREET

Victor 779

Sidney 158

HEARD IN ALGEBRA 2.

Eble (trying to explain a definition): I cannot express my thoughts.

Ellis: Then send them by freight.

Mr. Schwartz: Hering, the office wants to see you.

A CLOSE SHAVE

"Mother," said little Arthur thoughtfully, "do men ever go to heaven?"

"To be sure, dear. Why do you ask such a question?"

"Because I never see any pictures of angels' whiskers."

"Well," said the mother reflectively, "some men do go to heaven, but they only get there by a close shave."—Ex.

Kinloch, Central 2432
Bell, Sidney 771

Westhus Furniture Co.

Furniture, Carpets, Stoves
Household Goods

Open Evenings, Except
Wednesday and Friday

2001-2003-2005 S. BROADWAY

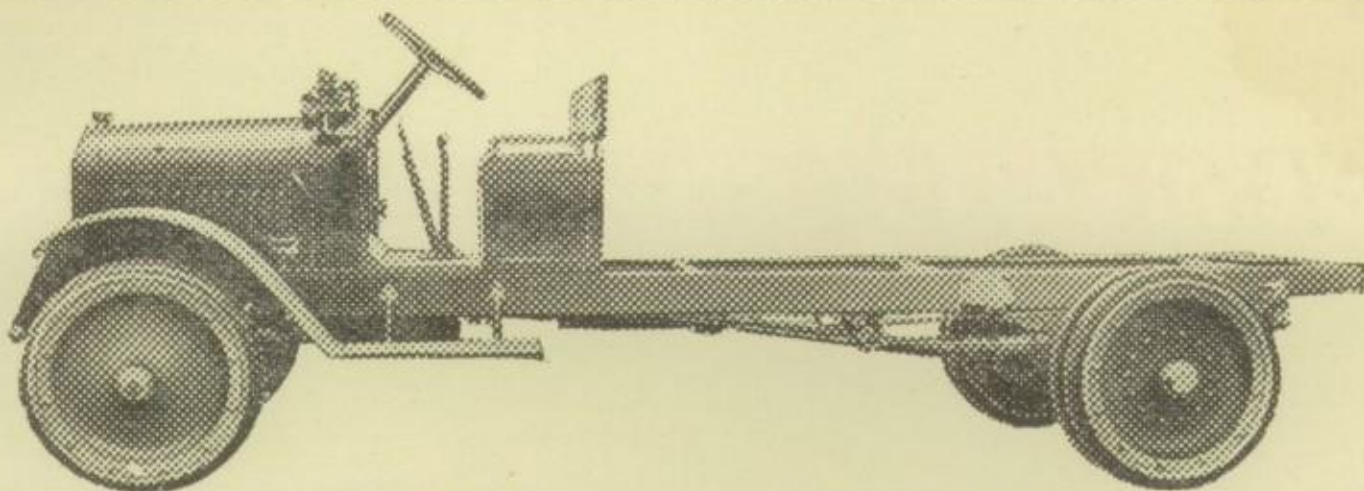
DR. V. A. GRIMAUD Dentist

5409 VIRGINIA AVE.
Gas Given

COMPLIMENTS OF SEIFER HAT CO.

7427 SOUTH BROADWAY

WE RECOMMEND BEACON ADVERTISERS. PATRONIZE THEM!



REPUBLIC TRUCKS
HOME OF THE INTERNAL GEAR DRIVE

F. C. Meyer Motor Co.
Chestnut at Sixteenth

MISS E. MEININGER

2903 CHEROKEE STREET
Fashionable Millinery
Novelties Art Needle Work

Teacher: (to English Class) Can anyone give me a word ending in "ous," meaning full of, as dangerous, full of danger; hazardous, full of hazard?

Small Boy: (much excited) Pious, full of pie.—Ex.

FOR
Kodaks and Better Pictures

SEE
ERKER'S

608 OLIVE 511 N. GRAND

AT A STAFF MEETING.
Behrens: Eble, can you draw money?

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR
"DAISY BREAD"

Freund Bros. Bakery
American Bakery Co.

Mr. Frye (speaking of Representative Districts) What Representative District are you in, Miss Fritz?

Miss Fritz: Why-er-the Thirteenth Ward.

Bell, Grand 5061 Home Cooking
SHENANDOAH
Restaurant & Lunch Room
Manglis Bros., Props.
2247 SOUTH GRAND AVE.

Ruth: Ione, are you all up in your credits.

Ione: (absently): I think so.

Ruth: You think so.

Ione: Well, what did you say?

Day Nos.	Night Nos.
Cent. 5225	Cent. 145
Olive 665	Cab. 4782

Koenig Hauling & Exp. Co.
1-TON to 5-TON TRUCKS
502 TIMES BLDG.



Settles the Question

WE RECOMMEND BEACON ADVERTISERS. PATRONIZE THEM!

“Don’t stop any old place”

GASOLINE

with

REAL “PEP”

Southwestern Auto Supply Co.

3701 S. Grand Ave.

Kingshighway and Easton

WE RECOMMEND BEACON ADVERTISERS. PATRONIZE THEM!

TO-DAY

AND

YESTERDAY.



Senior: Want to find money?
New J.: Sure, where?
Senior: Why, look in the dictionary.

ON A BULL DOG'S VIRTUES.
A bull dog sticks and won't let go.
What of that? you say?—
It's a mighty good thing for folks
to know,
Who fritter their time away.
It shows that nothing is too small,
To teach us a thing or two.
We mortals don't yet know it all,
Tho we are a conceited crew.
So stick to a thing 'til you get there,
Don't idle your time away.
Be a person who gets somewhere,
Begin at once, today!

Jeannette Lenz,
June '20.

**South Kingshighway
Filling Station**
KINGSHIGHWAY and ARSENAL

**F. M. RUDI, Ph.B., Ph.G.
Druggist**

Our Motto: "Purity and Accuracy"
Grand 600; Victor 415

Sidney 1088 Victor 1120
**Meuser-Schake Mercantile
Company**
FEED. COAL, SEWER PIPE, WALL
COPING, Etc., at Mo. Pac. R. R.
4227 GRAVOIS AVE.

Conservatory Candy Shop
2304 S. Grand Ave.

High Grade of Manufactured
Candies

Try once and you will call again

JACOB LACKS
3117 MORGAN FORD ROAD
Footwear
Shoe Repairing Our Specialty

FOR THAT SWEET TOOTH OF
YOURS SEE
WM. SEIBT
3155 CHEROKEE STREET
Select Caterer

WE RECOMMEND BEACON ADVERTISERS. PATRONIZE THEM!

Victor 437

Sidney 2140



3013 MERAMEC STREET

St. Louis, Mo.

Phone, Grand 1825

CHAS. KOHN

My Tailor Does
CLEANING, PRESSING, REPAIRING
For Ladies and Gents
1508 SOUTH GRAND AVENUE

SLEEP, BLESSED SLEEP.

I've slept in boarding house beds,
I've slept in berths on a train,
I've slept in hammocks on a ship,
I like them all the same;
I've reposed on downy couches, with
silk to cover my feet,
But none can compare with the
sleep,
That I've had in a class room seat.

Bell, Riverside 305-J

Standard Tea & Coffee Co.

Dealers in Wholesale and Retail
TEA, COFFEE, SPICES, BAKING
POWDER, EXTRACTS, Etc.
7608 SO. BROADWAY

Ham: Say, why do they count
the ocean in knots?

Budd: I dunno.

Ham: So they can have the
ocean tide.—Ex.

HEARD IN TRIGONOMETRY

Stoney: Draw an imaginary line.

Stanwood: Where is it at?

Thym: Why don't you learn your
grammar?

Sidney H. Wortmann
Prescription Druggist
N. W. Cor. 39th St. & McRee Ave.

OSCAR E. JOST
Dealer in
Groceries, Meats and
Vegetables
4549 SOUTH BROADWAY

Johnny Jump-Up
THE LEADING
SELF-RISING **FLOUR**

Missouri Belle
THE PERFECT
FAMILY FLOUR

HEZEL MILLING CO.
EAST ST. LOUIS, ILL.

FROM A BEACON BOOSTER

ADV. GROUP 10

WE RECOMMEND BEACON ADVERTISERS. PATRONIZE THEM!

When ordering your lunch demand

The J. H. Belz Provision Company's Ham or Sausage

Your Butcher or Grocer will recommend no other
when quality and not price is considered

Riverside 881

Laclede 98

Herman Paule Realty Co.
Real Estate and Insurance

Let Us
INSURE YOUR FURNITURE
We Attend to Real Estate in All
Its Branches
117 BLOW STREET

Teacher: Johnny, suppose you wanted to build a house for \$4,000 but you only had \$2,000. What would you do?

Johnny: Marry a girl who had \$2,000.—Ex.

STARKE'S MARKET

2381 CHEROKEE STREET

Everything Good to Eat

He: On board a train going from New York to Chicago there were two Chinamen who were having a lively little argument. Finally, they came to blows, and you being a passenger tried to separate them, and in the scuffle all three of you fell off the train. Now what would the conductor report about the accident?

She: Why, I don't know.

He: Lost—two washers and a nut.—Ex.

MAIN 2523 SALESROOM PHONES CENT. 2845

STEINER ENGRAVING & BADGE CO.
SALESROOM 804 PINE 2ND FLOOR
FACTORY 20TH & MULLANPHY STS.
TYLER 718 FACTORY PHONES CENT. 6897

Mrs. Berenice Rifenburg
Teacher of Piano

DIPLOMAS AWARDED
TERMS REASONABLE
4233A SO. GRAND AVENUE

WE RECOMMEND BEACON ADVERTISERS. PATRONIZE THEM!

PAUL FRIESS

Piano—Organ—Harmony

STUDIO BUILDING

TAYLOR and OLIVE

Stoney: It's raining cats and dogs outside.

Faudi: Gee; it must be beastly weather.

Eble: What could be worse than raining cats and dogs?

Stoney: Hailing street cars.

Miss Morrow: Adele absent? Why she's never absent.

Bright Pupil: She is today.

WEAR GUERDAN HATS

—2 STORES—

914 Olive

Broadway, Between Market and Walnut

Nifty Caps and Cloth Hats

Phones: L. A. Ottenad, Pres.
Bell, Riv. 1870 Kin., Lac. 165-R

W. G. Arpe Realty Co.
INSURANCE—LOANS—
COLLECTIONS OF RENTS
6424 MICHIGAN AVENUE

Siebenman: Want to buy a token for five cents?

Johnson: Your father a conductor?

HABIT.

Helen: They say he is a great horseman.

Gerry: Yes, I've noticed his close contact with them during exams.

"How do you do it, son? You sleep in that class every day?"

"The Professor is a retired minister and doesn't mind it."—Ex.

COMPLIMENTS OF

GROUP 305

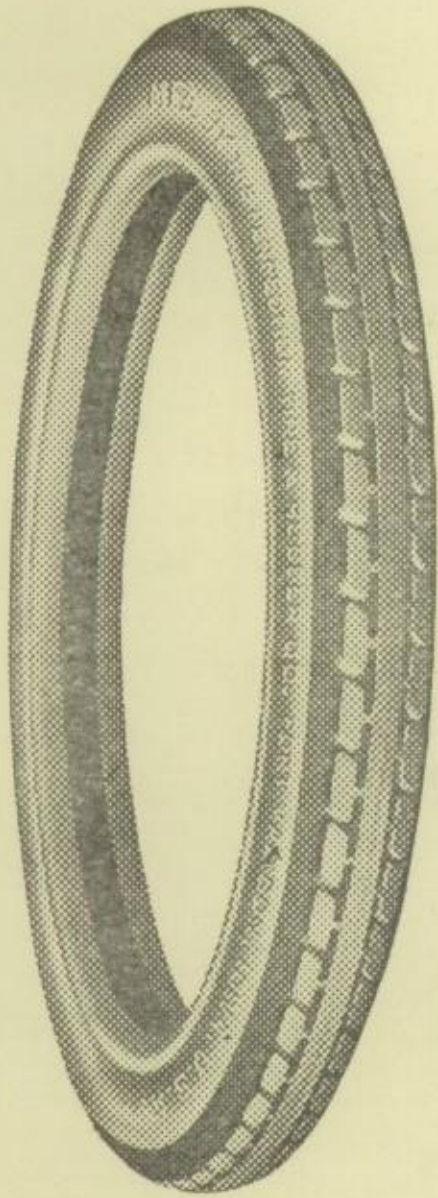
Raith Bros. Produce Co.
(Inc.)

Wholesale Fruits and Produce
913-15 N. FOURTH ST.
Phones: Bell, Olive 3545; 4420
Kinloch, Central 5043

Riverside 1243 Laclede 177-R

E. C. SECKEL
Dealer in
Dry Goods, Groceries, Seeds
129 BLOW STREET

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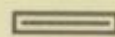
Perfection Tires

8000 MILE GUARANTEED

The Only Tire with Asbestos Protection



*Give them a trial and convince
yourself of the wonderful
service they will give you*



**ST. LOUIS
PERFECTION TIRE CO.**

3191 S. Grand Avenue

Grand 4828

Victor 328

Ath. Z. Gogas

O. W. Crecelius

Carondelet Ice Cream Co.

Wholesale and Retail

Home Made Candies

Candy Shop: 7627 IVORY AVE.
Riverside 800-J

Ice Cream Plant: 7001 Michigan Ave.
Riverside 715-W

Miss Fisse: Why is it the eighteenth power of Congress called the elastic clause?

Miss Carpenter: Because it can be stretched.

Silgo

CHEROKEE AT IOWA

YOUNG MAN, THINK THIS OVER

Suppose someone would say to you, "I want to take you into partnership with me when you graduate, providing you will put \$1,000.00 in the business."

Will you be in a position to accept this offer, if it is made to you? Start a Mercantile savings account now and be ready to open the door when opportunity knocks.

ONE DOLLAR STARTS ONE

Total Resources Over \$60,000,000

Mercantile Trust Company

Eighth and Locust to St. Charles

WE RECOMMEND BEACON ADVERTISERS. PATRONIZE THEM!

Compliments of
GOLDMAN DRY GOODS CO.
 5400-2-4 Gravois Avenue

Bell, Grand 4993

JOS. J. GROTE
Staple and Fancy Groceries
 3900 WYOMING STREET

A naval officer told his men that he wanted them to lie down on the deck on their backs, and work their legs as if riding a bicycle. All started, but after a short while the officer noticed the Irishman, Murphy, had stopped, "Why have you stopped?" asked the officer. "Plaze sor," replied Murphy "O'im only coasting."
 —Ex.

WE WELCOME YOU
SELLE JEWELRY CO.

123 (Ground Flr.) ARCADE BLDG.
 (Eighth and Olive Streets)
 Formerly at 705 Locust Street

Wanted: Rowboats, canoes, or rafts to use during baseball practice on the Cleveland Lake.

Miss Varian: (in a gym class) To keep your balance you should keep your heads on top of the ladders.

"Is this the second-hand store?"
 "Yes, sir."
 "Well, I want one for my watch."
 —Ex.

JOHN KOLAR

Fancy Stock of
School Supplies & Candies
 4527 MORGANFORD ROAD

LE ROI EST MORT.

She said that she'd be mine.
 And I thought that would be fine,
 For a week I was as happy as a king,
 Then I met a blonde that thrilled me,
 With many hopes she filled me—
 I didn't have initials in the ring.
 —Ex.

Ladies' Fine Shoes

Also Full Line
 GYMNASIUM & ATHLETIC SHOES..
WAYNE SHOE STORE
 3125 SO. GRAND, Near ARSENAL

Miss Foote: (speaking of nuts on a sewing machine.) Of course, you all know what nuts are by this time.

Miss Varian (Speaking to a class about to begin an Irish dance): Keep your Irish hands on your hips.

Mrs. Carrie P. Johnson

"High School Dancing Class"

Every Friday, 3:30 to 5:30, at
 Strassberger's Hall,
 Grand and Shenandoah Aves.

Begins in September, Closes in April

Other Classes in Interpretive,
 Aesthetic and Toe Dancing

Phone, Grand 2120-M

WM. F. BOEHL

4515 MORGAN FORD ROAD
Hardware and Paints

WE RECOMMEND BEACON ADVERTISERS. PATRONIZE THEM!

Lindell 5678

Delmar 700



**Rug and Garment
Cleaners**

4229-31-33 W. Easton Ave.

MICHEL BROTHERS
Hardware and Paint Co.
7126-7130 SOUTH BROADWAY
The Quality Hardware Store

One day there was a farmer plowing pop-corn and it was so hot, that while he plowed, the corn popped and the white popped corn scattered all over the field, and the mule that was pulling the plow thought it was snow, so he lay down and froze to death.—Ex.

HE'LL LEARN.

Teacher: What voice is this?
They are loving.

Bright New Jay: Your own voice.

Mr. Tucker: What part did Victor Emmanuel play?

Belz: What band did he play in?

AN INCH OF LOYALTY
Group 218

Michael Grocery Co.
1803 LAFAYETTE AVENUE
**Fine Groceries, Meats and
Vegetables**
Kin., Cent. 3565; Bell, Sidney 1269

25th Season Opens Sunday, May 9

FOREST PARK HIGHLANDS

*The
Big
Place*



*On
The
Hill*

**Three Daily
MILITARY BAND
CONCERTS—Free**

**Two Daily
HIGH-CLASS
VAUDEVILLE SHOWS**

WE RECOMMEND BEACON ADVERTISERS. PATRONIZE THEM!

Lenses Replaced Promptly



PAUL R. HENSEL

GRADUATE OPTOMETRIST

Victor 3292-J 3317 Cherokee St.

A southern negro approaching his employer, a prominent criminal lawyer said, "Boss, I'se in trouble again." The learned jurist answered, "Don't bother me. I have no time for you." "But, boss," the negro insisted, "my case comes up tomorrow." "All right," answered the lawyer. "I'll be there." Next morning with his usual eloquence the lawyer had the servant acquitted, and leaving the court told the negro to be in his office at 2 o'clock. When Mose reported, the lawyer said, "Mose, did you really steal that horse?" "Well, boss, when I came into dat cou't this mornin I thought sho' I was gwine to git twenty years, but after you began to talk I commenced to doubt whether I had taken that hoss, an as you went on I wasn't sho' bout it at all, and when you finished talkin, I was sho' I neber seen dat hoss."

Office Hours, 8 a. m. to 6 p. m.
Telephone, Olive 2178

Dr. Charles E. Cleveland

DENTIST

Century Building, Room 603
NINTH AND OLIVE STS.

**ASEPTIC SHAVING
PARLOR**

LOUIS SIKKA, Prop.

5219 Virginia Ave.

Our Motto Is "Service"

HUETHER'S

Dry Goods, Ladies' and
Gents' Furnishings

4439 VIRGINIA AVE.

Personal: Girls, do you all like purple and green? Helen Eisleben.

Personal: O! Cha'lly, tell grandfather to ring. Robert Hammerstein.



This is from GROUP 202!

You Can't Show Us, But We'll Show You!

F. SCHUMANN

3974 HARTFORD STREET

Groceries and Meats

"Quality First"

Victor 654

Grand 5112

**FRED C. KRING'S
DRUG STORE**

N. W. COR. MICHIGAN AVE.
AND CHEROKEE ST.

WE RECOMMEND BEACON ADVERTISERS. PATRONIZE THEM!

**STANDARD
STEAM LAUNDRY CO.**

7110 S. BROADWAY

**C. HOFFMEISTER
UNDERTAKING AND
LIVERY CO.**

Riverside 107 7814 S. Broadway

SHAW-WALKER

Exclusive Makers of Filing
Devices in Wood and Steel
Supplies for All Makes of Files

Kin., Victor 8221-R

Deliveries Everywhere

THE HOUSE WITH A PRINCIPLE

Wedding and Floral Designs a
Specialty

2714 Cherokee St.

A PERFECT COME-BACK.

"Willie, your master's report of your work is very bad. Do you know that when Woodrow Wilson was your age he was head of the school?"

"Yes, pa; and when he was your age, he was President of the United States."

Mr. Eppels: The poor man committed suicide a short time after becoming a widow.

Mr. Ewers: Look at your papers and see if you have left out any mistakes.

HEARD IN HISTORY 2.

Miss Morrow: What effect did the Diet of Worms have on Luther?

Bentrup: It made him skinny.

Isele's
MARKET 4505-IDAHO, AVE.
ST. LOUIS, MO.

Real Estate, Loans, Insurance

Jos. J. Hauer Realty Co.

303 New Lucas Building

806 CHESTNUT STREET

COULD BEAT THE CAMEL.

Mother: Yes, Johnny, a camel can go without water for eight days.

Johnny: I could go longer'n that if you didn't make me wash.—Ex.

F. L. OVERBERG

Grocer

3155 MERAMEC STREET

Bell, Sidney 117

WE RECOMMEND BEACON ADVERTISERS. PATRONIZE THEM!

Grand 927W

Victor 1741-R

\$2.00 EXPERT PIANO TUNING

HY. BIRDMAN

1813 S. Jefferson Avenue

Pianos Made Into Players

Bargains in Players and Pianos

Bell, Riverside 406 Kin., Victor 919

B. F. BRINKER'S

GROCERY AND MEAT MARKET

4535-37 Tennessee Ave.

KNOPF'S MARKET

"QUALITY ONLY"

3302 California Avenue

Bell, Sidney 795

Union Shop

Mr. Schwartz: (After working on problem for 10 minutes finding x equals O)

Faudi: Oh! Gee whiz.

Mr. Schwartz: What' the matter, Faudi?

Faudi: All that work for nothing.

HOORAH!

HOORAH!

CLEVELAND

RAH! RAH!

Group 122

Wanted: Electric fans for the stage gym.



Koken's
RETAIL
NEW
STORE
109
ARCADE BUILDING

**PRESERVE THOSE
CHARMS NATURE
HAS GIVEN YOU
WITH
NATURE'S GIFTS THRU'
OUR LABORATORIES**

Perfumes
Toilet Waters
Face Creams
Manicuring Preparations

Hair Tonics
Shampoos
Toilet Soaps
Manicuring Instruments

CUTLERY

WE RECOMMEND BEACON ADVERTISERS. PATRONIZE THEM!

Every Photographic Requirement

Is Met by

HAMMER PLATES

EACH PLATE IN EVERY BOX
EQUALS THE BEST IN ANY BOX
Hammer's Special Extra Fast (red
label) and Extra Fast (blue label)
Plates for field and studio work,
and Hammer's Extra Fast Ortho-
chromatic and D. C. Orthochro-
matic Plates for color values.

Hammer's little book,
"A Short Talk on Negative Making,"
mailed free



Hammer Dry Plate Co.
OHIO AVE. AND MIAMI ST.

Miss Gayler (to English Class):
The bell has rung and I want to
hear you be quiet.

Mr. Ewers (to boy who was talk-
ing and annoying him): Will you
come up here and have a seat, so I
can watch you.

(Boy approaches very slowly).

Mr. Ewers: You have quite a
Reverend walk this morning. I ad-
vise you to move faster.

Phone, Victor 2324-R

Estimates Furnished

CLAUDE W. HOEBER
Professional Piano Tuner
3448 CONNECTICUT ST.

Bell, Riverside 1090

MAURER
MEAT AND PROVISION
CO.
7621 S. BROADWAY

If Ever the Beacon Needs
Anything More

JUST LOOK TO GROUP

204

Wanted: Boys to make good
vaults in the gym.

A negro and an Irishman were ar-
guing about speed. The Irishman
said, "In Ireland if a man died at
7:00 o'clock one evening, by break-
fast his wife had the insurance
money."

"Dat's nuffin," sniffed the negro, "I
uster wuk fur a insurance company
an one day dere was a winder washer
washing winders on de twenty-first
floor ob de buildin. We wus on de
thud-floor. Wall, sar, dis guy's foot
slipped and he fell, and as he passed
our winder I done handea him his
insurance money."—Ex.

Victor 2298-L

CHIPPEWA LEADER

M. C. HESS

LADIES' SUITS, COATS, DRESSES,
WAISTS and SKIRTS
3818 SOUTH BROADWAY

CHAS. LOEFFE

Hardware Company
3766 SOUTH BROADWAY

Kin., Laclede 104

Bell, Riv. 278

Meyerott's Pharmacy
5201 VIRGINIA AVENUE

WE RECOMMEND BEACON ADVERTISERS. PATRONIZE THEM!

**"KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING"
CLEAN AND WARM WITH**



COKE



EDW. DEVOY FUEL CO.

Family Service Coal and Coke

6th Floor Equitable Bldg.

Locust at Sixth

COMPLIMENTS OF

GROUP 12

The sorry world is sighing now,
Flu is at the door,
And many folks are dying now
Who never died before.—Ex.

Eggemann: Say, Herron, did you
see Louie's pearl tie pin

Herron: Why, he hasn't a pearl
tie-pin, but maybe he had tapioca
for dinner.

JULIUS FRITON, Pres.

ALBERT G. FRITON, Vice-Pres.

ERNEST T. FRITON, Sec'y

Established 1859

JULIUS FRITON JEWELRY AND GEM CO.

St. Louis' Most Exclusive Jewelry Shop

Bead Necklaces a Specialty

Gold Medal Awarded at the San Francisco World's Fair

DE MENIL BUILDING

121 NORTH SEVENTH STREET

Bell Telephone, Olive 49

WE RECOMMEND BEACON ADVERTISERS. PATRONIZE THEM!

CHEER UP!

WHEN THINGS LOOK BLACK

"PHONE CHAPMAN"

Johnson Lock Service and Sales

E. B. ROBARDS

Official Dodge Bros.
Service

3914 Washington Ave. Lindell 370

Bell, Sid. 591 Kin., Victor 688-R

O. M. HINZE

Merchant Tailor

2608 CHEROKEE STREET

Both Phones

GEO. L. HAMBLEY

Grocer

3974 JUNIATA STREET

Speaking about ages, what about these?

An age that hurts—Sufferage.

Age most women look forward to with great anxiety—Marriage.

An age the soldier has—Courage.

Age we are forbidden to worship—Image.

An age people are stuck on—Mucilage.

Age both profane and destructive—Damage.

Age necessary to the clergymen—Parsonage.

Age of communication—Postage.

Age of importance to traveler by rail—Mileage.

Age now popular for charity—Coinage.

Age we all wish for—Homage.

Age most enjoyable in summer—Beverage.

Age of indigestibility—Sausage.

Age of apartments—Cooperage.

Vera Kuemmel,
Jan. '21.

Two Irishmen were up in the mountains hunting. The one carrying the gun saw a grouse and carefully took aim. "Mike," shouted Pat, "Don't shoot: The gun ain't loaded."

"I've got to," yelled Mike, "the bird will niver wait!"

COMPLIMENTS OF

GROUP 211

Strassberger Building

E. K. BAUCHEUS

Millinery of Character

2812 CHEROKEE STREET

Bell, Sidney 2015

BIPPEN BROS.

Choice Meats & Vegetables

Four Busy Markets
2855 KEOKUK STREET

WE RECOMMEND BEACON ADVERTISERS. PATRONIZE THEM!

Bell Phone, Grand 1089

MISS M. ROTH
Millinery

2310 SOUTH GRAND AVENUE

Bell, Sidney 2504 Kin.: Victor 534
Victor 1932-R

JUL. J. EBINGER

Wholesale and Retail

Coal and Coke

4446 GRAVOIS AVENUE

Wanted: Doorkeepers for the girls' locker rooms to keep out trespassers.

STUDYING THE FUTURE.

"Baby has the head of a poet or an artist," exclaimed the fond mother.

"That's a poor outlook for learning capacity," said the father. "Look at his hands and see if they don't show any signs of his being able to put in a few hours a day as a plumber or bricklayer.—Ex.

FOR DIVER'S REASONS

Unto a little African
A swimming in the Nile
Appeared quite unexpectedly
A hungry crocodile,
And with the chill politeness
That makes the warm blood freeze,
Said, "I'll take a little dark meat
Without the dressing, please."—Ex.

O. F. GERG

Shoe Repair Shop

3202 CHEROKEE STREET

Rubber Heels and Soles a Specialty

Small Boy (to a Scotch Highlander wearing Kilties): S'cuse me, boss; but your stockin's is down or your skirts is up or somethin!—Ex.

HIGH FINANCE.

Prospective Son-In-Law: Please, sir, may I marry Gwendolyn?

Father: Well, last month she spent \$600 for a coat, \$3,000 for a diamond pin, \$400 for—

P. S.-I.-L.: But, sir, I am a union carpenter—

Father: Take her, my son, she's yours.—Ex.

Chas. P. Whitbread & Co.

General Underwriters

ALL KINDS OF INSURANCE
AND BONDS

PIERCE BUILDING

Kinloch, Victor 3250-R

Dr. Edwin H. Barsachs

Dentist

3100 CHEROKEE STREET
S. W. Cor. Minnesota

M. J. CLARKE

Theatrical Costumer and Wigmaker

Costumes and Wigs Rented for Plays, Masquerades, Minstrels,
Operas, Historical Pageants, Etc.

507 NORTH BROADWAY

(3rd Floor—Elevator)

Phone, Main 1101

ST. LOUIS

WE RECOMMEND BEACON ADVERTISERS. PATRONIZE THEM!

YOUNG MEN

Get your fathers to start a
“NORTHWESTERN” Policy
as a Graduation Present



W. J. FISCHER, *General Agent*

**NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY**

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

Let us discuss with you the advantage
of getting insurance *when you can*, and
at the *cheap rates* of the *young ages*.

Victor 906

Riverside 1174

GEO. W. KNOTEN
Fancy Meats & Vegetables

4501 PENNSYLVANIA AVE.

Wanted: Efficiency traffic directors to direct traffic around the stairways.

Mr. Beers: What is molasses?

John Leibrock: Oh, that's that brown, sticky stuff, that you put on pan-cakes.

Mr. Schwartz: (Stopping in the middle of the discussion of a problem) Hum, now? Let's see, where was I?

Victor 432

Sidney 2700

When You Want Real Service
SEE US

South Side Auto Supply Co.
3445 SOUTH GRAND AVENUE

Bell, Riverside 1102

W. O. HILL & SON
Groceries and Meats
Poultry and Game in Season
5927-29 SOUTH BROADWAY

Wife: What kind of a bird shall I get on my new hat, dear?

Hubby: Oh, I don't care. Only make it with a small bill.—Ex.

Patient: Is this medicine to be used only for local application?

Dr: Oh, no. You can use it anywhere you are.

HEARD IN SPANISH 2.

Girl (Translating Spanish to English): Every morning I was awakened by the ringing of a horn.

FROM

A FRIEND

H. ECKHARDT'S

ICE CREAM PARLOR & GARDEN

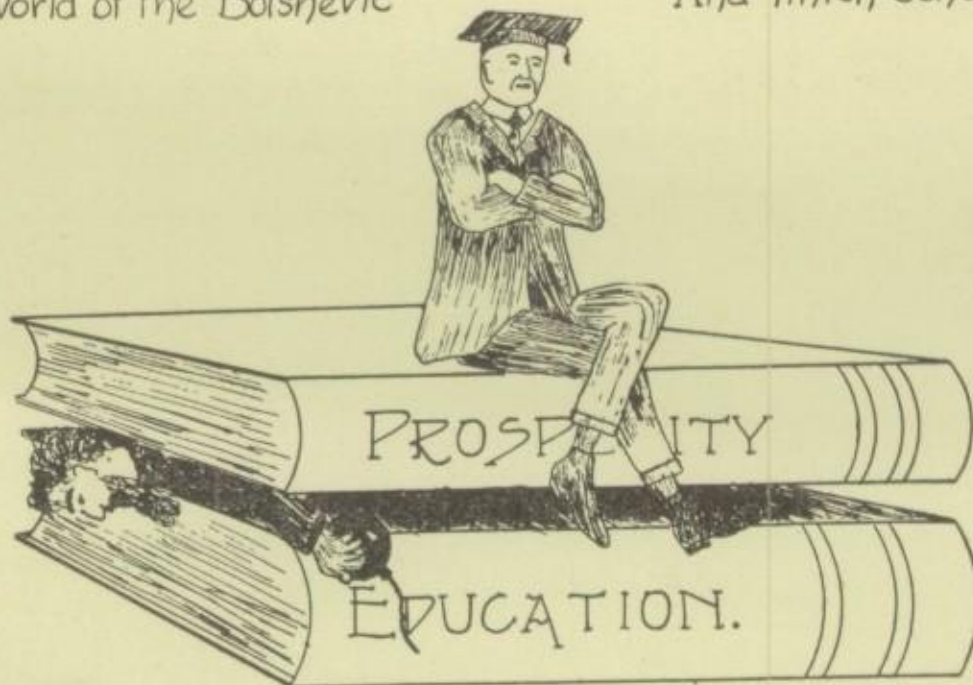
6343 Alabama Ave.
Cor. Kansas St.

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EGW 12

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Established 1849

Phones:

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Wholesale and Retail

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Provisions

No. 606 MARKET STREET

Kin., Victor 2581-X Bell, Sid. 953-W
Residence Phone, Victor 1706-L

BECKMANN SISTERS

Millinery and Modiste

3147 MERAMEC STREET

COMPLIMENTS

OF GROUP 217

HEARD IN ENGLISH 6.

Nisbit (Reading a sentence): The other day I heard a conversation in the car between two ladies, which I enjoyed immensely.

(Laughter from the class.)

Nisbit: I didn't enjoy the ladies you understand, they were too old.

Mr. Eppels: Take down to the top of page 22 for to-morrow.

HEARD IN ALGEBRA 1.

Mr. Schwartz: Roedel, were you copying from Robinson's paper?

Roedel: No, sir. I was just looking if his was like mine.

Kinloch, Vic. 166-L Bell, Sid. 1412

JOSEPH A. RIES

Registered Plumber

GAS FITTING AND SEWERING

3154 S. GRAND AVE.

A LEAP YEAR RHYME.

If your love for me is true,
Please send me back this bow of blue
If you wish me for your wife,
Please send back this bow of white,
If with me you would be seen,
Please send back this bow of green,
If your love for me is dead,
Please send back this bow of red,
If you are some other girl's fellow,
Please send back this bow of yellow,
If with me you will elope,
Please send back this bow of helio-
trope,
If for me there is no hope,
Please send me six yards of rope,
If you think we will make a pair,
Please send me a lock of hair,
If you think I am a dandy,
Please send me a box of candy.

—Ex.

Wanted: Boys to forge checks in the Cleveland forge shop.

Phone, Sidney 2073

A. JASINSKI

Staple & Fancy Groceries

TEA, COFFEE, BUTTER & EGGS

2852 MERAMEC STREET

Bell Riverside 757... Kin., Laclede 181

LANDER'S DRUG STORE

H. J. LANDER, Proprietor

8208 ALABAMA AVENUE

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We carry a Complete Line of

Home Furnishings
Columbia Grafonolas and Records
Player Pianos and Player Rolls

3 STORES

427 West Schirmer 1541-43 S. Broadway 4746-48 Gravois

CASH OR TIME

HEARD IN PHYSIOLOGY.

Mr. Bishop: (holding up a model of stomach) What is this stomach made of?

Pupil: Plaster of paris.

Bell 3017

HARRY BECKERLE

Dealer in

Choice Meats & Vegetables

2916 CHIPPEWA STREET

Riverside 277 Laclede 109
Established 1872

C. R. WATKINS

Coke and Kindling

Furniture & Fuel Co.

Furniture, Stoves, Rugs, Coal

7214-7224 SOUTH BROADWAY

We Furnish the Home Complete
and Keep it Warm For You

**KRANZ CARRIAGE
and AUTOMOBILE CO.**

3032-42 GRAVOIS AVE.

Builders of High Grade
TRUCK BODIES AND CABS

Personal: Wake me up whenever I am called on. Roland Busch.

Wanted: Some studious Seniors want time to think.

Bell, Riverside 499

E. FRED EISENBACH

LADIES', MEN'S AND CHILDREN'S
FINE SHOES

7824 IVORY AVENUE

Kinloch, Victor 1396
Bell, Sidney 1220

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Grocery and Meat Co.

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Bell, Sidney 4087
Kinloch, Victor 704

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Cut Flowers, Plants and Floral
Designs for All Occasions

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Kinloch, Central 1802
Bell, Olive 4548

KAERCHER SEED CO.

708-10 N. FOURTH STREET

Seeds of Quality for Garden,
Lawn and Field. Also a Com-
plete Line of Poultry Supplies.

Ask for Catalog

Mr. Beers: What is lead used
for?

Ray Gillespie: Gas-pipe, lead
pencils and silver paper.

Life's battle don't always go
To the stronger or faster man;
But sooner or later, the man who
wins
Is the man who thinks he can.—Ex.

Grand 1160

Fairmont Bottling Co.

Manufacturers of
High Grade Soda, Ginger Ale, Etc.
2118 COOPER STREET

Mr. Frye: Why is this an extra-
ordinary love poem?

Miss Herron: Because it was
written to his wife.

STEVENSON STUDIO
Everything Photographic

3114 SOUTH GRAND AVE.
Try Our 24-hour Kodak Finishing
Department—Attractive Prices

Sidney 3845-W Victor 3322-R

Hahn Dry Goods Store

Ladies' & Gents' Furnishings
3100 CHEROKEE STREET

Phone, Victor 416

Repair Work Promptly Attended to
South St. Louis

Slate & Tile Roofing Co.
Office, 2917 BRANNON AVE.

Milwaukee Bakery Co.

F. W. Lademan, Pres. & Genl. Mgr.
Makers of the Famous
Milwaukee Rye Bread
GRAND and GRAVOIS AVES.

Bell, Grand 356

Kinloch, Victor 1713



3117 SOUTH GRAND

Cut Flowers for All Occasions. Also Funeral Designs, Plants, Etc.

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Telephones: Bomont 995; Central 7490

DR. V. A. GRIMAUD

Dentist

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Gas Given

Sidney 3845-W

Victor 3322-R

STATE TIRE CO.

Retreading, Vulcanizing,

Auto Accessories

GRAND AND PARK AVES.

F. Wagner, Manager

Riggle: Please, Miss Hiemenz, may I have a library ticket?

Miss Hiemenz: Oh, you—you and Hellinger—by the way what is Walter doing now?

Riggle: Working in a bank, but he's going to quit next week.

Miss Hiemenz: He is?

Riggle: Yes um—Gee, they watch you close at a bank, don't they?

Miss Hiemenz: Who was Xanthippa?

Bloomer: Mrs. Socrates.

Mr. Ewers: Take the blackberry, for instance, it is red when it is green.

Personal: Not responsible for rain-checks lost by those occupying the gallery in Room 210.

E. HARTLING

Staple and Fancy Groceries,

Fresh and Smoked Meats

2727 OSAGE STREET

Phones: Victor 1124 Grand 4025

NESLAGE MARKET

Groceries, Meats & Vegetables

3203 SOUTH GRAND AVENUE

COMPLIMENTS OF

"THE LUCKY GROUP"

No. 13

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WM. J. SCHAEFFER
 Dealer in
Used and New Building Materials
 4118-32 Gravois Avenue Both Phones

Compliments of
THE DAVID JONES CO.
 702 NORTH THIRD STREET

Whitbread: I gave you a piece of fudge this morning, and you have been sending all your friends to me ever since.

Stoney: Those were not my friends, they were my enemies.

COMPLIMENTS OF
B. G. GIRLS

Personal: Do you think my red tie will show on the picture? Otto Eble.

Bell, Sidney 35
 Battery Service
So. Side Battery & Serv. Co.
 G. J. KIBURZ, Mgr.
 3224 SOUTH GRAND AVENUE

LIFE IN A FEW WORDS.

Uncle Bill Smith read the railroad sign:

"Stop, look, listen."

"Them words express the entire scheme of life," he said.

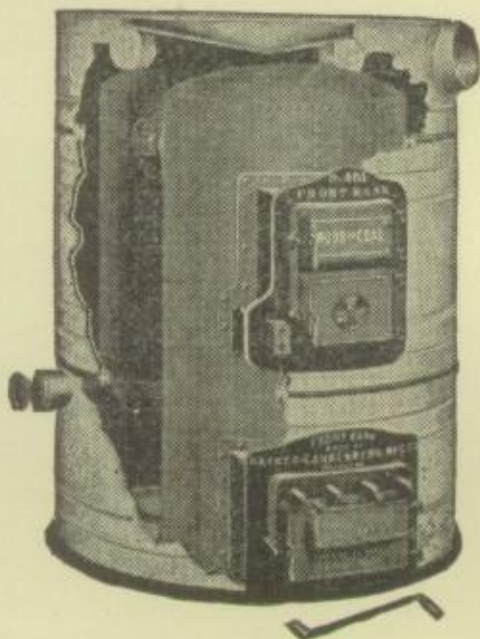
"How is that?" asked his friend.

"You see a purty gal; you stop; you look; and after you marry her you listen."—Ex.

PEMBERTON STUDIO
 Photographs
 3414A CALIFORNIA AVENUE

Mr. Moody: Can any one define Pi.?

Remmers: No, but I can circumscribe one.



FRONT RANK
TRADE NAME REGISTERED

STEEL FURNACES

20,000

Installed in St. Louis Homes

A good indication of **FRONT RANK** efficiency

HAYNES-LANGENBERG MFG. CO.

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LONG DISTANCE MOVING

PACKING--All Pianos Carefully Moved and Hoisted--SHIPPING

Only Careful and Competent Men Employed.
Long Distance From Town To City and City To Town.

PALACE PICNIC CARS FOR ALL OCCASIONS.

Sidney 203

J. A. MRAZEK Central 7876-L

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Opp. Flour Mills

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OAK HILL AVENUE

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M. Hammel Real Estate Co.
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6721 SOUTH BROADWAY

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PRALLE BAKERY CO.
Wholesale Only
Complete Line of Fresh Goods
Furnished Twice a Day
4159 UNION AVENUE

Little Ethel: Mamer, Mrs. Gaby-leg's husband isn't dead, is ne?

Mother: No, dear.

Ethel: Well, what is she getting married again for?

Mother: Now, dear, you don't understand such things.

Ethel: Oh, yes, I do. It's just like getting vaccinated; it didn't take the first time.—Ex.

ASK ANYBODY
MELBA OR CHEROKEE
(Grand and Miami)—(Cherokee and Ohio)
THEATRES

WE RECOMMEND BEACON ADVERTISERS. PATRONIZE THEM!

Parents of Cleveland Boys and Girls!

Are you really interested in Cleveland High School? Very well! Do not fail to attend the meetings of the Parent-Teachers' Association held on the Second Wednesday of each month in Room 300. ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡

Grand 451

MAE RICHTER HOUGHTON Milliner

3012 SOUTH GRAND AVENUE

Formerly Designer for Myles

IN NO DANGER.

"I say, Jones, I want to insure my coalyards against fire. What would a policy for \$20,000 cost?"

"What coal is it? Same kind as you sent me last?"

"Yes."

"I wouldn't bother insuring it if I were you. It won't burn."—Ex.

Fred W. Grabenschroer
Prescription Druggist
4101 JUNIATA STREET
Cor. Oak Hill Ave.

Grand 4975 Victor 805-R
J. W. KOLB & SONS
Groceries Meats & Vegetables
4070 JUNIATA STREET

METHUDY TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY

3553 LINDELL BOULEVARD

Phone, Sid. 2190

J. WINTERMAN Tailor

3158 SOUTH GRAND AVE.
Maker of Fine Clothes

Mr. Frye: (Reading from the Rape of the Lock) "And keener lightnings quickened in her eye"—calling on Busch—"How could that be?"

Busch: She put some stuff in her eyes.

(Tell us, Busch, how do you get to know all those bright things?)

HACKMAN BROS. **STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES**

3901-03 Russel Avenue
Grand 517 and 4140
Victor 53

3735 Connecticut Street
Grand 701
Victor 1142

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THE CENTRAL NATIONAL BANK of ST. LOUIS

CAPITAL \$1,000,000.00
SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS \$400,000.00

NET DEPOSITS

March 4th, 1915 - \$6,924,692.64
December 31st, 1915 - 9,220,242.09
December 27th, 1916 - 14,226,854.63
December 31st, 1917 - - - 17,031,264.50
December 31st, 1919 - - - - 19,460,788.78
February 28, 1920 - - - - - 19,529,666.94

ACCOUNTS OF INDIVIDUALS, MERCHANTS, CORPORATIONS,
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DEPOSITS AND SAVINGS ACCOUNTS. CORRESPONDENCE IN-
VITED. INTERVIEWS DESIRED.

OUR MOTTO:
COURTESY, FAIRNESS AND EFFICIENCY

Best Drug Service, Fountain Service, Cigar Service
JUDGE & DOLPH DRUG CO.
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EBLE & FAUDI, INC.

Manhattan Shirts

Interwoven Socks

F. H. HOELL D. G. CO.

3143 S. Grand Ave.

Every Beacon Reader Knows the Quality of

"BLACK CAT HOSE"

Warner Corsets

Black Cat Hosiery

WE RECOMMEND BEACON ADVERTISERS. PATRONIZE THEM!

NOTARY PUBLIC

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Residence—Kinloch, Victor 2479-R

C. R. MILTENBERGER

REAL ESTATE AND FINANCIAL AGENT

14 North Eighth Street

SAINT LOUIS

THE "PEP" MANUFACTURING CO.

Group 215

Yeldell: Pick that splinter from
under my nail.

"Who gave you the black-eye,
Murphy?"

Hammerstein: What have you
been doing? Scratching your head?

"Nobody gave it to me; I had to
fight for it."—Ex.

**Boost the BEACON if you
Have a chance——
Don't just give it a
Passing glance.**

Compliments Group 221.

WE RECOMMEND BEACON ADVERTISERS. PATRONIZE THEM!



*“Not How Cheap—
But How Good”*

Budweiser

Always—Everywhere



Served at all
Hotels, Clubs and Cafes
Drug Stores
and
Soft Drink Stands

Families Supplied by Grocers

Anheuser - Busch

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"A NEW JAY SPECIAL"



AND



LATEST STYLES IN MILLINERY AT POPULAR PRICES

The Dollye Shop, 3024 South Grand Avenue

—ALSO—

The Thurman Hat Shop, 2251 Thurman Avenue

MRS. B. KAMINSKY, Proprietor

FRED MARTY
Groceries, Flour & Feed
4501-3 VIRGINIA AVENUE

FROM
A PATRON

Mr. Moody: Suppose we debate
on Prohibition.

Busen: That's too dry a subject.

Wanted: Girls to sew buttons on
the second floor.

Sidney 838

Victor 2990-R

Blue Grass Creamery
2919 GRAVOIS AVENUE

"Wonder when the first cyclone
was."

"Don't know, but there is no doubt
to the first hurricane."

"When was that?"

"When Eve hurried Cain off to
school."

("Hurry, Cain, you'll be late.")

—Ex.

Personal: Not responsible for
blisters or muddy shoes after a G.
A. A. Hike. Loretta Eggeman.

WE RECOMMEND BEACON ADVERTISERS. PATRONIZE THEM!

HENRY BELZ and SON

The Oldest Market in the City

Old School Qualities
High School Service

You will enjoy our quality and service

2037 GRAVOIS AVENUE

JACOB DAUBLER, Gen'l Mgr.

SEEN IN ROOM 115.

The boy went home. (Active.)

The boy was taken home. (Passive.)

Wanted: Comfortable stables for
the horses in the gym.

Wanted: English 6 notebooks.

PETER NANSEN

Dealer in

MEATS AND PROVISIONS

2225 Chouteau Ave.

Kinloch, Victor 1221-R

Bell, Grand 3806

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AUG. GRUNWALD
6227 GRAVOIS AVENUE
Fresh Bread and Cake Twice Daily

Phones: Sidney 1542 Victor 240
South Bend & O'Dell Tires
Superior Tire & Supply Co.
(INC.)
4208 VIRGINIA AVENUE
Vulcanizing Accessories

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7201 South Broadway

Total Assets Over \$2,500,000.00

4% Paid on Time Certificates

3% Paid on Savings Accounts

2% Paid on Checking Accounts 'over \$500.00

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JOHN BERLIEN

PATENTEE AND MANUFACTURER OF

The Reliance Auto Lock

3007 MIAMI STREET
ST. LOUIS, MO.

THE CLEVELAND Ice Cream, Candies, Statn'y

4401 VIRGINIA AVENUE
A. Winge, Prop.

RED WING THEATER Showing High Class Pictures AT REASONABLE PRICE

NEWEST SONG HITS.

1. Robert Behrens—All Those in
Favor Say "Aye."

2. Lewis Fink — Blues My
Naughty Sweetie Gives to Me.

3. Florence Gundlach — Fluffy
Ruffles.

4. David Stoney—A Good Man
is Hard to Find.

5. Loretta Eggemn—A Little

Birch Canoe and You.

6. Marion Whitbread — Some
Gal.

7. Ida Herron—Ider Sweet as
Apple Cider.

8. Helen Eisleben—I Hear the
Ukeleles Calling Me.

9. Hortense Schroeder — Any-
thing that is Worth While Getting
is Worth While Waiting for.

10. Dick Herring—Full O' Snap.

11. Geraldine Funk—Jerry .

12. Adolph Thym—Too Much
Ginger.

13. Janet Lane—Sweet Baby.

14. Edwin Pheifer—Oh! You
Women.

15. Edwin Boverie—When I'm
Gone They'll Soon Forget.

16. Leona Flier—Sweet n' Pret-
ty.

17. "Doc" Miller—N'everything.

COMPLIMENTS OF

ADVISORY GROUP 103

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WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY

ranks among the foremost American schools in preparing Young Men and Young Women for Success. Opportunities for Self-Development outside of the classroom are offered by the extensive residence dormitories provided for both men and women; by well equipped gymnasiums, dramatic and debating societies, musical clubs and student publications which provide abundant facilities for human contact and for interstudent competition.

The College offers general training for leadership, through standard University Courses leading to the A. B. degree.

The School of Architecture trains its students in the principles and practice of the oldest and noblest of the Arts.

The School of Engineering prepares, by thorough training, for constructive work along Engineering lines.

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The School of Dentistry, by thorough training in both principles and practice, prepares students for success in Dentistry.

Extension Department offers exceptional opportunities for practical self-development to those whose time is limited. Ask for information about Saturday and Evening courses.

*For full information write to
G. W. Lamke, Registrar, University Hall*

WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY ST. LOUIS
MO.

ALPHA VERSUS OMEGA.

"You are old," said the New Jay,
"I'd hardly have thought
You'd remember your Algebra One.
Yet you worked that last problem on
which I was caught.

Pray, how in the world was this
done?"

"That was simple," the Senior re-
plied with a grin,

"A great mind like mine don't for-
get

The assortment of rules it's allowed
to soak in.

That's why I can work problems
yet."

"With all due respect to your great-
ness and age,"

Said the New Jay, "Allow me to
bet

That you made a mistake just a line
up the page.

You should have used 'still' for that
'yet.' "

Pevely Dairy Company



THE BEST MILK

?

If you were "hep"
To all the pep
That exists in 223,
Then without a doubt
You would surely shout
"That's the group for me."

WE RECOMMEND BEACON ADVERTISERS. PATRONIZE THEM!

"The mistake, little New Jay, don't
 show that I'm dumb,
 It was just there to make the thing
 rhyme.
 It's best to remember expressions
 like that,
 You'll probably need them some
 time."
 "You are old, Mr. Senior," the New
 Jay said,
 "And your mien should be stately
 and grave,
 Yet I saw you just now, throw a
 book at my head.
 Pray why do you thus misbehave?"
 "In my youth," said the Senior, "I
 often was fined
 For ruining many a book.
 But now I've put poor on receipt
 cards I've signed
 And I don't worry how my books
 look."
 "You are old," said the youth, "Yet
 You're filled up with pep

Keep Smiling With Kellys



Kelly-Springfield Tire Co.

3221 LOCUST STREET

"Everyone Must
Help to Make
CLEVELAND
Better"

Group 109.

WE RECOMMEND BEACON ADVERTISERS. PATRONIZE THEM!

Order by the Case

GREEN TREE SELECT

Most Delicious, Palatable and Nutritious Product

A Trial Order will Convince

Your Dealer Will Supply You

As much as a three or a two.
And you root just as loud and you
make as much noise
As all of the 'Under-grads' do."
"In my youth," said the Senior, "I
went to the games,
And kept my voice limber and sup-
ple.
You get in with these tickets at fif-
teen a piece.
Allow me to sell you a couple."
"But still," said the New Jay, "I
cant' quite make out

Where they get that you Seniors are
great.

Why everyone gets there in four or
five years,

It's simply one's natural fate."

"You are young," said the Sage,

"and your childlike surprise

Has amused me a terrible lot.

If you think I will answer your
questions all day,

I want you to know I will not."

Judson T. Biehle,

Jan. 1920.

Highest Grade



Food Products

HIGHER EDUCATION

Scientific Research has demonstrated the value of guaranteed
PURE FOOD PRODUCTS. You want the best!

See that you get what you want, and what you pay for. There
is no **good** reason why you should accept substitutes.

"ROBIN BRAND"

DOUBLE EXTRA GRADE

Absolutely the best obtainable. Your regular grocer can
supply you.

A TEST

Buy a ROBIN BRAND FOOD ITEM, also one of **any** other
brand—compare them, then judge for yourself.

THE SCUDDERS-GALE GROCER COMPANY

12th & Poplar Streets

St. Louis

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INLAND



ONE-PIECE PISTON RING

The Inland One-Piece Piston Ring, when contracted in a cylinder, tends to uncoil like a spring, in a perfect circle, exerting an even and gentle radial pressure against the cylinder. Its free ends are diagonally opposite, and all openings are effectually sealed so that no gas can escape. Being made of one piece, out of the best grade of gray cast iron, they cannot score or mar the cylinders.

Millions
In Use!



Money
Refunded
within ninety
days on any ring
that fails to give
satisfaction.

INCHES	WIDTH					
	5/32	3/16	1/4	5/16	3/8	1/2
2						
2 1/8						
2 1/4						
2 3/8						
2 1/2						
2 5/8						
2 3/4						
2 7/8						
3						
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4 7/8						
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5 1/8						
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5 1/2						
5 5/8						
5 3/4						
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Prices on 6 inches and over furnished on request

No extra charge for over sizes

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BLUE BIRD CANDY SHOP

"Nuf Sed"

GRAND AND CONNECTICUT

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Leo & Ammon Supply Co.

AUTO ACCESSORIES, TIRES
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CUT FLOWERS, FLORAL DESIGNS
PLANTS, DECORATIONS
We Deliver
800 KANSAS STREET

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Grower of Cut Flowers and Bedding
Plants
4722 TENNESSEE AVENUE

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Deliveries Everywhere

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FLORIST

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Wedding and Floral
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Vito Correnti, Prop.

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Dealers in COFFEE & SPICES
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Victor 1022-R

Sidney 3373

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Optometrist and Optician

With Ernst Nickl, Jeweler
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**Tiemann Coal and Material
Company**

GRAVOIS & OAK HILL R. R.

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VEGETABLES AND POULTRY
6713 ALABAMA AVENUE

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512 Locust Street

Phones: Central 1640, Olive 1285

Hannauer Real Estate Co.

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Bell, Forest 240, Forest 7010
Colfax 175

Kin., Delmar 612
Delmar 1269

J. MUELLER GROCER CO.

GROCERIES, MEATS & VEGETABLES

Marcus & St. Louis Rosalie & Athlone

HOHLT'S PHARMACY

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SAVAGE, ROBINSON & BARCA

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GRAVOIS MOTOR and CYCLE SHOP

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CYCLES—BICYCLES

Repairing and Supplies

6241 Gravois Avenue

WE RECOMMEND BEACON ADVERTISERS. PATRONIZE THEM!

"THE COMPLETE AUTO SHOP"

Telephones: Sidney 464; Victor 750

PIONEER AUTO AND VEHICLE CO.

3400-3402 South Broadway

F. W. KARCHES, President

BUILDERS OF AUTOMOBILE AND VEHICLE BODIES AND TOPS

MACHINE WORK

PAINTING AND REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO

AN ANCIENT EXAMPLE.

"Pa, the whale that swallowed Jonah was the original profiteer, wasn't he?"

"In what way, my son?"

"Didn't he grab all the prophet in sight?"—Ex.

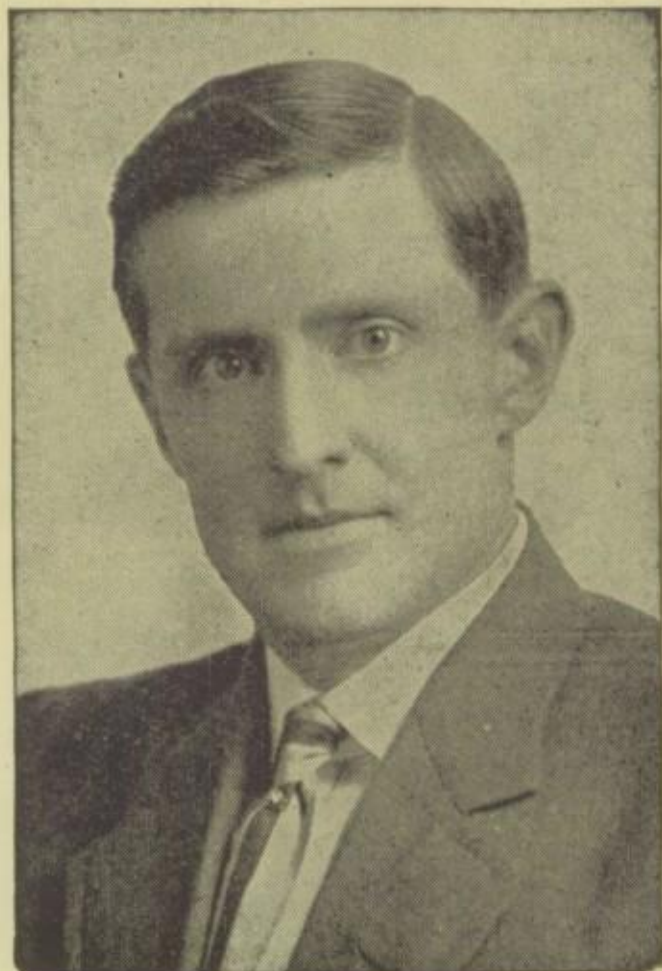
Orpheus of old could make a tree or stone move with his music; but there are piano players today who have made whole families move. Ex.

"Doctor's bills? My father is a doctor so I can be ill for nothing."

"You have nothing on me. My father is a parson, so I can be good for nothing."—Ex.

Mr. Mahood: Hammerstein, why are you late?

Ham: Because the bell rang just before I got here.



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THE COSTUMER
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**Meet Me After School at the
Mission Inn Candy Shop
Grand and Magnolia Ave.**

Love is said to be blind. Well, it certainly makes spectacles of some people.—Ex.

TOO YOUNG.

Mrs. De Style: Elsie worries me. She doesn't like to go to church at all.

Mr. De Style: Oh, don't mind that. She is too young to care much yet about dress and fashions.—Ex.

QUESTION.

"They say now that there must be a law passed for the arrest of parlor bolshevists."

"Who's to do the arresting—the kitchen police?"—Ex.



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See how easily this masterpiece of modern abdominal supporters moulds your figure to ideal proportions—note your correct poise as you move about without any feeling of restraint. Wearing a "GOODFORM" REDUCER SUPPORTER you walk gracefully, and play gracefully—and over such a foundation, the most incidental frock looks smarter and the most critical observer cannot trace your charm to the unequalled merits of this "Ideal Garment."

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Bell, Sidney 258

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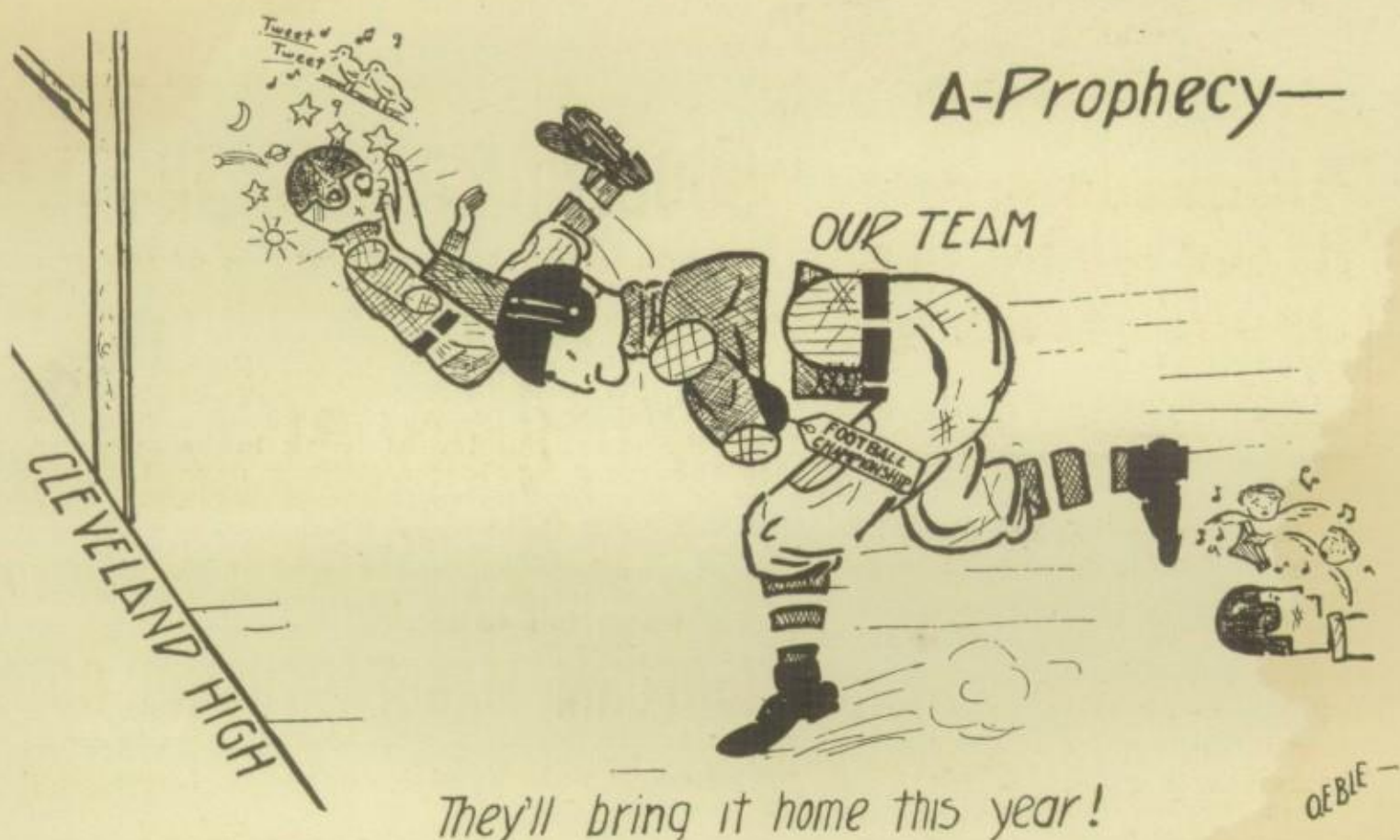
SOMETHING MISSING.

A city youngster was paying his first visit to his uncle's farm. Among the animals on the place was a rather small colt. As the boy stood gazing at the little creature his uncle said: "Well, what do you think

of him, Johnny?" "Why-why, he's all right," said Johnny; "but where's his rockers?"—Ex.

There's a pleasure that lies in growing pains,

That only the New Jays know.



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"COMMODORE PERRY" MIDDIES

The girls of Cleveland High are charming:—
but when they put a "Commodore Perry" Middy
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"COMMODORE
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For Spring 1920
Ideal For
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1912 Enrollment.....	120
1917 Enrollment.....	512
1919 Enrollment.....	1465
1920 (Our Aim).....	1800



Our First
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Opened
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SOUTH SIDE
SCHOOL
Cherokee
at
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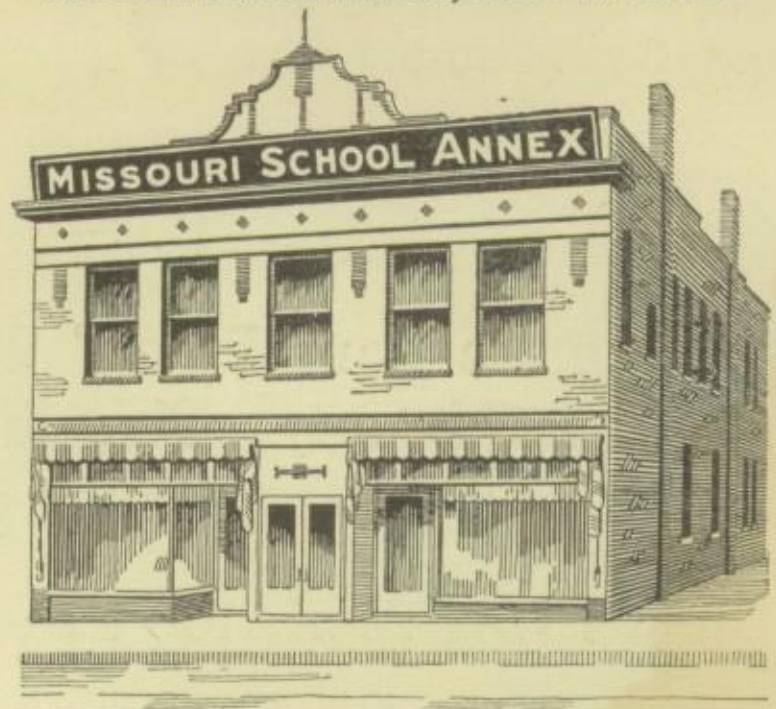
Opened in 1917
with enrollment of
425

North Side School, Grand & Hebert



Opened 1919

Missouri School Annex, 3517 N. Grand



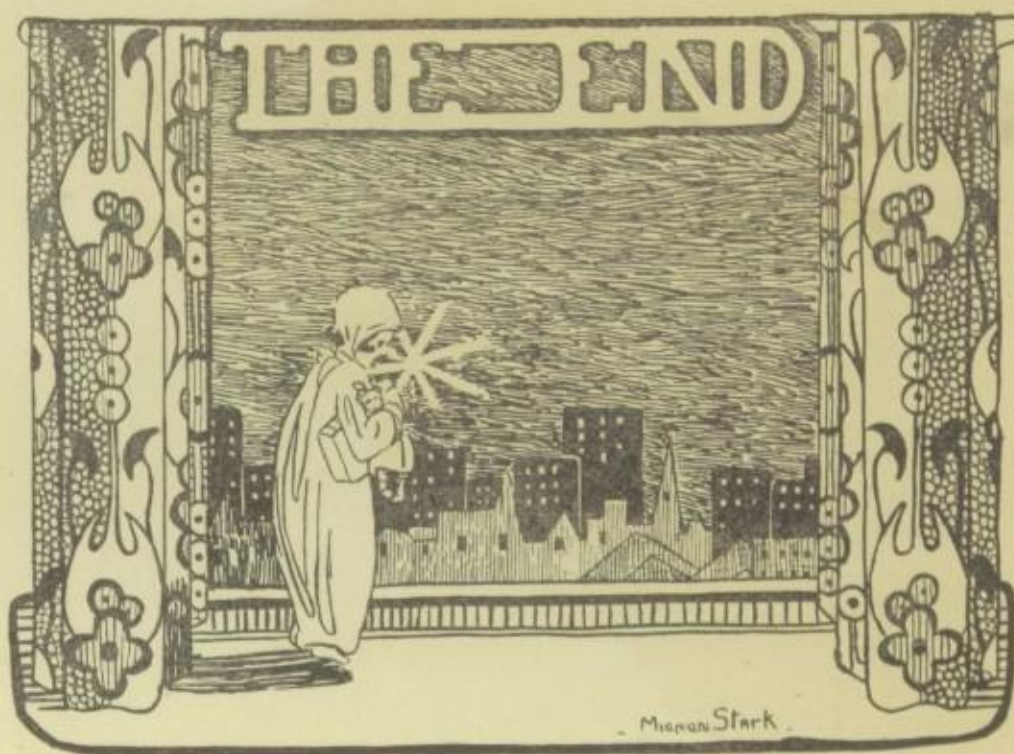
Opened 1920

Combined Enrollment for 1919——1465

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MISSOURI BUSINESS SCHOOLS
CHEROKEE AT CALIFORNIA GRAND AT HEBERT

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Cleveland-Rubicam Graduates Make Good

Lillian Zeller, graduate of CLEVELAND last June, entered Rubicam in September, and is now office secretary at the Harris Teachers' College.

Mildred Myers, another CLEVELAND graduate of the June, 1919, class, completed her secretarial course this past month. After doing temporary work at The Tower Grove Bank, she is now employed as secretary in the electrical department of the Bell Telephone Company.

Martha Bishop, also June, 1919, graduate from CLEVELAND, has an excellent position with the Fairbanks-Morse Co.

Gertrude Owen, another graduate of CLEVELAND, 1919, completed the stenographic course at Rubicam in December and is now employed by the Albert Wenzlick Realty Company.

William Lange, June, 1919, CLEVELAND, is now taking the Business Course at Rubicam Night School and doing brilliant work.

Irwin Walker, CLEVELAND-RUBICAM, is using his shorthand as a stepping stone to the study of law. He is employed as stenographer with the firm of W. M. Hough, and expects to enter law school himself next fall.

Ada Mills, Ruth Meier, Jos. Outley and Pauline Eickenberg, four more CLEVELAND graduates, are now attending Rubicam School and making splendid records.

WHAT OTHERS HAVE ACCOMPLISHED, YOU CAN DO.

Special Students' Rates if arrangements are made before June.

RUBICAM BUSINESS SCHOOL

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Grand and Arsenal